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THE NEW ETHICS.

I. FORESIGHT AND REPENTANCE.

SINCE psychology and ethics are partners, ethics is bound to take the first chance to return psychology's lead. As long as psychology put full-fledged faculties of free will and conscience into the soul's original outfit, it was all very well for ethics to respond with inexplorable intuitions and categorical imperatives. Now that psychology is telling us that the will is simply "the sum total of our mental states in so far as they involve attentive guidance of conduct," and its sole sphere of action "the attentive furthering of our interest in one act or desire as against all others present to our minds at the same time," ethics can no longer put us off with cut and dried rules for keeping a fixed, formal self out of mischief, but must show us how, from the raw materials of appetites, passions, and instincts, with the customs, institutions, and ideals of the race for our models, to create, each man for himself, an individuality of ever tightening coherence and ever expanding dimensions.

This twofold task, to preserve the unity of life at the same time that we multiply and magnify the interests we unify, gives to ethics at once its difficulty and its zest. Either half of this task would be easy and stupid. If unification, simplicity, peace, is our sole aim, we have but to call in the monks and the mystics, the lamas and the mental healers, for a half dozen lessons and

treatments. If, on the other hand, we aim at bulk, complexity, tension, almost any business man, or club woman, or "globe-trotter," or debauchee, can teach us as much as that. To challenge the simple unity of our habitual lives by every interest that promises enlargement and enrichment, and in turn to challenge each new interest in the name of a singleness of purpose which it may stretch as much as it please, but on no account shall break,—this double task is hard indeed; the zest of this game is great.

In a task so difficult as this of relating ever new materials to each other in the unity of an organic whole, failure is the only road to success. For there are ten thousand possible combinations of our appetites, desires, interests, and affections, of which only one precise, definite way can be right, and all the rest must be wrong. As Aristotle learned from the Pythagoreans, virtue is definite, or limited: vice is indefinite, or infinite. It is so easy to miss the mark that any fool can be vicious; so hard to hit it that the strongest man's first efforts go astray. "Adam's fall" was foreordained by stronger powers than even the decree of a God. For every son of Adam, sin, or the missing of the perfect mark, is a psychological necessity. Nothing short of a miracle could prevent a man's first, experimental adjustments of his environment to himself from being the failures they are. For in every art and craft, in every game

and sport where skill is involved, the progressive elimination of errors is the only way to a perfection which is ever approximated, but never completely attained.

Yet the difficulty of the moral life is at the same time its glory. For the very source of the difficulty may be turned into a weapon of conquest. The difficulty is all due to the organic connection of experience. If experiences stood alone, disconnected, the moral problem would be simple indeed. Hunger feasting is better than hunger starved; thirst drinking is better than, thirst unquenched; weariness resting is better than weariness at work. If the feast, or the drink, or the rest were the only things to be considered, then the gratification of each desire as fast as it arose would be the whole duty of man. None but a fool could err. But, on the other hand, the wise man would be no better off than the fool. There would be no use for his wisdom; no world of morals to conquer.

Foresight is the first great step in this career of moral conquest. The mind within and the world without are parallel streams of close-linked sequences, in which what goes in as present cause comes out as future effect. This linkage at the same time binds and sets us free. It binds us to the effect, if we take the cause. It sets us free in the effect, if the effect is foreseen, and the cause is chosen with a view to the effect. These streams of sequence repeat themselves. They are reducible to constant types. They can be accepted or rejected as wholes. To accept such a whole, taking an undesirable present cause for the sake of a desirable future effect, is active foresight, or courage. To reject a whole, foregoing a desired present cause in order to escape an undesirable future effect, is passive foresight, or temperance. Foresight reads into present appetite its future meaning; and if backed up by temperance and courage, rejects or ac-

cepts the immediate gratification according as its total effect is repugnant or desirable.

It is at this point that vice creeps into life. If virtue is choosing the whole life history, so far as it can be foreseen, in each gratification or repression of a particular desire, vice is the sacrificing of the whole self to a single desire. How is this possible?

Partly through ignorance, or lack of foresight. Yet vice due to ignorance is pardonable, and is hardly to be called vice at all. It is sheer stupidity. This, however, which was the explanation of Socrates, lets us off too easily.

Vice is due chiefly to inattention; not ignorance, but thoughtlessness. "I see the better and approve; yet I pursue the worse." In this case knowledge is not absent, but defective. It is on the margin, not in the focus of consciousness. In the language of physiological psychology, a present appetite presents its claims on great billows of nerve commotion which come rolling in with all the tang and pungency which are the characteristic marks of immediate peripheral excitation. The future consequences of the gratification of that appetite, on the contrary, are represented by the tiny, faint, feeble waves which flow over from some other brain centre, excited long ago, when the connection of this particular cause with its natural effect was first experienced. In such an unequal contest between powerful vibrations shot swift and straight along the tingling nerves from the seat of immediate peripheral commotion, and the meagre, measured flow of faded impressions whose initial velocity and force were long since spent, what wonder that the remote effect seems dim, vague, and unreal, and that the immediate gratification of the insistent, clamorous appetite or passion wins the day! This is the modern explanation of Aristotle's old problem of incontinence.

Whence then comes repentance? From the changed proportions in which

acts present themselves to our after-thought. "The tumult and the shouting dies." The appetite, once so urgent and insistent, lies prostrate and exhausted. Its clamorous messages stop. The pleasure it brought dies down; vanishes into the thin air of memory and symbolical representation, out of which it can only call to us with hollow, ghost-like voice. On the contrary, the effect, whether it be physical pains, or the felt contempt of others, or the sense of our own shame, gets physical reinforcement from without, or invades those cells of the brain where memory of the consequences of this indulgence lie, latent but never dead, and stirs them to the very depths. Now all the vividness and pungency and tang are on their side. They cry out Fool! Shame! Sin! Guilt! Condemnation! Then we wonder how we could have been fools enough to take into our lives such a miserable combination of cause and effect as this has proved to be. The act we did and the act we repent of doing are in one sense the same. But we did it with the attractive cause in the foreground, and the repulsive effect in the background. We repent of the same act with the repulsive effect vivid in the foreground of present consciousness, and the attractive cause in the dim background of memory. Then we vow that we will never admit that combination into our lives again.

Will we keep our vow? That depends on our ability to recall the point of view we gained in the mood of penitence the next time a similar combination presents itself. It will come on as before, with the attractive offer of some immediate good in the foreground, and the unwelcome effect trailing obscurely in the rear. If we take it as it comes, adding to the presentation no contribution of our own, we shall repeat the folly and vice of the past; become again the passive slaves of circumstance; the easy prey of appetite and passion; the stupid victims of the serpent's subtlety.

Our freedom, our moral salvation, lies in our power to call up our past experience of penitence and lay this revived picture of the act, with effect in the foreground, on top of the vivid picture which appetite presents. If we succeed in making the picture we reproduce from within the one which determines our action, we shall act wisely and well. By reflecting often upon the pictures drawn for us in our moments of penitence, by reviving them at intervals when they are not immediately needed, and by forming the habit of always calling them up in moments of temptation, we can give to these pictures, painted by our own penitence, the control of our lives. This is our charter of freedom; and though precept, example, and the experience of others may be called in to supplement our own personal experience, this power to revive the actual or borrowed lessons of repentance is the only freedom we have. Call it memory, attention, foresight, prudence, watchfulness, ideal construction, or what name we please, the secret of our freedom, the key to character, the control of conduct, lies exclusively in this power to force into the foreground considerations which of themselves tend to slip into the background, so that, as in a well-constructed cyclorama, where actual walls and fences join on to painted walls and fences without apparent break, the immediately presented desire, backed up by all the impetus of immediate physical excitation, shall count for precisely its proportionate worth in a representation of the total consequences of which it is the cause.

II. SOCIAL SYMPATHY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

If I were the only person in the world, if all the other forces were material things, with no wills of their own, then the single principle of inserting into the stream of sequence the causes

which lead to the future I desire for myself, and excluding those of which I have had reason to repent, would be the whole of ethics. Fortunately life is not so simple and monotonous as all that. The world is full of other wills as eager, as interesting, as strenuous, as brave as we, in our best moments, know our own to be. By sympathy, imagination, insight, and affection we can enrich our lives an hundred-fold by making their aims and aspirations, their interests and struggles, their joys and sorrows our own. Not only can we do this, but to some extent we must. It is impossible to live an isolated life, apart from our fellows. Man is by nature social. Alone he becomes inhuman. A life which has no outlet in sympathy with other lives is unendurable. If men cannot find some one to love, they insist on at least finding some one to quarrel with, or defy, or maltreat, or at least despise. Even hatred and cruelty and pride have this social motive at their heart; and in spite of themselves are witnesses to the essentially social nature of man, and the soul of latent goodness buried beneath the hardest of corrupted and perverted hearts.

Our social nature complicates and at the same time elevates enormously the moral problem. It is no longer a question of dovetailing together the petty fragments of my own little life so as to make their paltry contents a coherent whole; I now have the harder and more glorious task of making my life as a whole an effective and harmonious element in the larger whole which includes the lives of my fellows and myself. Here again there is a vast task for the imagination to perform; a more spacious cyclorama for it to construct. Not merely the effects upon myself, but the consequences for as many of my fellows as my act directly and traceably affects, I must now represent. Before I can permit an act to find a place in my present conduct I must foresee, not only

what it means for my own future, but for the future of all my neighbors who come within the range of its influence.

For their future is, in proportion to the closeness of the ties that bind us, almost as completely in my control as it is in their own. Indeed, if I be the stronger person, if I have clear foresight where their prevision is dim, if I grasp firmly aims which they hold but feebly, their future may be even more in my hands than it is in their own. Thus the parent is more responsible for the child's future than is the child himself. The husband often holds the alternative of life or death for his wife in his hands, according as he is patient, forbearing, considerate, and kind, or exacting, inconsiderate, cross, and cruel. The wife, on the other hand, more often holds the future of her husband's character in her hands, making him sober and honest if she is winsome and sincere; driving him to drink if she is slovenly and querulous; leading him into dishonesty if she is extravagant and vain. Every person of any considerable strength of character can recall many an instance in which by a half hour's conversation, followed up by occasional suggestions afterward, he has changed the whole subsequent career of another person. To one who has discovered the secret of this power, a week permitted to pass by without thus changing the life-currents of half a dozen of his fellows would seem a wicked, wanton waste of life's chief privilege and joy. I could name a quiet, modest man who at a low estimate has changed directly and radically for the better a thousand human lives; and indirectly, to an appreciable degree, certainly not less than a hundred thousand. He is no professional preacher or evangelist; and the greater part of this vast work has been done in quiet conversation, mainly in his own home, and by correspondence.

Such power of one man over another is in no way inconsistent with the freedom and responsibility of them both. In psychical as in physical causation

many antecedents enter into each effect. When I pull the trigger of my shotgun, and by so doing shoot a partridge, I am by no means the only cause of the bird's death. The maker of the powder, the maker of the shot, the man who put them together in the cartridge, the maker of the gun, the dog that helped me find the bird, and countless other forces, which we express in such general terms as the laws of chemistry and physics, enter into the production of the effect. Nevertheless, my pulling the trigger, though not the whole cause, is a real cause. Precisely so when I offer my boy a quarter for shooting a partridge, and under the influence of that inducement he goes hunting, he is just as free in trying to secure the reward as I am in offering it. Both my desire for the partridge which leads me to offer the prize and his desire for the quarter are factors in producing the result. We are both free in our acts, and both share responsibility for the shooting of the bird. For that act figured alike in his future and in my future as an element in a desired whole. The same external fact may enter as an element in the freedom of thousands of persons. A great work of art, for example, is an expression of the freedom not only of the artist who paints or writes, but of all who see or read in it that which they long for and admire. The goods of the will and the spirit, unlike the goods of the mill and the market, are "in widest commonalty spread." They refuse to be made objects of exclusive possession. I cannot intensely cherish an idea, or entertain a plan, for which my fellows shall not be either the better or the worse. Every conscious act deliberately chosen and accepted is an act of freedom, and every word or deed goes forth from us freighted with social consequence, and weighted to that precise extent with moral responsibility.

Hence social imagination or sympathy is the second great instrument of

morality, as individual imagination or foresight was the first. If our individual salvation is by foresight and repentance, our social salvation is through imagination and love. No logical "reconciliation of egoism and altruism" is possible; for that would involve reducing one of the two elements to terms of the other. Both are facts of human experience, found in every normal life. I live my own life by setting before myself a future, and taking the means that lead thereto. I find this life worth living in proportion to the length and breadth and height of the aims I set before myself, and the wisdom and skill I bring to bear upon their achievement. But I cannot make my own aims long, wide, or high, without at the same time taking account of the aims of my fellows. I may clash with them, and try to use them as means to my own ends. That leads to strife and bitterness, sorrow and shame. Either my own ends are defeated if, as is generally the case, my fellows prove stronger than I; or else they are won at such cost of injury to others that in comparison they seem poor and pitiful, not worth the winning. This is the experience of the normal man; and though by pride and hardness of heart one may make shift to endure a comparatively egoistic life, no person can find it so good as never to be haunted by visions of a better, which sympathy and love might bring.

On the other hand, if I generously take into account the aims of my fellow man, and live in them with the same eagerness with which I live in my own, using for him the same foresight and adaptation of means to ends that I would use for myself, throwing my own resources into the scale of his interests when his resources are inadequate, sharing with him the sorrow of temporary defeat, and the triumph of hard won victories, I find my own life more than doubled by this share in the life of another. The little that I add to his foresight and strength, if given with sym-

pathy and love, when added to the energy, latent or active, which he already has, works wonders out of all proportion to the results I could achieve in my life alone, or which he alone could achieve in his. Love not merely adds; it multiplies; as in the story of the loaves and fishes. It not only increases; it magnifies the life, alike of him who gives and him who receives. Just why it should do so is hard to explain in purely egoistic terms; as hard as to explain to an oyster why dogs like to run and bark; or to a heap of sand why the particles of a crystal arrange themselves in the wondrous ways they do. It is a simple, ultimate fact of experience that just as a life of individual foresight is on the whole better worth living than the life of hand to mouth gratification, so the life of loving sympathy is a life infinitely more blessed than the best success the poor self-centred egoist can ever know. If a selfish life were found on the basis of wide experience and comprehensive generalization to be a more blessed and glorious life than the life of loving sympathy, then the selfish life would be the life we ought to live: precisely as if houses in which the centre of gravity falls outside the base were the most stable and graceful structures men could build, that would be the style of architecture we all "ought" to adopt. Ethics and architecture are both ideal pursuits, in the sense that they have as their object to make a present ideal plan into a future fact. But both must build their ideals out of the solid facts of past experience. It is just as undeniable, unescapable a fact of ethics that the aim of a noble and blessed life must fall outside its own individual interests, as it is an undeniable, unescapable law of architecture that the centre of gravity of a stable, graceful structure must fall within its base.

Still the appeal to brute fact, though valid, is not ultimate. There is a reason for the fact that structures in which the centre of gravity falls outside the

base are unstable; and physics formulates that reason in the law of gravitation. So there is a reason why a selfish life is unsatisfactory; and ethics formulates that reason in the law of love. These facts are so; but they have to be so because they could not find a place in the total system of things if they were otherwise. A universe of consistent egoists would not be a permanent possibility. It could only exist temporarily as a hell in process of its own speedy disruption and dissolution.

Yet just as a man can forget his own future, and in so doing wrong his own soul, a man can be blind to the consequence of his act for his neighbor, and in so doing wrong society and his own social nature. The root of all social sin is this blindness to social consequence. Hence the great task of sound ethics is to stimulate the social imagination. We must be continually prodding our sense of social consequence to keep it wide awake. We must be asking ourselves at each point of contact with the lives of others such pointed questions as these: How would you like to be this tailor or washerwoman whose bill you have neglected to pay? How would you like to be the customer to whom you are selling these adulterated or inferior goods? How would you like to be the investor in this stock company which you are promoting with water? How would you like to be the taxpayer of the city which you are plundering by lending your official sanction to contracts and deals which make its buildings and supplies and services cost more than any private individual would have to pay? How would you like to be the employer whose time and tools and materials you are wasting at every chance you get to loaf and shirk and neglect the duties you are paid to perform? How would you like to be the clerk or saleswoman in the store where you are reaping extra dividends by imposing harder conditions than the state of trade and the market compel you to adopt? How would you

like to be the stoker or weaver or mechanic on the wages you pay and the conditions of labor you impose? How would you like to live out the dreary, degraded, outcast future of the woman you wantonly ruin for a moment's passionate pleasure? How would you like to be the man whose good name you injure by slander and false accusation? How would you like to be the business rival whom you deprive of his little all by using your greater wealth in temporary cut-throat competition?

These are the kind of questions the social imagination is asking of us at every turn. There are severe conditions of trade, politics, war, which often compel us to do cruel things and strike hard, crushing blows. For these conditions we are not always individually responsible. The individual who will hold his place, and maintain an effective position in the practical affairs of the world, must repeatedly do the things he hates to do, and file his silent protest, and work for such gradual change of conditions as will make such hard, cruel acts no longer necessary. We must sometimes collect the rent of the poor widow, and exact the task from the sick woman, and pay low wages to the man with a large family, and turn out the well-meaning but inefficient employee. We must resist good men in the interest of better things they cannot see, and discipline children for reasons which they cannot comprehend. Yet even in these cases where we have to sacrifice other people, we must at least feel the sacrifice; we must be as sorry for them as we would be for ourselves if we were in their place. We must not turn out the inefficient employee, unless we would be willing to resign his place ourselves, if we held it, and were in it as inefficient as he. We must not exact the rent or the task from the poor widow or the sick saleswoman, unless on the whole if we were in their places we should be willing to pay the rent or perform the task. Even this principle will not en-

tirely remove hardship, privation, and cruelty from our complex modern life. But it will very greatly reduce it; and it will take out of life what is the cruellest element of it all, — the hardness of human hearts.

To sternly refuse any gain that is purchased by another's loss, or any pleasure bought with another's pain; to make this sensitiveness to the interests of others a living stream, a growing plant within our individual hearts; to challenge every domestic and personal relation, every industrial and business connection, every political and official performance, every social and intellectual aspiration, by this searching test of social consequence to those our act affects, — this is the second stage of the moral life; this is one of the two great commandments of Christianity.

III. AUTHORITY AND PUNISHMENT.

To see the whole effect upon ourselves, and upon others, of each act which we perform is the secret of the moral life. Yet we are shortsighted by nature, and often blinded by prejudice and passion. The child at first is scarcely able to see vividly and clearly beyond the present moment and his individual desires. And in many respects we all remain mere children to the end. Is not the moral task then impossible?

Hard it is indeed. Impossible, too, it would be, if we had no tools to work with; no helps in this hard task. Fortunately we have the needed helps, and they come first in the authority of our parents and rulers. Their wider experience enables them to see what the child cannot see. Their commandments, therefore, if they are wise and good, point in the direction of consequences which the child cannot see at the time, but which, when he does see, he will accept as desirable. An act which leads to an unseen good consequence, done in obedience to trusted authority, or respected law, is right. The person who

does such an act is righteous. And the righteousness of it rests on faith: faith in the goodness and wisdom of the person he obeys. Righteousness at this stage; therefore, is goodness "going it blind," as the slang phrase is; or, in more orthodox terms, walking by faith, and not by sight.

As long as the child walks in implicit trust in the wisdom and goodness of his parents he cannot go far astray. Ignorant, shortsighted, inexperienced as he is, he nevertheless is guided by a vicarious intelligence, in which the wisdom and experience of the race are reproduced and interpreted for him in each new crisis by the insight of love. What wonder, then, that the commandment, Honor thy father and thy mother, whether in Hebrew or Chinese legislation, is the great commandment with promise! Not only does the obedient child in particular cases get the consequences which he afterwards comes to see were desirable, but he acquires habits of doing the kind of acts which lead to desirable consequences, and of refraining from the kind of acts which lead to undesirable consequences. These habits are the broad base on which all subsequent character rests, as on a solid rock deeply sunk in the firm soil of the unconscious. As our bodies are first nourished by our mother's milk, our souls are built up first out of the habits of acting which we derive directly from doing what our mothers tell us to do in thousands of specific, concrete cases, and refraining from doing the things their gentle wisdom firmly forbids. The love of mothers is the cord that ties each newborn soul fast to the wisdom and experience of the race. "We are suckled at the breast of the universal ethos," chiefly through the vicarious maternal intelligence. Hence the awful waste, amounting to a crime against both the hard won ideals and standards of the race, and the future character of the child, when indolent, or vain, or ambitious mothers turn over the formative

years of their children to ignorant, undeveloped nurses! Though the chances are that the average nurse will prove quite as wise and good a guide to the young mind as a mother who is capable of turning her child over to the exclusive training of any other guide than herself. The pity is not so much that the ambitious mother relinquishes her highest and holiest function as that there are children born who have mothers capable of doing it. Given such mothers, the nurses are often a great improvement on them.

The derivative, vicarious nature of righteousness at this stage makes clear the need and justification of punishment. The mother sees a great, far-off good, which the child cannot see at all. She commands the child to act in a way to secure this good as a consequence. He disobeys. He loses the consequence which she desires for him. He weakens the indispensable habit of obedience, on which countless other great goods beyond his vision depend. He cannot see vividly either the specific good at which she aims, nor the general good that flows from the habit of implicit obedience. She then brings within the range of his keen and vivid experience some such minor and transitory evil as a spanking, or being sent supperless to bed; and makes him understand that, if he cannot see the good of obedience, he can count with certainty on these evils of disobedience. Punishment, then, is an act of the truest kindness and consideration. It is a help to that instinctive and implicit obedience to authority, on which the child's greatest good at this stage of his development depends. No child will permanently resent such well-meant punishment. As Mrs. Brown- ing says:—

"A mother never is afraid
Of speaking angerly to any child,
Since love, she knows, is justified of love."

The withholding of punishment in such cases is the real cruelty; and the mother who is weak enough to do it is a

mawkish sentimentalist, to whom a few passing cries and tears are of more consequence than the future welfare and permanent character of her child. From this point of view, punishment is an act of mercy and kindness, as Plato shows us so clearly in the *Gorgias*. Every mother who believes her child to be ever so little below the angels is bound to substitute the gentler evils of artificial punishment for the greater evils of a life of unpunished naughtiness.

All moral punishment, whether inflicted by parents, schools, colleges, or courts of justice, is of this nature. It helps the offender to see both ends of his deed. When he commits the offense, he sees vividly only one end of it, the temporary advantage to himself as an individual. He does not see with equal vividness the other end, the injury to the interests of others, and to his own best self as a potential participant in these larger interests. Punishment attempts to bring home to him, if not in the precise terms of his offense, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, at least a partial equivalent, in privation of money or liberty, or public favor, the other end of his act, which at the time of acting he did not keenly and vividly appreciate. Such strict retribution is the best favor we can confer on an offender, so long as he remains unrepentant. To give him less than this is to cut him off from his only chance to get a right view of his own wrong act. It is the only way to open his eyes to see his act in its totality.

What if a man repents? Shall we still punish him? Not if the repentance is genuine and thoroughgoing. What, then, is true repentance? An evil act, as we have seen, has two ends: one attractive to the individual for the sake of which he does it; the other injurious to his own better self and to the interests of others. This second end the wrongdoer does not see clearly when he commits the offense. Afterwards he sees it, in its natural consequences; in

the indignation of the offended, in the condemnation of society, in the immi-nence of punishment. This second part of his act, when it comes home to him, he does not like, but wishes himself well out of it. This, however, is not repentance; and no amount of tears and promises and importunities should ever deceive us into accepting this dislike of unpleasant consequences for a genuine repentance of the wrong act. Every wise parent, every efficient college officer, every just judge, must harden his heart against all these selfish lamentations, and discount them in advance as a probable part of the culprit's natural programme. Dislike of unpleasant consequences to one's self is not repentance. Repentance must reach back to the original act, and include both the pleasant cause and its unpleasant consequences to others, as well as to one's self, in the unity of one total deed, and then repudiate that deed as a whole. When repentance does that, it does the whole moral work which punishment aims to do. To inflict punishment after such repentance is inexcusable and wanton brutality.

The theory of punishment is clear: its application is the most difficult of tasks. It is very hard to discriminate in many cases real repentance from dislike of unpleasant personal consequences. Then it is hard to justify severity toward one who is believed to be unrepentant, and absolute forgiveness to one who has shown evidence of true penitence. Whoever has to administer punishment on a large scale, and attempts to be inflexibly retributive to the impenitent and infinitely merciful toward the penitent, must expect to be grossly misunderstood and severely criticised for all he does, and all he refrains from doing. If the way of the transgressor is hard, the way of the moral punisher is harder. The state practically confesses its inability to discriminate true from false repentance; and lowers its practice from the moral

plane of retribution or forgiveness to the merely legal plane of social protection, giving to the executive a power of pardon by which to correct the more glaring mistakes of the courts. In view of the clumsiness of the means at its disposal, the great diversity of moral condition in its citizens, and the impersonality of its relations, probably this protective theory of punishment, which says to the offender, "I punish you, not for stealing sheep, but to prevent other sheep from being stolen," is the best working theory for practical jurisprudence. But it is utterly unmoral. It has no place in the family. Only in extreme cases is it defensible in school and college. In settling personal quarrels it should have small place. Uncompromising retribution to the impenitent, unreserved forgiveness to the penitent, which Christianity sets forth as the attitude of God, is the only right course for men who are called to perform this infinitely difficult task of moral punishment.

IV. THE SYMBOLICAL VALIDITY OF MORAL LAWS.

The success of the ethical life depends on keeping the consequences of our acts, for ourselves and for others, vividly in the foreground of the mind. Personal authority of parents and rulers, supported by swift sure penalties for disobedience, is the first great help to the good life. But we cannot always have parents, tutors, and governors standing over us to tell us what to do and what not to do; to reward us if we do right and punish us if we do wrong. Still less can we afford to rely on natural penalties alone, as they teach us their lessons in the slow and costly school of experience. The next stage of moral development employs as symbols of the consequences we cannot foresee and appreciate maxims to guide the individual life, and laws to represent the claims of our fellows upon us. These maxims

and laws have no intrinsic worth. Their authority is all derived and representative. Yet inasmuch as they represent individual or social consequences, they have all the authority of the consequences themselves. More than that, since consequences are particular and limited, while these maxims and laws are universal, these maxims and laws, derivative and representative symbols though they are, have a sacredness and authority far higher and greater than that of any particular consequences for which in a given case they happen to stand.

These maxims and laws are like the items on a merchant's ledger; or, better still, like the currency which represents the countless varieties of commodities and services we buy and sell. The items on the ledger, the bills in the pocket-book, have no intrinsic value. Yet it were far better for a merchant to be careless about his cotton cloth, or molasses, or any particular commodity in which he deals, than to be careless about his accounts which represent commodities of all kinds: better for any one of us to forget where we laid our coat, or our shoes or umbrella, than to leave lying around loose the dollar bills, which are symbols of the value of these and a thousand other articles we possess. Precisely so, the authority and dignity of moral maxims and laws are in no way impaired by frankly acknowledging their intrinsic worthlessness. To violate one of these maxims, to break one of these laws, is as foolish and wicked as it would be to set fire to a merchant's ledger, or to tear up one's dollar bills. These maxims and laws are our moral currency, coined by the experience of the race, and stamped with universal approval. Their authority rests on the consequences which they represent; and their validity, as representative of those consequences, is attested by the experience of the race in innumerable cases. A moral law is a prophecy of consequences based on the widest possible in-

duction. Hence the man who seeks a satisfactory future for himself, and for those his act affects, in other words the moral man, must obey these maxims and laws in all ordinary cases without stopping to verify the consequences they represent, any more than an ordinary citizen investigates the solvency of the government every time he receives its legal tender notes.

This illustration at the same time reveals the almost universal validity of moral laws, and yet leaves the necessary room for rare and imperative exceptions. A man may find it wise to burn dollar bills. If he is in camp, and likely to perish with cold, and no other kindling is available, he will kindle his fire with dollar bills. He will be very reluctant to do it, however. He will realize that he is kindling a very costly fire. He will consent to do it only as a last resort, and when the fire is worth more to him, not merely than the intrinsic, but than the symbolic value of the bills. Now there may be rare cases when a moral law must be broken on the same principle that a man kindles a fire with dollar bills. The cases will be about as rare when it will be right to steal or lie as it is rare to find circumstances when it is wise to build a fire with dollar bills. They come perhaps once or twice in a lifetime to one or two in every thousand men. The breaking of a moral law always involves evil consequences, far outweighing any particular good that can ordinarily be gained thereby, through weakening confidence and respect for the validity and authority of the law itself. Yet there are exceptional, abnormal conditions of war, or sickness, or insanity, or moral perversity, where the defense of precious interests against pathological and perverse conditions may warrant the breaking of a moral law, on the same principle that impending freezing would warrant the lighting of a thousand-dollar fire.

One hesitates to give examples of cir-

cumstances which justify the breaking of a moral law, for fear of giving to exceptions a portion of the emphasis which belongs exclusively to the rule, and falling into the moral abyss of a Jesuitical casuistry. Yet it is an invariable rule of teaching never to give an abstract principle without its accompanying concrete case. Hence, if cases must be given, the lie to divert the murderer from his victim, the horse seized to carry the wounded man to the surgeon, the lie that withholds the story of a repented wrong from the scandal-monger who would wreck the happiness of a home by peddling it abroad, are instances of the extreme urgency that might warrant the building of a thousand-dollar bonfire which takes place whenever we break a moral law. The law against adultery, on the other hand, admits of no conceivable exception; for no good could possibly be gained thereby that would be commensurate with the undermining of the foundations of the home.

Moral laws are the coined treasures of the moral experience of the race, stamped with social approval. As such they are binding on each individual, as the only terms on which he can be admitted to a free exchange of the moral goods of the society of which he is a member. No man can command the respect of himself or of society who permits himself to fall below the level of these rigid requirements.

The mere keeping of the law, however, does not make one a moral man. It may insure a certain mediocrity of conduct which passes for respectability. But one is not morally free, he does not get the characteristic dignity and joy of the moral life, until he is lifted clear above a slavish conformity to law into hearty appreciation of the meaning of the law and enthusiastic devotion to the great end at which all laws aim. A juiceless, soulless, loveless Pharisaism is the best morality mere law can give. To protest against the slavery and in-

sincerity of such a scheme was no small part of the negative side of the mission of Jesus and Paul.

Yet the freedom which Jesus brings, the freedom which all true ethical systems insist on as the very breath of the moral life, is not freedom from but freedom in the requirements of the law. It is not freedom to break the law, except in those very rare instances cited above, where the very principle on which the law is founded demands the breaking of the letter of the law in the interest of its own spiritual fulfillment. It is doubtless true that no man keeps any law aright who would not dare to break it. I lack the true respect for life which is at the heart of the law against murder if I would not kill a murderer to prevent him from taking the life of an innocent victim. I do not really love the right relation between persons which is the heart of truth if I would not dare to deceive a scandal-monger, intent on sowing seeds of bitterness and hate. I do not love that welfare of mankind which is the significance and justification of property if I would be afraid to drive off a horse which did not belong to me to take the wounded man to the surgeon in time to save unnecessary amputation or needless death. I do not believe in that union of happy hearts which is the soul of marriage if I would not, like Caponsacchi, risk hopeless misunderstanding, and shock convention, in order to let the light of love shine on a nature from which it had been monstrously, cruelly, wantonly withheld.

There is nothing antinomian in this freedom in the law. He who will attempt the rôle of Caponsacchi must, like him, have a purity of heart as high above the literal requirements of external law as are the frosty stars of heaven above the murky mists of earth. He who drives off the horse to the surgeon honestly must be one who would sooner cut off his right hand than touch his neighbor's spear of grass for any lesser cause. He who will tell the

truthful lie to the scandal-monger must be one who would go to the stake before he would give the word or even the look of falsehood to any right-minded man who had a right to know the truth for which he asks. He who will slay a murderer guiltlessly must be one who would rather, like Socrates, die a thousand deaths than betray the slightest claim his fellows have upon him. No man may break the least of the moral commandments unless the spirit that is expressed within the commandment itself bids him break it. And such breaking is the highest fulfillment.

This theoretical explanation of moral laws, with its justification of exceptions in extreme cases, is absolutely essential to a rational system of ethics. Yet it must not blind us to the practically supreme and absolute authority of these laws in ordinary conduct. These moral laws are, as Professor Dewey happily terms them, tools of analysis. They break up a complex situation into its essential parts, and tell us to what class of acts the proposed act belongs, and whether that class of acts is one which we ought to do or not.

The practical man in a case of moral conduct asks what class an act belongs to; and then, having classified it, follows implicitly the dictates of the moral law on that class of cases. Gambling, stealing, drunkenness, slandering, loafing, he will recognize at a glance as things to be refrained from, in obedience to the laws that condemn them. He will not stop to inquire into the grounds of such condemnation in each special case. To know the ground of the law, however, helps us to classify doubtful cases; as, for instance, whether buying stocks on margins is gambling; whether the spoils system in politics is stealing; whether moderate drinking is incipient drunkenness; whether good-natured gossip about our neighbor's failings is scandal; whether a three months' vacation is loafing, and the like. Once properly classified, however, the man who is wise will

turn over his ordinary conduct on these points to the automatic working of habit. Habit is the great time-saving device of our moral as well as our mental and physical life. To translate the moral laws which the race has worked out for us into unconscious habits of action is the crowning step in the conquest of character. These laws are our great moral safeguards. They come to us

long before we are able to form any theory of their origin or authority, and abide with us long after our speculations are forgotten. If ethical theory is compelled to question their meaning and challenge their authority, it does so in the interest of a deeper morality, which appeals from the letter of the law to the spirit of life of which all laws are the symbolic expression.

William DeWitt Hyde.

THE BOOK IN THE TENEMENT.

CARLYLE once exclaimed, "On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; — from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing!"

To most of us books are so wanted; at one and the same time they are the most utter necessities and the most splendid and lavishly bestowed luxuries of daily living. We have access to so many more books than we need or can possibly use, that to the bewildering greatness of our riches a new volume is often an embarrassment, however "momentous, wonderful, and worthy." With difficulty are we able to appreciate a poverty, an actual famine of those good things with which we are surfeited, "the things we call Books."

One summer I went to a somewhat isolated town of small size, taking with me all of my own extremely limited but most treasured library. I was unpacking it one afternoon, when a friendly neighbor called. "I have just been arranging my books," I happened to say casually.

"Books!" cried my visitor. "Have

you brought some books? May I, oh may I see them?"

Like other personal collections they were widely various. Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets, in sober indigo, stood beside the Essays of Elia, in white besprinkled with blue forget-me-nots, — a little girl's Christmas present. A lavender and silver volume of Drummond's Addresses leaned lightly against the Lincoln green of *Le Morte D'Arthur*; *Vanity Fair* was not far from Emerson's Poems, while a prompt book of Tennyson's Becket and a table of logarithms were together. My cherished volumes seemed indeed a "motley crew."

The joy of my neighbor was increased by their very diverseness. She seized upon them eagerly, one by one, and rapturously examined their title-pages. "Nobody in town has Trilby," she exclaimed, "and we have been so anxious to read it; we have seen reviews of it! And Burke on the Sublime and the Beautiful! — I have always wanted to read that; and the only person in the place who has it does n't like to lend his books," — her face suddenly fell. "Perhaps you don't, either," she added tentatively. "There are so few books in our town," she continued, "that even one new one is a blessing, and is passed around and around. And the very sight of a lot of unexpected new

ones like these makes a person forget her manners. "Maybe you don't lend your books, though." She glanced at me in half apology; she gazed at my books with complete longing. A person averse to lending a morning paper would instantly have been melted by that look to the point of proffering a first edition.

"But I do lend my books," I said; "always and often; you may borrow any of them, and you may lend them to any one else in town."

She took me at my word. Trilby I did not see for several months; it journeyed from house to house; no time was wasted in periodically returning it to me; friends and neighbors passed it on, until, as one of them told me, "every one had read it." Then it came home, travel-stained and older, but all the more valuable to me for additional associations. Treasure Island, I finally presented to a family of boys who seemed unable to part with it. A volume of Emerson's Essays attached itself permanently to another group; and not until a tardily obtained new copy had grown familiarly penciled and faded did I cease to feel lonely for the volume of Edward Rowland Sill's Poems that never returned. Was it not Thoreau who, when his Homer was transplanted without the formality of his consent to another's library, said that the Iliad and the Odyssey belonged to every man, and therefore to any man?

The happiness of my first caller in that small town over a few score books, apparently unrelated, I never quite forgot, — her keen enjoyment; her delicious hesitations as to whether she should read Trilby first, or Burke on the Sublime and the Beautiful, or Colombe's Birthday; her delight as she looked for the first time at the Hugh Thomson pictures in a quaint edition of Cranford. She aroused an interest that I do not expect ever to lose in those persons who are not surrounded by bookshelves; who have not dwelt among libraries; in those

persons especially and chiefly who have not "heard great argument about it and about."

In the city tenements I have met so many of them; and incidentally, sometimes almost accidentally, they have told me what they have read, and why they have read. They do not read books about books, nor do they read them for that "mystic, wonderful" thing, their style. They never "hold up their hands in ecstasy and awe over an innocent phrase;" and they would stare inquiringly at a person who might invite them to join "a band of esoteric joy." To them a book is great or small according to what it says, not to the way it says it. They may admire the felicity of the saying; frequently they do; but their admiration does not in the slightest degree color their view of the saying itself. A spade, they would seem to argue, is always — to quote Cleg Kelly — "juist only" a spade, no matter how gracefully and exquisitely it may be otherwise called.

Not very long ago I was calling on one of my friends in the tenements. Observing her interested glances toward Mr. Oliver Herford's Primer of Natural History which I chanced to have with me, I asked her if she cared to look at it more closely. She opened it at random, and meditatively, musingly, read aloud: —

AN ARCTIC HARE.

AN Arc-tic Hare we now be-hold.
The hair, you will ob-serve, is white;
But if you think the Hare is old,
You will be ver-y far from right.
The Hare is young, and yet the hair
Grew white in but a sin-gle night.
Why then it must have been a scare
That turned this Hare. No; 't was not fright
(Al-though such cases are well known);
I fear that once a-gain you 're wrong.
Know then, that in the Arc-tic Zone
A sin-gle night is six months long.

"What do you think of it?" I asked as she finished the rhyme and silently turned the page.

"I think it's nonsense," she replied briefly; "I should n't have s'posed people ud read anything so silly. Why do they?"

"It is written so delightfully," I explained.

"What dif'rence does that make?" she said in puzzled surprise. To her, certainly, it made none whatever.

This woman was one of the first persons in the tenement district to speak to me about books and her reading of them. One Christmas I gave her little girl a copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The next time I met the mother I inquired as to whether the child had been interested in the stories. "Yes, she was that!" was the reply. "She got a lot o' pleasure out of that book, — an'," she added, with a shy smile, "so did I."

"I suppose you read it to her," I said.

"No," answered the woman, "I did n't; I read it to myself after she was in bed, — which was the only time I got a chance at it, so took up was she readin' it herself. Maybe it was silly," she continued, "but I did enjoy them stories! One night I felt awful discouraged an' kinder blue; an' I read some of 'em, 'bout kings an' princesses, with ev'rything so gorgeous, an' they sorter sparkled up my feelin's till I felt real heartened up." As she concluded, she looked at me a trifle anxiously, wondering whether I understood.

The next week I gave her *The Talisman*, and one day, *The Scottish Chiefs*; and then *Kenilworth*; and I lent her *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Pride of Jennico*. She read them all with the keenest joy. "If I'd knowed," she said one night, "what a 'mount o' pleasure, an', more still, real comfort, books has, I'd er took to readin' 'em long before I did."

Since she has taken to reading them, not a few have found their way to her dingy tenement. Most of them have been "about kings and princesses, with everything so gorgeous." Some one advised me once to offer her something

less highly colored, but I did not. She supports her drunken husband and her children; her daily work is the scrubbing of public stairways. Surely she is entitled to long evenings of fairy tales; not all the romances in all our libraries can give her picture of the world too bright a tint.

She came sometimes to the college settlement in which I was especially interested, and we spent delightful hours discussing the relative charms of *Helen Mar* and the *Princess Flavia*, and the comparative prowess of *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Basil Jennico*. One evening she noticed a copy of Ibsen's *Ghosts* lying on the table, and, impelled no doubt by the weird title, she wished to borrow it. "You would n't find it particularly attractive," I said; but she continued to regard it with fascinated eyes; and remembering the allurements of the thing denied, I reluctantly gave it to her.

In less than a day she returned the book. "What did you think of it?" I inquired.

"Well," she replied thoughtfully, "I don't know. I did n't read it all. I read the first part, an' it was that gloomy! Then I read the last, an' it was gloomy too, — so I did n't read no more. I don't mind books to begin gloomy, if they end all right. But what's the use readin' things that begin gloomy an' end gloomy too? They don't help you, — an' you can't enjoy 'em."

This was her criticism of Henrik Ibsen's dramas. She had read not more than half of one of them; but have not other critics who have read all of all of them expressed a somewhat similar opinion?

The majority of the workers of the settlement during one summer were persons possessed of a consuming enthusiasm for the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. They read it, and memorized and quoted it, and left volumes of it scattered about in every part of the house. In

the course of a very short time, some of the people of the neighborhood who were friends of the workers acquired the pre-vailing taste.

Several of the girls whom I knew became extremely interested, and by degrees genuinely enthusiastic. "It's so different from other poetry," one girl said to me as she returned my copy of *Seven Seas* after having read aloud the Hymn before Action, of which she never tired. This same girl memorized *L'Envoi*, and repeated it with such beauty of expression and depth of feeling that visitors, having once heard, remembered so well that coming again to the settlement many months later, they eagerly asked for "the girl who recites *L'Envoi*."

Another girl was captivated by *Our Bobs*. She learned the poem, and often repeated it, and imperceptibly she came to have a fervent admiration for Lord Roberts. Her delivery of the stanzas was delightful; she was of Hungarian birth and tradition, but she said *Our Bobs* with a convincing warmth, most especially these lines:—

"Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur —
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton and 'arder —
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!"

One night an Englishman happened to be among our guests at a settlement festivity, and his astonishment at the foreign girl's rendering was evident. "Kipling," he exclaimed, "and Lord Roberts; and she is n't English!" He was not speaking to the girl, but she overheard. "You don't have to be English to appreciate Lord Roberts and like Kipling," she explained simply.

One of my particular friends, a Polish girl, was attracted by only one of all Kipling's poems; and that one, *The Last Rhyme of True Thomas*, she loved. It seemed always to be present with her.

Going to see her once, after she had been in the country, I asked, "Were you in a pleasant place?" She smiled: "It wass like the place in the poem."

"The poem?"

"Yes; don't you remember? —

'T wass bent beneath and blue above —
'T wass open field and running flood.'

Very recently she called to see me, just in time to hear another caller vehemently express her views regarding the newly bestowed English titles. The Polish girl listened with the greatest interest.

"Who iss Beerbohm Tree?" she questioned when we were alone. I told her, and after a moment's reflection she said, "If he iss great, what does it matter? He iss like True Thomas; he does not need to be made a Knight, he already iss one."

Most of the girls did not care for the *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The girl who recited *L'Envoi* said that she thought they were not real poetry. To her the most real of Kipling's verse was this one stanza:—

"Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise, — but Thou —
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

"Why do you like it?" I asked her.

"Because it makes me want to do my work well," she replied. Is not this why we all like it?

Two boys whom I met at the settlement read Kipling. One of them delighted in *The 'Eathen*; but his favorite ballad he mentioned quite by chance. "Whenever I go to the beach, I always say over a poem that begins '*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean*,'" a girl said one evening when he was present.

"I say, —

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!'"

another girl confided.

The boy appeared interested, but he

was silent. "Do you say either of those poems when you are at the seashore?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I don't; but there is some poetry I always think of. It commences like this: —

'The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;'

I like it better than them other two ocean poems. It's so friendly-like with everything."

The other boy, who was a Pole, came to see me one afternoon when I was rejoicing in an exquisite edition of the *Recessional* which one of my friends had just given me. My pleasure in it aroused his interest, and I read it to him, and together we admired the illustrations. "Will you lend it to me?" he asked; "I'd like to learn it."

He came the next week to return the book, which he had carefully protected with a cover made of a Hebrew newspaper.

"Kipling, did he ever write anything else?" were almost his first words. I lent him another volume, and in the months that followed he read many of Kipling's poems. He said very little about them; and it was in the most striking way that I discovered how deeply he had been impressed.

The night after President McKinley's assassination, I was belated in the tenement district, and in rather a dark alley through which I was going in order to gain time, I met my Polish boy friend; he silently left his companions and accompanied me. "A terrible thing has happened to our country," I said presently.

"Ah, yes," said the boy in a low voice. "All day," he continued, "a piece of the poem in your little red book goes over and over in my head" —

"The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart!" —

He interrupted. "Ah no, not that!" he said sadly. "You can think of that, but not I! The man who did this thing, he iss a Pole, and I, I am a Pole! And

it hurts me hard. *This* piece iss what cries in my head: —

'For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!'

He was a young boy, but he repeated the lines with a passionate fervor; they voiced the most intense feeling he had ever had, the feeling of kinship with his own people, even in their shame.

I had a very lovely experience once in connection with one of Kipling's most familiar poems. A woman living in a tenement attic, whom I had known for several years, asked me if I knew any "friendship verses," meaning rhymes such as she had read in an autograph album in a house in which she had been a servant.

"Yes," I replied, "and this is my favorite: —

'I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.'

She desired me to write it down for her. The next time I called, she requested me somewhat mysteriously to come again on a certain day at a given hour. When I went, I found the table spread with a white cloth which had been a window curtain. The cracked cups and pewter spoons were arranged on it with careful precision, and the teapot was boiling on the stove. "Will ye be havin' a cup o' tay wid me?" she asked, beaming with hospitality.

I was surprised. She had never before invited me to tea. I wondered greatly what had prompted the invitation, but my wonder was not of long duration. As she filled my cup with the rather bitter beverage, my hostess looked at me with gentle, affectionate eyes, and said: "You've knowed whin good things happened to me, an' sorrows. You was glad whin me baby was born, an' you stayed by whin me boy died.

But ye ain't never eat anything wid me, — an' I want you ter now."

Nothing more beautiful than this has ever happened to me; nor, I am sure, to any one else.

A book which created much discussion among several of my friends in the tenements was *The Christian*. Their attention, in every instance, had been drawn to it by the appearance of Miss Viola Allen in the dramatization. Even those who did not see the play heard about it, and saw Miss Allen's pictures as Glory Quayle. My copy of the book was in constant demand.

It was interesting in the extreme to listen to the various opinions of the story. Usually the reader was in violent sympathy with the hero, and enraged against the heroine; or the reverse. "Poor John Storm, he was so noble and good; and Glory brought so much trouble on him!" one girl exclaimed.

"John Storm!" dissented another; "I did n't find him so noble! He wanted his own way too much. I felt sorry for poor Glory; *she* had the worse time."

Another girl told me that she thought it an unhealthy story. She was a most thoughtful reader of books; and her verdict of *The Christian* admits of but slight amendment. "Why do you think it unhealthy?" I questioned.

"Because it is so exaggerated," she began.

"That does not necessarily make a book unhealthy," I demurred.

"Not when it's straight," she said slowly, "but *The Christian* is twisted; it calls things what they are n't, and does n't call them what they are. And then it makes them bigger, — till, altogether, you get so mixed up, you can't tell one thing from another." This statement is broad, but is it too broad?

The girl who thus succinctly described *The Christian* had a less clear-seeing friend, who when I met her was being injured by books which she read because

she saw them advertised, or heard them discussed. "I've been reading a book called *Red Pottage*," she began one evening at the settlement. Her manner suggested that she had been advised against the novel, and that she expected me to be shocked or astonished to hear that she had read it; to her evident surprise, I merely said, "It is an interesting book."

"Oh, — do you think so?" she cried.

"Did n't you?" I returned quietly.

She flushed. "Yes, — oh yes," she said. The sense of importance in her own daring in reading it forsook her when she found that it did not especially excite my interest.

"And what do you really think of it?" I asked her seriously.

"I liked Rachel," she replied. "I thought the way she loved Hugh was beautiful, — and he was bad, too."

"That was not why she loved him," I answered to her unspoken thought.

"Was n't it?" the girl exclaimed in amazement.

"No, — don't you remember? — it was in spite of that."

The next time I saw her she said without preface, "You were right about Rachel, in *Red Pottage*; I looked over it again."

Even though she had, the book had harmed her, and harmed her beyond immediate help. From the power of books there is no protection; for the great ill done by them there is small remedy. That girl, living in a tenement, needing all the good influences possible or obtainable, had been hurt as only the unsophisticated and uncultured can be hurt by a morbid novel. To the present moment, a mere casual mention of that particular book causes in her an instant self-consciousness.

Vanity Fair opened a new world for one of my settlement friends, who, as she herself said, had never been very fond of reading. "It's the best book I ever read," she declared. "I liked it so much; the man who wrote it did n't

hurry; he took time to tell every little thing, and I enjoyed that. And then, the people in it are so interesting!"

"Which of them do you like best?" I asked.

"Becky," said the girl; "she had the most to her. Of course Amelia was good, and Becky was n't, — but I sorter think Amelia just *happened* to be good; she did n't *decide* to be. Becky would er been a hundred times better than Amelia if she'd been brought up different."

While she was still absorbed in *Vanity Fair*, one of my friends gave me Mrs. Fiske's edition of the book, so copiously illustrated with photographs of the play; I took it to the settlement, and the girl hailed it with gratifying delight. Afterward, I lent her a magazine containing several of the original pictures for *Vanity Fair*. She regarded them doubtfully; "I think Thackeray writes better than he draws," she observed.

Later she read *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*; and more than before she enjoyed Thackeray because he took time "to tell every little thing." I therefore recommended Anthony Trollope; and she followed Eleanor Harding and the Grantlys through many volumes. She also read *Evelina*; and some of Jane Austen's novels.

One day when she called I was reading the second volume of *The Tragic Muse*. She questioned me about it, and finally accepted my offer of the first volume. The next evening she returned it. "Have you finished it?" I said in surprise.

"No," she answered, "I did n't like it. The people in it seem to do nothing but talk."

I suggested that she take one of Mr. Howells's books, and she selected *The Lady of the Aroostook*. "I read it all," she said, "but I did n't get much enjoyment out of it. It was like sitting and looking out of a window."

"But that is a very interesting thing to do," I ventured.

She reflected. "Not when nothing is happening," she said with decision.

The last time I saw her she was reading *The Mill on the Floss*. "And there are a lot more by the same author," she exclaimed joyously; "enough to last me a long time!"

Even longer have the legends of King Arthur and the Table Round lasted another girl whom I met first on the settlement doorsteps. She came with other children one summer evening several years ago to hear fairy tales. "Tell some new ones," delicately suggested a child who had been a listener on other evenings; and so I told them about the Coming of Arthur, and the woe of Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat, and the sacrifice of Percivale's Sister.

The new little girl heard with parted lips. When the last story was finished, she lingered: "Who told you them stories 'bout the sword in the stone, an' the good knight Galahad, an' the maiden that floated down the river?"

"I read them in a book," I began.

She grasped my hand. "Oh, can I borrow that book?" she pleaded.

She was only eleven years old, and I lent her *The Boy's King Arthur*. As soon as she had read it, she came again to me. "Are there any more?" she asked fervidly. I gave her *Le Morte D'Arthur*; and for a time she was absorbed in it to the exclusion of all other books. Somewhat later she read *The Idylls of the King*. So familiar did she become with the history of Arthur's court, that once, when, after searching in vain for a passage in *Malory*, I appealed to her, she immediately opened the book and found it for me. Her delight in the annals of chivalry, of that "fair beginning of a time," has been boundless.

One spring day, not very long ago, I met her near the Museum of Fine Arts. Her eyes were bright with a dreamy pleasure. She looked at me with happy mysteriousness. "What lovely thing has happened to you?" I asked.

"Have you time to come with me a minute?" she replied excitedly.

The moment I said that I had, she took my hand, led me across the street to the Public Library, and up into the Receiving-Room. She pointed comprehensively to Mr. Abbey's glorious work. "See!" she whispered, her face shining.

Another little girl to whom I told fairy tales had, even at the age of five, a particular fondness for Greek myths. One day, finding her watching with friendly interest a spider spinning a web, I told her the story of the presumptuous Arachne. She listened with wide eyes. "I like that better than Cinderella," she said; "'cause I can see 'Rachny spinnin' her web to get 'head o' 'Theny; there *is* spiders an' webs. But I can't see no fairy god-mothers; there ain't none to see."

After she learned to read, I lent her that charming little book, prepared for kindergarten children by Miss M. Helen Beckwith and Miss Susanne Lathrop, *In Mythland*. Considerably later she was taking a trolley ride with me, and we went past a garden in which there was a gorgeous mass of sunflowers in full bloom. My small friend had hitherto seen sunflowers only in pictures, but she recognized the originals. "Jes' look," she cried before I could call her attention to the garden, "jes' look at all them Clyties!"

From earliest days, women have named their children for the heroes and heroines of fiction. In the tenements, as elsewhere, there are many small boys and girls whose only claim to splendor rests in an elaborately picturesque or regally long name. I know a child who has finally learned to sign herself Gwendolyn Margherita Camille. But even her name pales beside that of another acquaintance, a little boy with very red hair, who is the namesake of the famous hero of Zenda.

He came with his mother one day to a picnic held in a serene and dignified

suburb; and though several years have since passed, more than one resident vividly remembers his daring exploits on that occasion, when he was yet but three years old. The other children looked at the brook; Rudolph, with a shout of glee, walked right into it, and straight up the current. When he had been summarily returned to dry land, he rushed whooping and howling upon the tenderly kept pansy bed of a horror-stricken neighbor.

"Rudolph is so adventurous!" I said to his mother, as I sought out dry shoes for him, and meditated an apology to the owner of the pansy bed.

"Yes," agreed the mother with a sigh. "Sometimes I get real worried over him, wonderin' how he'll turn out. Then, I remember the other Rudolph was adventurous too, an' *he* turned out all right; so I tries to be patient, an' to hope for the best."

Very often persons in the tenements and at the settlement asked me to recommend books, and to lend them; and when they were ill and I called, they sometimes asked me to read aloud. One day I went to see a woman who had been on her sick bed for many weeks; and instead of desiring me to read as I had been led to expect, she said, "Do you know any poetry to say off by heart?"

When I replied that I did, her pleasure was great. "Please say some, — won't you?" she asked.

During the frequent visits I made to her after that day she invariably renewed the request. Several poems that especially appealed to her I repeated, until she knew them almost word for word. I thought that she would tire of the fancy, but she did not; it seemed to fill some unexplained want.

One day she died. After the funeral, her husband, his four bereaved little children clinging to him, followed me to the door. He appeared to have something further to say, and I waited. "Ye — ust to say po'try to her," he began.

"Yes," I said, "she loved poetry."

"Yes, yes," he assented, "she got real comfort out of it." He paused. "I was wonderin' would ye jes' say over some now, to me and the childern," he added hesitatingly.

"Will ye?" urged the eldest girl; and I went back with them to the room, now so sadly desolate, in which the mother had lain so long, and said The Psalm of Life.

"Your wife liked that best of all," I told the man. "But," I continued, as I again stood at the door, "I wish I could do something else; poetry is not much comfort when one is sorrowful."

"No," agreed the man, "no; but what it says is." Who can give a truer explanation of the greater love we have always for poetry?

A habit of economizing time by carrying books about with me and reading them in unexpectedly free moments once put me in the way of discovering a woman of a rare fineness of feeling. Calling one morning at her tenement, I left my books, which chanced to be a small pamphlet copy of *The Vampire*, a volume of Edward Rowland Sill, and *If I Were King*. When I went for them, my friend said, "I've been readin' your books. You don't mind?"

"Oh no," I assured her. "What did you read?"

"That," she answered, pointing to *The Vampire*. "But I did n't like it; I think it's too hard on the woman."

"And what else did you read?" I inquired.

"This," she said, opening *If I Were King*, and with perceptible irony going over the lines: —

"If I were king — ah love, if I were king!
What tributary nations would I bring

To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:
The stars should be your pearls upon a string;
The world a ruby for your finger ring,

And you should have the sun and moon to wear

If I were king.

"Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad to a sylvan air,
Of love that ever finds your face more fair.
I could not give you any godlier thing
If I were king."

She concluded with genuine scorn. "You don't like that either?" I suggested.

"No," she said emphatically; "it makes a woman out to be so silly!"

"And my other book?" I queried.

Her face brightened. "Oh, that is grand!" she exclaimed. "I only read one piece in it; but it was beautiful!" She showed it to me; it was *The Venus of Milo*. "It's lovely," she continued, "specially this part;" and with shy pleasure she read: —

"Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
The wisdom, of whose deeps the sages dream;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;

The unheard music whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad you like that!" I said involuntarily.

"Is n't it grand?" she agreed eagerly. "It don't say nothin' 'bout lips an' eyes an' hair; it makes out that the way women *is* is what counts; an' it don't talk 'bout givin' things, — which don't count either. It cares 'bout what's best, an' lasts longest, an' I think it's beautiful." She lived in a poor tenement; she lacked incalculably much; but she had divined; and her intuitive appreciations were flawless.

Most of the girls and boys who were connected with the settlement read Shakespeare, usually through their interest in the theatre. A girl who had kept my copy of *Hamlet* for more than a month said by way of apology when she returned it: "I could n't get enough of reading it; the more times I read it, the more times I wanted to read it again! It got hold of me so."

This same girl came to me one evening with a very meditative face. "Do you like poems written by a man named Browning?" she asked abruptly.

I told her that I did indeed; and then she said, "Are they hard to understand?"

"You might try them, and see," I advised. She accepted the suggestion with avidity; but she came in a few days to say that she thought them *very* hard to understand. "I can't keep up with them," she said in a discouraged tone.

"You have n't been trying for very long," I reminded her. "What did you read?"

"Saul," she replied; "and In a Balcony."

I lent her Pippa Passes; and, to her delight, she found that she could "keep up" with that. Her enthusiasm for Browning grew slowly, but steadily. When Mrs. Le Moyne, with Miss Eleanor Robson and Mr. Otis Skinner, presented In a Balcony, she saw the production; and not long ago she said to me, "I don't always understand Browning; but there's something about his poetry that makes me want to keep on reading it any way." We all have a great deal to say about Browning and his poetry; but does not all our wisdom eventually resolve itself into just exactly this?

These simple readers are unerring critics of what they read. They take the author with a complete and effectual literalness.

One of the girls whom I knew sent me on several occasions Christmas booklets and fancy valentines. Then, having read Emerson's Essay on Gifts, she gave me nothing excepting some piece of her own handiwork; and, one night, an orange. "He thought fruits were all

right for presents," she said as she offered it.

She had a friend, an older woman, who came to the settlement to see me one evening. I was alone; and after a few preliminary remarks, she asked me to read to her. When I had finished a short story, she suggested some poetry, and I read the songs from The Princess. Many months later, her husband died; and when I went to her, she was sitting, holding her child in her arms.

"You still have your baby," I said; there was, as there always is, so inadequately little to say.

A sudden light of recollection came into her eyes. "Yes, I have," she said, "just like the wife in one o' the poems you read. I remember she said, 'My sweet child, I live for you!'" She held her little girl closer. "It *do* make a dif'rence—havin' a baby left," she whispered.

Books are so countless, and readers are so much more innumerable; accustomed as we are to the thought, do we ever quite realize it? With all our books about the influence of books, it is doubtful if we succeed in appreciating even in comparatively small proportion the greatness of that influence.

"The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong." Very often do these words of Carlyle's come into our thoughts if we have friends among the people of the tenements, the untaught people who take the preaching so deeply to heart, not only when it is strong and good, but also when it is weak and bad. To them it is indeed of the last importance that the maker of the book do his work right.

Elizabeth McCracken.

TO-MORROW'S CHILD.

I.

OLD Doctor Jourdé was rowing home from Pontomoc, — down Bayou Porto and up Bayou Marie, — a queer, squat, barefooted figure under a broad Panama. He stood half upright and used a contrivance of oars by which he could face toward the bow, for, long ago when he first came up the Marie, he had determined never to run another risk. In fact Jourdé was a man with a story, and when his neighbors learned what it was they shook their heads. It was sad, they said, assuredly it was sad about that death on the operating-table, — but? What was a death to a doctor? Did they not kill their hundreds? This poor Jourdé was too tender. One death, and he had thrown away his profession and come up the Marie to live like a hermit.

Plainly the good doctor wore such a broad Panama that it might shed responsibilities, yet a responsibility was confronting him as he rowed home. An unopened letter lay in the bow of his boat, held in place by an oyster shell, but capable of anything when freed from shell and envelope. He eyed it with uneasiness and rowed slowly, having agreed with himself not to open it until he reached his cabin.

An hour after Jourdé had landed, young Doctor Willis, of Pontomoc, came up the bayou and found him sitting in his doorway and blinking at the letter. He looked up, and the protest in him directed itself toward Willis.

"Eh, docteur?" he said appealingly.

Willis sat down. He had one of those faces which are good for irresolute eyes; years ago he and the old physician who dared not practice had become close friends; Willis dared and blundered and dared again, learning much from Jourdé. He said nothing, but Jourdé's oddly cast

eyes cleared a little of their bewilderment.

"Eh, docteur?" he said again, holding out the letter.

Willis read it and folded the pages slowly. The old doctor had had a niece, it seemed, and she had just died, leaving him an inheritance which would have tested the courage of a braver man.

"A little girl!" Willis said.

"Eet ees not posseeb'!" Jourdé broke out with pathetic sharpness. "Eet ees a life I 'ave h-abandon — ze care of people. And a child to be educate — to be intr-roduce — to be marry! Eet ees not posseeb', docteur."

"When do you go for her?" asked Willis.

"In ze morning," Jourdé answered. He looked round the cabin as if to think how to install a new inmate. The floor was of hardened earth; his bed was a cheap cot; his clothing hung on pegs in the walls; his blackened cooking utensils were scattered over a bench which served him as dining-table; in place of a window were solid wooden shutters, open now to the fading color and soft air of sunset. But out of this barren living-room a door led into a tiny lean-to shelved from floor to ceiling for books and pamphlets, and lighted from the north by a glass window near which was a study-table. This lean-to had been an afterthought, a concession to his unchanged need of mental opportunity, and it suggested a similar concession for the child.

"A boudoir," he said plaintively, — "a boudoir can be build on for ze little Violette — eh, docteur? Eet ees not posseeb' zat I take care of a child, but since eet ees true" — he sighed and looked out at the Marie glistening in the twilight.

"But you will not bring her here, — that is, not to stay," Willis protested.

"You will go where she can have advantages."

"She mus' be educate — she mus' be intr-roduce — she mus' be marry," Jourdé admitted, "but not to-day, eh, docteur? To-day — while she has such youth — she shall 'ave ze air-fresh. Ze air-fresh ees ze most great advantage for ze young."

Willis shook his head in the dusk. "She's old enough to be in school," he urged.

Jourdé sighed again. "Eef she ees strong," he said.

Violette could scarcely have been called a strong child or a frail one. She was thin and dark and animated, and, though never ill, she gave an impression of mental rather than physical vitality. Even Willis could not deny that it might be better for her to be kept out of school for a year or two, but he feared that the isolation of the cabin on the *Marie* might offset its abundance of fresh air; for at first she was pitifully lonesome.

When Jourdé brought her home, her first question was, "And with whom shall I play?"

"Play?" Jourdé repeated. "Have you no dolls?" He spoke in the perfect French which most creoles have at their command, even though their ordinary speech is soft and slurred, and something in his manner revealed an inherent punctiliousness in him which Violette was to learn well as the years passed.

"I mean children," she said timidly. "I saw many children watching us out of the door of a little house as we came up the bayou. Shall I play with them?"

"The children of Antoine fils?" cried Jourdé. Pride of birth, of education, of station, leaped into every line of his short plump figure, which was already barefooted and coatless. He stooped and took Violette's eager little face between his hands. "Never, my child," he said. "If they come here you must

be most polite, most considerate, but you must hold yourself quite apart. You are of a different world."

"But with whom shall I play?" she asked.

"A dog?" Jourdé suggested. "What would you say to a dog?"

For answer she burst into tears.

The good doctor was distressed. He gathered her into a somewhat stiff embrace, and was amazed when she flung her arms around his neck, and clung to him, stifling her sobs against his shoulder. He carried her out to the bench under the fig trees and held her patiently, and when she lifted her head, brushed away her tears, and kissed him on both cheeks, he was too abashed for words. They were still under the fig trees, and she was still clinging to him, when Willis came up the slope from the boat landing. Jourdé had had time for many new thoughts. He was only half grateful for the vigor with which her little arms held him. She was too impulsive, too feminine, for the reckonings of a hermit, one half of whose mind had gone to rust. He looked at Willis over the tangle of her brown hair.

"Eet would be more simple eef she were a boy," he said.

"But she's not a boy, and she'll not be a boy to-morrow, either," Willis answered.

Jourdé's lightly penciled brows drew together. "She asks wiz whom shall she play," he went on. "She 'as see ze children of Antoine fils, but! — *Imposseeb*!"

"They'll not hurt her," Willis said, looking grave. "Better let her play with any children that come along."

"*Imposseeb*!" Jourdé repeated, "they are of a different world." He sat for a time frowning up into the thick leaves. "Eet weell not be long," he said finally. "When she ees strong she shall be placed in school wiz many charming young girls. Meanwhile," — the shadow of his own defeated life came into his eyes, and to hide it from Willis

he looked at the child and stroked her hair, — “meanwhile, eet ees well, perhaps, for a soul to know eetself — even ze soul of a child.”

In the time which followed, Willis often wondered how far the soul of Violette had progressed in its task of self-knowledge. She roamed the woods and haunted the banks of the Marie like a wistful ghost, and, if she were not on the knoll watching for him when he came, she was there to gaze after his boat as he rowed away; for she had taken him into her heart at once, just as she had taken her uncle. At first her greetings embarrassed him with their ecstasy, but gradually her manner changed. Both men were exquisitely gentle with her, but quite incapable of returning her affection in kind. She was used to feeling herself gathered into her mother's arms, and kissed and held close and kissed again with a fervor like her own. Jourdé thought he was doing well when he smoothed back her hair and touched her forehead with his lips. Willis, being younger and realizing her loneliness more keenly, went so far sometimes as to salute her cheek; but as neither of them had the gift of warmth and spontaneity she was thrown back upon herself; she became grave and older than her years. She wore black, for Jourdé proved to be a stickler for the full etiquette of mourning, and, as briers tore and marsh mud stained her dresses, she became a more and more pathetic sight. When Willis was far from the Marie he was often haunted by a vision of her as she stood on the knoll watching for him, but watching still more eagerly, he thought, for something young or something feminine, — something which did not come.

“She mus’ ’ave playmates,” Jourdé would say resolutely as the two men sat under the fig trees, “she mus’ be educate — intr-roduce — marry. Zis life of solitude mus’ be h-abandon” — the bright loneliness of the Marie would catch his eye, and he would hesitate —

“eet mus’ be h-abandon, but not until she ees quite strong, eh, docteur?”

II.

Sometimes it seemed as if the Marie itself had grown interested in the case of Violette. The doctor was slow in taking her out to the world where she could have playmates, but the bayou brought her playthings and tokens from the world. There were days when whole fleets of cypress chips, rudely shaped into boats by the children of Antoine fils, came up on the tide, and sometimes more elaborate toy-boats, carved by older hands, drifted by and required to be caught and anchored. Then the children of Antoine fils would paddle up, a whole row of them in one unsteady pirogue, to reclaim their treasures and be treated with politeness by Violette. Or, in the place of wooden boats, the tide as it flowed out would bring fleets of azaleas and jasmine bells in the spring, or the red leaves of swamp maples in the fall. And on all days the tide brought her a message, whispering it around the reeds that fringed the knoll. Violette could never quite catch the words, but she listened hour after hour to the whispering voice with a feeling that soon — to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day — its meaning would grow plain. It told her to wait, she was sure of that, for everything said “Wait” to her, but there were other, sweeter words which she could not understand. Often she waded barefooted into the soft mud to listen, and stood among the reeds, seeming to sway in the breeze as they swayed, while her wistful, abstracted gaze told the story of her life on the Marie, — a life that had fitted itself to waiting and to dreams. Often the children of Antoine fils passed by and she scarcely saw them, having accepted the fact that they were of a different world.

They resented her, those children of Antoine fils. The thought of her fell

on them like a shadow as they plastered up miniature charcoal kilns and fired them on shore, or did valiant feats of logging, wading in a drift of twig and branches in some shoal. They had names for her to express how proud she was and how unsociable, and even when she rescued their boats they believed that she did it to have an opportunity of showing her politeness — her politeness and nothing more. Yet it was the children of Antoine fils who sent to her the first interpreters of the voice in the reeds.

One day a boat came upstream bringing two children from the outer world, which in this case was Pontomoc. One of them was a boy named Page, who was just boy and nothing else, — brown and careless and open-eyed, with a remarkable look of knowing what he wanted and did not want. It was his daring which had planned this venture into forbidden waters, but he had planned to come alone. Then the little girl, whose name was Dorothy, had found out and had bought her passage — girl-like — by the threat of "telling" if he left her behind. And so Page was dour, while Dorothy had a fluttering triumph in her blue eyes. There was a story she had heard about this bayou, a most fascinating and romantic story, and the boy was too glum to say if it were true.

At last they came to the children of Antoine fils who were dealing animatedly with rafts of mimic logs. Page would have passed them with far less interest than if they had been a school of playful mullet, but Dorothy was of a different mind.

"They could tell us," she said.

"Who cares?" asked Page.

His sister wrinkled up her short nose at him and then turned to the children. "Is it up this bayou that the little girl lives with the doctor who killed somebody?" she asked.

Part of the children only stared, but one of the boys nodded and pointed suddenly upstream. "She won't play wid you. She plays wid nobody," he said.

Page rowed on, leaving the logging force unthanked, while Dorothy began piling vague image on image, after the way of a child. A little girl in a place so remote that one had to run away to reach it was like a princess in a story-book; a little girl who played with nobody was unnatural — like an enchanted princess; and a little girl who lived with a doctor who had killed somebody was an enchanted princess with an ogre standing guard. And so the Marie became an enchanted stream, and Dorothy's big blue eyes grew wide, and even Page was touched by the prevailing glamour and regenerated into the prince which she still lacked.

"What you bugging out your eyes at me for?" asked Page.

There are things which we cannot quite explain to boys.

"Oh, Page, think of living with a man that had killed somebody!" Dorothy said, coming out of dreamland with a little gasp. "Would n't you just be scared to death!"

"Hoh! I don't s'pose he did it a-purpose. Anybody might happen to kill somebody."

"But s'pose he was to happen to kill her!"

"Hoh!" he said again.

One by one the green knolls and the low interludes of marsh slipped by. There was no sound but the dip of oars.

Dorothy caught her breath. "Oh, Page, look! Do you s'pose she lives in that little house?"

"What do I know about it?" he asked without turning to look at Jourdé's whitewashed cabin standing in showy relief against his fig trees. "I tell you, I'm not interested in girls."

Violette in her black dress came out of the cabin door and down a path toward the bayou. "Oh, Page!" Dorothy murmured. She forgot to steer, and as her brother still refused to turn his head it happened that their boat swung inland a few rods below the doctor's landing-place.

Violette's gait changed to a run. Her heart beat fast, seeming to cry out to her, "Children! Children who look as if they belonged to your world!" "Not there," she called. "Row to this tree!"

Her voice surprised Page into looking round. "We don't want to land," he said.

"But I should be so happy," she begged wistfully. "It is so long that I have played with no children."

Her English was well pronounced, but with a quaintness of accent and wording which Dorothy thought just the thing for an enchanted princess, but Page had come up the bayou by a different mental route, and it meant nothing to him, apparently.

He stirred the water with an oar. "I suppose you know that I don't play with girls," he proclaimed.

It seemed brutally final. Violette turned away, and Dorothy was on the verge of tears, when the boy, having made his own position clear, relented somewhat. "That need n't stop you, though," he said to his sister. "You can land if you want, and I'll row on and come back for you. I did n't want you along when I was tryin' for green trout, any way."

So Dorothy landed, and the two little girls started up the path. A tremulous shyness possessed Violette, while Dorothy was tremulous with bravery. It took courage to go ashore alone to play with a little girl who lived with a man who had killed somebody. Her wondering glance was everywhere, — on the little cabin and on the fig trees, but most of all on Violette's face.

"You're just like a princess," she said in an adoring voice, — "a princess shut up in a castle! And when Page is big he'll be the prince, and he'll steal you out. Mamma says he'll like girls when he's big. I like you now." She gave Violette a quick sweet kiss upon her cheek.

It was an awakening kiss, setting free

all the older child's repressed hunger for love. She clasped Dorothy close and pressed kiss after kiss upon her face; her breath came in sobs. "It is so long that I have waited," she whispered. "It is so long that I have played with nobody! But now I shall keep you. I shall never let you go away."

Dorothy pulled herself free and burst into tears. "Page!" she called, running back down the path, — "Page! Page!"

"Oh, what have I done?" Violette cried, following her. "I love you, that is all."

The little girl put her fingers in her ears. "I want to go home," she wailed. "I want to go home. Oh, Page! Page!"

He was only a few rods upstream. He turned and rowed leisurely back. Violette hated him for the look of disgusted triumph in his face. "I thought you'd stay about that long," he said.

His sister bounded down the path and into the boat, and he pushed off. There was nothing more that Violette could do to keep them; they did not even say good-by. She threw her arms round a tree and clung to it and sobbed; she could hear the dip of the boy's oars, and the girl's voice saying, —

"I did n't want to stay there always, but when you are big you can go back and steal her. You've got to, 'cause I told her so."

He laughed derisively. "Catch me stealing a girl!" he said.

The oar strokes grew fainter. The vision and the hope had passed. There was no sound but the bayou whispering "Wait," in the marsh.

Then some one touched her arm. She looked up and there stood the boy, — his face very red and his eyes very kind. "Say, don't cry," he urged. "I'll steal you, or anything."

She turned her cheek against his shoulder. "It is so long," she said, "so long that I have played with nobody. Where is *she*?"

He put his arm very stiffly round her

waist, and laid his cheek against hers. "She treated you the worst kind, backing out like that," he said. "I tied the boat a ways upstream and told her to stay in it. She began to yowl again, but I did n't care. She's always like that. That's why I hate girls."

She lifted her head, and her brown eyes looked into his gray ones with a question.

"You're different," he explained, flushing more deeply. "I knew it first thing. You would n't live up here if you was scarey. You" — He broke off in confusion and began on a different line. "We're going away from Pontomoc to-morrow, and I don't s'pose we'll ever come back. I did n't want you to feel that way."

"Going away?"

He nodded.

The tears came into her eyes again.

"Don't cry," he begged. "I came back to tell you it was just her way, and now I must be going. Don't cry, please."

She brushed her eyes with her hand. "I love you for coming back," she said.

He kicked the pine needles in embarrassed pleasure. Their eyes met again. A moment later he was running away without looking back, for he had whispered good-by and left a kiss on her cheek.

That evening, the old doctor drew Violette to his side. "You have grown to like the Bayou Marie, is it not?" he asked. "I see the look of contentment for the first time in your face."

Sometimes a child has no words. She crept close and laid her hand in his.

He smiled and looked across at Willis who was sitting by, and there was a gentle exultation in his glance.

"Eh, docteur?" he said.

III.

"I should like to see it," Violette said to Willis. "May I ask the doctor to take me to see it, mon oncle?"

Old Jourdé lifted his gray head from his medical journal. Years had passed on the Marie, altering little except the color of his head and the height of hers. She was a young woman now; luminous shadows had fallen into her eyes as into calm water, but she was still pale and slender, still waiting for the fresh air to complete its work before she was taken into the world.

"See eet?" he repeated. "W'at ees so beautiful zat you wish to look away from ze Marie, — eh, docteur?"

"One of the daughters of Antoine fils is to be married to-night," Violette said, "and I have curiosity to see a wedding."

The old doctor looked at his friend. "Eh, Weellis, ze feminine — ze toujours feminine!" he commented, with lifted brows. "W'at do you say, docteur? Shall eet be gratify?"

"Why not?" asked Willis. "Sights are few enough."

Jourdé smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "As you say," he agreed. "Violette 'as gratitude to you for many pleasures," he turned to the girl, "ees eet not?"

Violette put one hand on her uncle's shoulder and one on that of Willis. A soft color stole over her face. "I have gratitude to you both for many pleasures," she told them. She kissed her uncle, and lifted her face to Willis.

Willis was middle-aged and grizzled now, and since she came to the Marie there had never been a time when she had failed to greet his visits with a kiss, yet his face stirred slightly as he bent to salute her, as if her action had interpreted some controlled impulse of his own.

Jourdé saw the look, wondered at it, and fell to musing. "Ze toujours feminine," he repeated, "and ze toujours masculin also, eh, docteur? Eef not, who would marry?"

The younger man met his glance laughingly over the girl's shoulder. "Not we old doctors, surely," he an-

swered, out of the same quiet poise which made his nerves steady in his profession and his judgment balanced. "Come, Violette."

As he helped her into the boat he noticed that her hands were cold; he gathered them into both of his and held them for a moment.

"Is it so exciting, then?" he asked. "One would think your dearest friend was to marry, — or you, yourself."

"It is true, Justine is not a very close friend of mine," she admitted, "but can you tell me of any closer friend I have? And I am curious to see a marriage. Justine has lived here beside me always; she has seen no more of the world than I have, except that she has had playmates. Perhaps she has been lonely, as I have, — I have never talked with her enough to know, — and now I want to see if she looks happy."

They had taken their places in the boat. Willis began to row with the long, easy stroke which he had learned from many journeys up and down the Marie. Bands of fading light lay on the water, for the sun was down. The girl's figure in the stern of the boat rose white against the darkened shore, — she wore white now, and some of her own ideas went into the forming of her gowns. Little as she had changed, Willis had a sudden feeling that the child he had helped to care for had been the mere chrysalis of this Violette, who for the first time in her life was speaking to him of her loneliness.

"Do you remember what mon oncle used to say about me?" she went on. "It's a long time now since I've heard it, — 'She mus' be educate — intr-roduce — marry!' If he had really done it, I suppose we should be at the last of the list by this time. It is for that I wish to see the face of Justine. I wish to see if I have lost or gained."

"I have begged him to go away with you," Willis said. "Don't you suppose I've felt what it was for you to have no friends but two old men?"

She dropped her chin into her hand. A bit of cloud above her flushed unseasonably, sending its glow on to her face. "I have been happy," she said. "A long time ago I learned how to wait. Shall I tell you how foolish I have been? Don't you think girls are always foolish — romantic?"

"*'Ze toujours feminine,'*" Willis answered softly.

"Yes, I was that. I thought somebody would come some time — up the bayou, you know — come looking for me just as if we had known each other always, as if it had been settled long ago that — that we loved each other. That passed the time for me. Was it very foolish?"

"We all have dreams," he told her. "It does no harm."

"But I dreamed *all* the time. What else could I do? I could see his face even — sunburned, with gray eyes, very true and kind, but very sure of what they liked and didn't like — the kind of eyes that would understand all the things I could never tell to mon oncle, nor even to you. I was so sure he would come that only one thing troubled me. I knew I should be afraid to tell mon oncle. I knew what he would say. He would n't want us to love each other just then. He would want me to breathe a little more fresh air first, or wait until I knew my own soul."

"And so we have spoiled even your dreams for you — we two old men."

"Oh no, not you. I have always counted that you would be on my side if he came. You are not old, like mon oncle."

"Of course, I'm always on your side," Willis said, but in spite of her protest he felt himself incrustated with years. The soft light glowed and paled across the dusk, but she was talking to him as she might have talked to a woman or to a priest.

"Can you see any end to it all?" she asked suddenly.

Willis rowed a while in silence. "It

is a question that is seldom out of my mind," he said at last.

She laughed with soft bitterness. "It has been in your mind ever since I came up the Marie, has n't it? There is nothing to be done with mon oncle. He grows older and less likely to risk anything each year."

Willis smiled at her whimsically. It was the most intimate hour of their friendship, and yet he had never felt so far from her, so bound to respect their disparity of age. "Now if your uncle and I had only been growing younger, — if we could meet you halfway, — the thing would be simpler," he declared.

She agreed, missing his idea with a completeness which cut him in some hidden region of self-love. "Yes," she said, "if mon oncle were only young he could be reasoned with, but to reason with him now would be wasted breath."

She leaned forward watching the shore; for after rounding the next curve they would be within sight of the house of Antoine fils. In their talk, Willis had almost forgotten where they were going and what for, but she had not. Night settled between them, but he could still feel the wistfulness of her face. They rounded the curve; a ray from the lights on shore fell across her, and her expression changed as if the future were about to be opened, through some magic glass. They passed into the dark again. Willis drew in his oars and eased the boat against the landing. As he helped Violette out he found that her hands were still cold, — colder than before. He drew her very close and she clung to him for a moment trembling, but with no intuition of a new meaning in his touch. The words that had come to his lips gave place to some folly about looking for gray-eyed young men and sending them to her. Then they started on to the wedding of the daughter of Antoine fils.

Jourdé sat where they had left him,

watching the Marie in the twilight, and thinking of all the years in which he had watched it, — not because he had hoped it would bring some one to him, but because he trusted it to bring nobody; they had been strangely quiet, strangely futile years. Life and ability had been given to him, — wonderful tools to work or to play with, — but he had chosen to lay them down on the bank of the Marie and fold his hands. It was such a secluded place that they had lain there for a long time, but word had come that they were to be called for soon. He had not been well of late. Willis had seen the change, and had plied him with questions, and he had denied every symptom. There could have been no subterfuges with Willis if he had admitted this and that, and he had been postponing everything too long not to postpone the acknowledgment of acute ill health. There would be many things to decide on the day when he told them that he was to leave the Marie, — and not for the world which he had promised Violette. The child's future was too hard a problem for him, as it had been from the first. Of course there was Willis always. What he left undone Willis would attend to in some way, yet it was a graceless thing to announce, "I am going to step out and leave this task for you, my friend." No number of words could make the burden lighter; he would speak before the end, but as long as he could hold up his head, like a man with years to live instead of months, there was no haste.

So he had reasoned until the expression on Willis's face that night had offered him a gracious plan. If Willis loved Violette everything was simple and could be decided without delay. All his postponements in the past had been accomplished under the veil of something so near to self-deception that his regret and shame for them had been veiled also. He had never fully deceived himself, but he had postponed calling himself to account. Yet now

that an easy way opened, he was zealous to start on it. The matter must be arranged at once. He would speak to Willis that night and give his approval. Violette's opinion he questioned little. Willis was far older than she, but she was fond of him. It would be a suitable marriage. It would settle everything. He had reached a decision at last.

There was little for him to consider after that. It was restful to sit under the fig trees knowing definitely what the end would be. He was conscious of the world around him as a vague calm breadth, stretching out to the infinite, and dark save for the glimmering of stars in the Marie. Perhaps he slept a little, his sense of ease merging gently into dreams. It seemed but a short time before he heard the sound of returning oar strokes; then Violette's white dress, with a tall shadow behind it, came up the path from the landing. The old man spoke out of the obscure shelter of the trees.

"Eh, so soon?"

"Yes," the girl answered, "and the face of Justine was beautiful. So happy, so much at peace."

"Then you may tell us good-night," Jourdé suggested. As she left them he turned to Willis, still speaking in French: "You have sacrificed your evening to the whim of Violette, and now I have my little whim. I beg to detain you a quarter hour."

Willis sat down. There was a dream-like quality in the way his life was interwoven with the lives of Jourdé and the child. When he came up the Marie he was no longer the wholly staid and practical man whom people knew in Pontomoc; he was more flexible, more ready to follow the lead of circumstance or caprice.

"I'm in no hurry," he said. "Sometimes when I've stayed up this bayou longer than usual, I begin to understand why people who live here do not go away."

"Ah," Jourdé answered, "I think

you could never understand that, my friend." He was silent a moment, wondering whether to begin by confessing his own ill health, or by giving Willis a chance for confession. From Violette's window, through its white curtain, came the glow of a candle, making a faint path of light from the house to the fig trees. A breath of air stirred the leaves overhead. Then the night was so still that younger men would have felt it laying an immaterial finger on their lips.

Willis leaned back and sighed. Jourdé bent forward. There was in his face a pathetic understanding of himself that warded off reproach.

"There has come an end to futility, to postponement," he said. "Do you remember the questions you asked me some time ago?"

Willis nodded, looking keenly into his friend's face.

The old man lifted his shoulders. "You were right, but what could you expect of me?" he asked. "I postponed admitting it. To admit it would have been to face the future of Violette."

"The future of Violette," Willis repeated. "Do you mean?" — He hesitated a moment, then put the crucial questions as to Jourdé's malady. The old man nodded gravely at each one, until his secret lay quite bare between them.

"It is the end of futility, of postponement, is it not?" he said.

Willis could make no answering comment. A great desolation confronted him. He could better spare the whole of Pontomoc than the comradeship of this old hermit; and when Jourdé died Violette would be lost to him, as well. She should go out into the world, he would arrange for that, but his life would be left like the bed of the Marie if the stream dried away.

"And thus," Jourdé went on, "I am at last ready to make arrangements for the child."

"You can trust me for that," Willis

said. "You will advise me, but I will take all the steps."

"You will do as I advise? You promise it?" Jourdé asked, laying a hand on the younger man's knee.

Willis found something intensely pathetic in the question and the touch. "I will do whatever you think best," he said.

"Then you will marry Violette. Marriage is the only safe way by which a girl can enter the world."

It seemed to Willis that from the spot where Jourdé's hand rested a thrill passed over him. He thought intensely for a time, weighing his own desire against the unconsciousness with which she had clung to him on the landing of Antoine fils. Finally he shook his head. "The difference in our ages is too great. You have forgotten that girls have dreams."

"And the centre of the dream must be a good man, if a girl is to have happiness," Jourdé answered. "She is fond of you, it would be safe and suitable. I should not ask it if it would be a sacrifice to you, but I saw in your face to-night that you loved her. Is it not true?"

Willis could only plead the unfairness of pressing his suit upon a child who longed for broader life and freedom, yet had grown up with the habit of accepting all decrees.

Jourdé had never imagined that a girl could do otherwise than accept life as it was arranged for her. Willis loved her, and she would not refuse him. "And how can we know her feeling if we do not ask?" he argued. "At least give me the permission to speak to her — give her this opportunity for a settlement, for the assurance that she will not be left alone at my death."

The younger man had risen and was pacing to and fro, into the path of her candle-light and out again. Violette could scarcely feel herself alone as long as she had his friendship and protection, he thought, yet how could he know?

And perhaps, if a man loved a woman, he owed her the expression of his love, that she might accept it or refuse. He came back to Jourdé.

"It is for me to ask permission to speak to her," he said. "I must make that stipulation with you. I will ask her to marry me if you will leave the matter all in my hands."

The old doctor looked at the filmy bridge which she had thrown across the dark from her youth to their age. "She has not retired," he began in a tone which deprecated its own eagerness. "I could ask her to come out to you a moment" —

Willis smiled, though his feeling for Violette had never seemed so hopeless an audacity before. "She will think it a strange afterthought, but go if you think best," he said.

Jourdé's bare feet padded silently along the path which they had long ago worn to a hollow.

"My child," he said, tapping at Violette's door.

For a moment there was no sound. Then the door opened, showing a white, nervous face. "What is it, mon oncle?" she asked.

"You have not undressed?"

"No, mon oncle."

"Then Docteur Weellis begs a word with you under the fig trees."

The girl took him by the hand and led him into the room. He followed her, surprised but docile.

She motioned him to a chair where she had been sitting by her table. The sheets of a freshly written letter lay outspread.

"Mon oncle, this is for you to read," she told him, and he noticed that her voice trembled.

"I shall read it while you go outside?" he asked.

She stooped and put her arms round him, kissing him as she had kissed him on the day when he tried to comfort her after forbidding her to play with the children of Antoine fils.

"Yes, mon oncle, read it while I go outside," she said.

His glance followed her to the door and returned slowly to the letter. What fantasy had inspired her to write to him? He gathered the sheets together but did not read them at once; he was aware, as he had been at the first, that she was too impulsive, too intensely feminine for the reckonings of a hermit, and it was peaceful to sit idle while Willis was arranging her future out there under the trees. His hand relaxed on the sheets of her letter, but tightened again.

"Another postponement," he told himself, and began to read. Suddenly he rose and hurried to the door.

"Weellis!" he called, — "Weellis!"

The younger man came quickly out of the dark.

"She is not with you?" Jourdé asked. "She did not go to you?"

Willis looked round her room. He had thought that he was called because she refused to come out; he had expected to see her there, half frightened, perhaps, by some imprudent hint of Jourdé's. A glimmer of the truth came to him before the facts, and a determination to be on her side, no matter where she was, followed it, though something seemed to stand still in him, dreading what he might hear.

"No, I've been waiting," he said in a guarded tone.

Jourdé, too, stared round him as if he had not quite understood, — he was confronting something which was hard to understand after the years in which Violette had waited and obeyed. "She went direct from under my eyes," he said, with a choked sob that was heart-breaking from a man. "It is an inconceivable boldness — an effrontery" — He passed his hand across his forehead, gathering his thoughts with an effort out of the limbo of pain. "Come!" he cried, plucking at Willis. "We must follow her."

Willis laid a calm hand on him. In
VOL. XC. — NO. 541.

his own mind the idle, undirected years took form like a procession leading forward inevitably to some such night as this when he and Jourdé should meet each other in Violette's empty room. "May I see the letter you have there?" he asked quietly.

Jourdé held it out and relapsed into a daze. "Inconceivable," he said again.

The younger man sat down at the table, spreading out the pages in the candle-light. They blurred at times, giving way to the face of Violette in the boat. He shaded his eyes from his friend's sight. Violette's voice spoke the words of the letter into his ears, and to their girlish poverty of expression he added the richness of his love for her, trying to control his sense of having been wronged and deceived, trying to think only of the child who had been denied companionship and had learned to wait by learning to dream.

At last, love had taken the place of dreams. In a few words she told the idyl of her meeting with the boy. She had longed to speak of him, but had been afraid. Now his name dotted the pages. She had never forgotten him, she had always been looking for him to come up the Marie, and now that he had come, and that they loved each other, she had been trying for weeks to say so, and she had still lacked the courage. Finally she had promised to meet him and go to Pontomoc to be married. She loved her uncle, she loved Willis, she begged their forgiveness — The end was a broken sentence where Jourdé had come in.

Willis still shaded his eyes. Through his sharp heartache the sense that it was all foreordained by the life she had lived increased until he almost felt as if he had been prepared for just this thing. His eyes were wet as he thought of how she had hidden her joy for fear that two cautious old men should shatter it, and yet had taken pathetic precaution herself by going to see if Justine looked happy and assured.

"Oh, poor child!" he said half aloud.

Jourdé was standing in the shadow, sobbing. "We must follow her at once," he said. "She went from under my eyes — it was a deception — an effrontery — but we must prevent the dishonor" — He broke down again and came close to Willis with frank admission of his grief and weakness. "And what a treatment for you," he added. "Ah, letters always bring trouble. I have foreseen trouble from the first."

Willis rose. "Do you know what we shall do?" he said. "We shall follow them, but not to bring them back. We shall be present at the ceremony. It shall not be a runaway marriage."

The old man drew himself together, and the whiteness of his face took stern lines. "You wish me to consent to her marriage with a stranger?" he asked.

"I know him very well in Pontomoc," the younger man answered. "He is a suitable *parti*. It will be a good settlement for her."

Jourdé inclined his head in acknowledgment of the worldly note. It put him on familiar ground, as Willis had hoped, yet it reminded him that his own plans for her settlement were now added to his list of unaccomplished things. He sighed tremulously. Excitement and emotion had spent his strength, and

excitement was ebbing; the journey to Pontomoc merely to give an approval that had not been asked for seemed a monstrous tax on him. There was too little of his life left now to waste.

"If it is a good settlement, there is no need that I should go," he said. "I find myself very weak. It will be quite sufficient if you follow them and see the marriage."

Willis turned to go. He was used to lonely duties, and on such an errand he was thankful to be without company, yet he paused near the open door. "Come, to show that you have no hard feeling," he urged.

"To-morrow," Jourdé answered. "I can bear nothing more to-night. To-morrow will be soon enough."

He sank into a chair near the doorway and watched the erect figure of his friend fade into vagueness down the hill. The stars in the Marie twinkled, and an incoming tide was whispering in the reeds. They were older friends to him than Willis and Violette.

"To-morrow," he repeated, and smiled slightly; a waft of coolness from the water lifted the gray locks from his forehead. The problem of Violette was solved; it drifted from his mind, and he fell asleep.

Mary Tracy Earle.

A SONG.

AH, say "to-morrow" softly, lest thou wake
Some sleeping sorrow!
How knowest thou what drowsing fates attend
That unborn morrow?

Ah, dream not dreams too splendid, lest
They mock thy care;
Ah, Hope, burn not too brightly, lest thy torch
Should light despair!

Arthur Ketchum.

THE END OF AN ECONOMIC CYCLE.

To Adam Smith, writing in the year of our Independence, 1776, the real significance of America to the Old World was the fact of the opening up of a "new and inexhaustible market to all the commodities of Europe." This was the opinion of the most prescient political economist of possibly all time. And yet how fateful to his prophecy were the next few years! In much the same way, the merchant princes of the mediæval Italian cities must have seen in the emergent northern towns of Germany and France assurances of a developing commerce for their wares. But trade is capricious, and civilization takes a restless delight in the process by which the colonies of to-day become self-sufficient, then dominant, on the morrow. Thus Venice stealthily appropriated from Constantinople the hegemony of the commercial world, while her outposts in turn became the centres of the world's industry, and eventually transferred the control of exchanges from Italy to Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands. By this same resistless process, the centre of commercial gravity shifted across the English Channel in the eighteenth century, and took up its abode on the banks of the Thames, and with it went the culture, refinement, and power which inevitably follow the world's exchanges.

Then London became the clearing-house of the world. But little more than a century after the obviously true comment of the author of *The Wealth of Nations*, we see the centre of the world's business again shifting and Europe confronted with a commercial invasion by the surplus products of America. This *bouleversement* of the world's commercial preconceptions is much too recent for its effects to be appreciated; it is much too close at hand for the results even to be conjectured. The di-

version of trade from English and German counters to our own is one of the least momentous of the forces which have been set in motion. Of itself, this is merely a matter of national bookkeeping. The ultimate political influence of this shifting of trade balances can be compared in its consequences only to the great world movements of trade and commerce, by which the centre of exchanges has shifted ever westward from the beginnings of civilization about the rivers of Mesopotamia to the rivers of Great Britain, by way of temporary halting-places in Phœnicia, Greece, Constantinople, Venice, Florence, and the Netherland cities. Wall Street is probably within the mark in anticipating that New York will be the clearing-house of the world within a comparatively few years, and with that once established, the supremacy of Great Britain will depart as has the supremacy of her predecessors, only the period of the passing will be more brief, and the immediate consequences more momentous.

The influence of this trade readjustment (a readjustment which is not unlike a revolution in its consequences) has already made itself felt in our politics. The external manifestations of the change are too patent for comment. It was one of the unconscious forces that precipitated the Spanish-American war; and in a subconscious way it affects our Philippine policy, our relations with the Orient, and the demand for a trans-Isthmian canal. It is, in fact, the potential justification for the present colonial policy of America, and, in its ultimate relations, of our internal policy as well.

All great political and social changes are subconscious. They are psychological. But we never admit this to be true of changes which are contemporary. And yet, by the formula of Professor

Edward A. Freeman, "Politics is present history and history is past politics." The Protestant Reformation was a *Kulturkampf* rather than a succession of battles and councils. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, and the Philosophers were the French Revolution. The Assembly and the Terror were but explosions. Lincoln had a ground wire by which he communicated with the country, and it was the latent, unexpressed, and unappreciated conscience of the American people that abolished slavery. To-day the political forces at work within us, while not so patent, are scarcely less potent.

A long perspective is required properly to estimate social forces. A half century passed before the French Revolution presented anything save chaos and anarchy to the conservative, and a fertilizing stream of beneficence to the radical. Only recently have its true proportions come into full view. While such historical perspective is denied as to the contemporary phenomena of America, still the changes which took place in Great Britain during the years that followed the Napoleonic wars offer some parallel to our own situation. During these years, English trade sought out the markets of the world. The expanding energies of the nation broke by force the mediæval restraints and eighteenth-century barriers which chained her commerce to local exchanges. On the repeal of the Corn Laws, men freely predicted that Parliament had brought down a catastrophe upon England's industrial system. As a matter of fact, with the abolition of the archaic protective duties, her trade became world wide. Great Britain had reached a point where her energy demanded to be free. It was strong enough to enter the struggle unaided, and the development which ensued was due to its release. Many signs appear to indicate that we have now reached a position not unlike that which confronted Sir Robert Peel at that time. Changed conditions have

brought new needs, and certain things may be necessary now that would not have been advisable a few years ago. With the greater fluidity of American thought, the expression of our national convictions will certainly be much more ready than was that of Great Britain under the leadership of Cobden and Bright.

Historically considered, the protective tariff has ever been looked upon by a large body of voters as an expedient rather than as a principle. It had its birth in necessity,—the hard necessity of the Civil War. But such a consideration does not require its maintenance now, for America stands unique among the nations of the world in the plenitude of her financial resources. In truth, the events of the past few years have brought such an alteration in our conditions and commercial perspective that considerations which called for state aid to industry a generation ago, and urged its long continuance, now require a readjustment to new conditions and changed needs.

The press bears constant witness to the fact that internationalism is the keynote of present day politics. We have come to think on a world scale. But little over three generations ago the local fair was the horizon of trade. Only in the matter of luxuries were national boundaries crossed. The Orient meant the land of silks, spices, and precious gems. The formulas of the early economists were those of the hand loom and the charcoal furnace. Man's life began and ended with his family and immediate neighbors. To-day, the commercial arena is that of the world itself. It has passed national boundaries. And the future tariff policy of the United States must be governed by the size of the bargain table; not more by home than by foreign conditions. From this time on it is probable that home labor and domestic industry will suffer more from an inadequate market than from the competition of foreign makers. Wisely

or unwisely, we have broken the shell of nationalism, and only unwise restraints can impair our trade growth. And we cannot trade with impoverished peoples. The "balance of trade" doctrine, if ever true, has no application to-day, for we cannot long drain our customers of their gold, and we dare not permit them to become impoverished or their industries to languish. "A poor nation, a poor king" was the pregnant saying of a French finance minister, and in a like manner the modern Secretary of Commerce may say, "An impoverished market, an impoverished producer." We have come to know that domestic trade exists only because the producer of finished steel takes his pay in coal and iron. The prairies of the great West supply New England with food products because the Kansas farmer accepts his pay in kind. If he refused commodities in exchange, he would soon be without a market for his food stuffs. In much the same way, it is the fires under the English boilers that drive the threshing machines of the far West, and, to the extent of our foreign trade, clothe the miners and mill operators of the East. We were able to ignore this trade truism so long as our horizon was limited by national boundaries. But the time has come when a sound and permanent policy concerning trade relations must be solicitous of the industries of England, Germany, and France, just as the commonwealths beyond the Mississippi are now dependent upon the prosperity of the mill hands in the East.

Never before were people so dependent as they are to-day. It is conceivable that we may fry all the fat out of our consumers or bring about a retaliatory tariff war. And it would seem that a tariff readjustment designed to awaken more cordial trade relations with European countries would benefit not only the American consumer, but the producer as well.

Moreover, never since the Civil War have we been in a position to take up the problem of scientific tariff revision so well as now. This is true for various reasons. The national revenues are abundant and are growing rapidly. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, the income of the Federal Government from taxation alone reached the extraordinary sum of \$545,700,000, with a surplus of receipts over disbursements of \$78,000,000. This surplus, it is true, has been abated by the revenue reduction act of the present Congress. At the same time, the currency question has passed into history, while the relation of industry and capital has become most close, owing to the fact that the industrial combinations are intimately allied with the banking interests of the country. No longer is the manufacturer dependent upon local banking aid. He does his own banking. Consumption and production are likewise susceptible of more accurate adjustment to each other, so that periods of over-production or under-consumption are less likely to recur than heretofore. For upwards of a generation, owing to persistent currency agitation, speculative railroad construction, and an industrial competition which was little less than war, the world of finance was so delicately adjusted that the slightest disturbance threw it out of balance, and whatever evil results may have followed from business consolidation, it must be admitted that by it the industrial world has been rendered stronger and more stable than it has ever been before.

For these reasons, it would seem that tariff readjustment along scientific lines might be safely undertaken without disturbing the business situation. The interest of American expanding trade may be joined with that of the great body of the people for the accomplishment of a reform which will prove a blessing to those most inclined to resist its coming.

Frederic C. Howe.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

EVERY observant person has recognized the recent striking increase in the number of people wearing glasses, and while this fact can be considered a sign of our advancing civilization, the question may be asked, What it will lead to and is it a necessity? The answer must be that while our environment, our professions and trades, compel a constantly increasing demand upon one of the most delicate and complex organs of our system, it is necessary, in order to preserve the function of the eyes in their highest possible state, that concerted action be taken to that end. The writer firmly believes that neglect of the eyes and the injudicious use of glasses are great contributing factors in the general deterioration that is taking place in these organs.

Very few realize the number of blind persons in every civilized community. Statistics are uninteresting, but a few figures are necessary to demonstrate the truth of the foregoing statement. The United States Census Reports for 1890 show that out of a total population of 62,622,250 the total number of persons returned as blind in *both* eyes was 50,568, or 808 to each million of population, which is in the proportion of one blind to every 1238 inhabitants. This proportion while less than in 1880, when there was one blind to every 1032 inhabitants, is still enormous. The proportion of blind to the entire population varies greatly in different countries, from that in Holland of 445 to one million of inhabitants, to that in Iceland where there are 3400 to one million of inhabitants; the percentage for the United States being slightly below the world's average.

A further study of the United States Census Reports for 1890 shows that the proportion of blind rapidly increases up to the age of twenty, remains stationary

from twenty to thirty, increases again gradually until forty-five is reached, and then increases rapidly to the age of seventy-five. These figures show that the period when blindness increases most rapidly is during school life and in old age. Statistics from reliable observers covering many thousands of cases show that 33.35 per cent of blindness could certainly have been avoided, and that 38.75 per cent were possibly avoidable. Thus we see that a large proportion of cases of blindness are unquestionably preventable.

It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into the study of the causes of blindness, or exhaustively to consider its prevention. Before studying the care of the eyes let us glance for a moment at the far more important subject, — the relation of the eyes to the general health. While but very few realize the extent of blindness in the world, I think I may say that no one but the oculist appreciates the amount of suffering and ill health caused by defective eyes. During the past few years the public have become somewhat educated to the fact that a large proportion of the headaches of school-children, and oftentimes of adults as well, are solely the result of some strain upon the eyes. Not many years ago the oculist would have been greatly surprised to have a patient come to him for headaches unless referred to him by the family physician; while to-day patients frequently consult the oculist first. The same procedure is followed in various nervous disturbances. The medical profession have learned that many cases of mental depression, irritability of temper, and inability to apply the mind have resulted from eye-strain; and that insomnia, spinal irritation, general nervous prostration, and even choreic symptoms may be due to the same cause. Epilepsy,

nervous dyspepsia, and other reflex nervous disturbances have undoubtedly, in many cases, been caused by some ocular defect and cured by its correction.

That such a series of conditions *may* result from the eyes is explained by the intimate connection existing between the eye and the brain by means of a nerve of special sense, nerves of sensation and motion, the sympathetic nervous system and the blood supply, which renders the transmission of an irritation or inflammation in one organ to the other a not unlooked for consequence. The nerve connections, motor, sensory, and sympathetic, between the muscles of the eyes and the nerve centres, are abundant and intimate. Is it, therefore, at all surprising that a constant regular or irregular strain on the ocular muscles, week after week, month after month, and year after year, will in time produce headaches and various other nervous disturbances by communication of the irritation to other nerve origins? No; it is more astonishing that we do not observe more frequent and more varied complications from eye-strain, when we consider the great frequency of anomalies in refraction and the outrageous abuse of the eyes in this intellectual age in which we live.

Every oculist has seen case after case of these various conditions promptly relieved by the correction of the ocular defect. He has seen cases where the child pronounced by the parents and teachers dull and backward becomes the brightest in his class after wearing glasses that give him normal vision without the effort that has caused a condition of brain fag. He has seen many a nervous, weakened, ill-nourished child become as robust and healthy as his playmates after the removal of some eye-strain.

The mechanism of the eye is perhaps the most delicate apparatus in our entire body. For the perfect performance of its function every part must work in perfect harmony. To secure this har-

mony both the refraction and the muscular balance of the eyes must be perfect. It is a fact that an absolutely emmetropic, or normal, eye is but rarely found.

An abnormal eye may have any one of eight different refractive errors. To secure perfect vision, rays of light must be brought to an exact focus upon the retina of each eye. If any refractive error exists, these rays will either not be focused upon the retina, or the focusing will be done by an undue effort of the ciliary muscle, or some one, or more, of the twelve extrinsic muscles of the eyeballs. Furthermore, to have single binocular vision, it is necessary that both eyes should be so directed at the object viewed that the image shall be received upon identical points of the two retina, and for a perfect image must fall upon the macula lutea, or central point of distinct vision, of each eye. This is accomplished by six muscles attached externally to each eyeball. These muscles work in pairs, one practically antagonizing another, and at the same time working together with their fellows of the other eye. Therefore, to hold both eyes perfectly straight, without any undue strain, each one of these twelve muscles must possess and exert a given definite strength. As to the relative normal power of these muscles we find that they vary greatly; one muscle may normally have twenty to thirty times the power of another in order to perform its function, and the normal power of each muscle may also vary greatly in different individuals.

From this very general glance at the mechanism of the eye it can be readily seen how easily a disturbance of the refractive or muscular equilibrium may occur. In order to secure perfect binocular vision without undue strain or effort, any of the various forms of refractive or muscular errors that may be present must be corrected if causing strain. As we usually find both refractive and muscular errors existing in the same

patient, the key to the whole problem rests in the determination of *the* factor that is creating the mischief.

Here let me decry the too prevalent habit of going to the optician, or the far greater evil, the bargain counter of our large department stores. The optician should be, and as a rule is, a skilled mechanic whose sphere is the careful grinding and adjusting of lenses upon the physician's prescription. Unfortunately he is too often imbued with the instincts of the tradesman and will endeavor to make a sale to every applicant. Too much cannot be said in condemnation of the indiscriminate sale of glasses by stores, peddlers, and the self-styled professor. Every oculist of experience has seen many an eye lost and many a patient's health ruined by the use of glasses purchased from some of this class. In answer to the reason so often assigned, of inability to pay the oculist's fee, I would simply say that no conscientious physician ever refuses to reduce his fees to those unable to pay full charges, while at the numerous eye clinics thorough and careful work is given gratis to all unable to pay any fee.

As I have said, the safety of the eye as well as the health of the patient rests in determining the disturbing element; and here again is shown the necessity of the physician's skill to decide between cause and effect. If the trouble is dependent upon refractive errors, correct glasses must be prescribed; but if due to muscular errors, glasses are frequently not indicated, and many times when worn do positive harm. In the opinion of the writer, many persons, especially children, are wearing glasses unnecessarily, as by correcting their muscular errors the eyes can be relieved without such aid. The conclusion to be drawn is that to preserve to the eye its highest function, the physician should be consulted and not the tradesman. No one would expect the blacksmith, be he ever so skillful, to repair the delicate mechanism of a watch when out of order. No

more should one trust the most delicate organ of the body to the glass fitter.

Let us return to the prevention of trouble by considering the care of the eyes. This should practically commence at birth, and in order to secure its highest usefulness must be continued throughout the whole life. It is estimated that at least thirty per cent of the blind in this country have become so from purulent ophthalmia. The eye is most susceptible to any infection, and therefore the greatest care should be used that no infectious matter shall at any time come in contact with the eyeball. Absolute cleanliness is of the utmost value in the treatment of inflammatory conditions of the eye, and no nurse or attendant should ever touch his own or another's eye except with absolutely clean hands. More cases of blindness have resulted from this one cause than from any other. Many a babe has been rendered blind for life through the carelessness, in this particular, of the mother or nurse. Pure, clean water is the only application that should be made to the eyes of the newborn child, except upon the advice of the physician. The moment the babe's eyes show the slightest discharge or redness a competent physician should at once be called, as infants' eyes are especially susceptible, and oftentimes within twenty-four hours the disease will have advanced to such a degree as to render hopeless the possibility of saving any sight. The cautious physician should for the first week or two examine the eyes of the babe from day to day, so that the onset of any trouble may be at once met by active treatment. The eyes of infants should be protected from all glaring lights and especially the direct rays of the sun, both indoors and out. The babe should never have its attention attracted by objects held close to the eyes, for repeated convergence at near-by objects may predispose to or even produce strabismus. This observation holds good as the child grows older.

From poring over story and picture books when in too fine type or held too close to the eyes, myopia threatens. The fine worsted and bead work used in some of the kindergartens is for this reason objectionable. Give the growing child plenty of outdoor amusements, where the eyes have a long range during the developing period of life, and we shall see fewer little ones wearing glasses for myopia and astigmatism.

One of the most important fields for the exhibition of contemporary knowledge and interest in sanitary science is presented in our educational institutions. When we consider the total number of hours passed in the classroom during the child's school and college life, the additional hours required for study and preparation outside of the school-room by the present day system of forcing the child too rapidly, when we compare these hours with the time left for recreation, exercise, and sleep, and recall that these years are the years of physiological growth, is it any wonder that we find so many commencing their active life as physical wrecks? It is therefore plainly a duty we owe to posterity to consider carefully the hygienic environments of our children as well as their mental and moral training. The school life of the growing child should be so regulated as to secure the best mental advancement and at the same time the best physical development. Every observing physician has seen many children who commenced school life in apparently good health soon complaining of headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, and other symptoms indicative of impaired general vigor.

In the early part of the last century we find attention first called to the relations existing between the myopic eye and the demands of civilized life. Within a comparatively few years more complete and systematic examinations of the eyes of school-children have been made, so that to-day we have as a basis for our statistics the examination of the

eyes of over 200,000 pupils of all grades. An analysis of these examinations shows that in the primary schools nearly all the children enter with normal eyes. In the higher grades twenty-five per cent have become myopic, while in university life the percentage of myopia has increased to from sixty to seventy per cent, which shows that the number of near-sighted pupils increase from the lowest to the highest schools, and that the increase is in direct proportion to the length of time devoted to the strain of school life.

In the face of these facts it seems the imperative duty of the hour carefully to investigate the cause of this deterioration of the eyes of our children during school life. The evident relationship of this increasing near-sightedness to school work seems to indicate some fault in our educational methods. Owing to the fact that myopia is often hereditary it is impossible to eradicate the condition for generations to come, but acquired myopia can be prevented or very greatly decreased by careful and frequent examinations of the eyes, together with thorough hygienic preventive methods during the years of physical growth and mental training of the child.

First, as to the importance of frequent examinations of the eyes of children. Statistics prove that a very large proportion of the eyes of young children are hypermetropic. So great is this preponderance that many authorities claim that the normal eye is a hypermetropic one. Careful observations have shown that in almost every instance the change from far to near sight is through the turnstile of astigmatism. That this change does take place has been proven by the progressive increase in the percentage of myopia during school life. By repeated examinations from year to year, the first change can be detected and suitable treatment taken to check its progress. I believe that the eyes of every child should be carefully examined at the commencement of school life,

and that the examination should be repeated at least every year until the time of full development of both mind and body. The care of the teeth commences even earlier than this, and is continued throughout the whole life. We have become educated to the importance and necessity of sending our children to the dentist every six months or year for examination whether disease is suspected or not. The far more precious and delicate organ, the eye, is almost universally left to do its work unaided and uncared for, until often serious and irreparable damage has been done, and the innocent victims of our ignorance and neglect are deprived of the full realization of God's greatest gift, that of sight. It is not the vision alone that pays the penalty of this criminal neglect, but a long train of physical wrecks brought about through reflex action from eye-strain. It is not necessary to go into the details as to how or what general conditions may result from defective eyes, but merely to sound a warning as to the danger from neglect of the eyes in early life. To continue the comparison with the teeth, we can get very acceptable false teeth, but artificial eyes have not proven of much practical service.

Every school should possess a series of test letters, and each scholar at the commencement of each term should have the eyes examined by the teacher. This examination is so simple that any teacher can be instructed in a few minutes, so that she can determine if any defect exists. All that is essential is a set of Snellen's test types placed in a good light, the letters of which should then be read with each eye separately at a given distance. The child should then be examined with the astigmatic card, and the lines running in all directions should appear to each eye alone equally clear and distinct. Then a small card plainly printed in four and one half point (diamond)¹ type should be read by

the child while the teacher measures with a rule the nearest point at which it can be easily read. This distance should correspond with the normal near-point from an emmetropic eye, which should be recorded on the back of the card for the different ages from six to twenty years. If these tests show no defects, the child may be admitted to the school, but if a defect be found in any of these tests, particularly the first, the parents of the child should be at once informed of the existing defect of vision and the consequent need of professional advice. Further than this, during the school year, if the child complains frequently of headaches while studying, or seems to be getting nervous, anæmic, etc., the teacher's duty is to suggest again to the parents the wisdom of seeking a physician's advice.

The examination as suggested would at once detect imperfect vision from any cause; if due to refractive errors, it could be corrected; if to intraocular disease, treatment might save the sight which otherwise would possibly be lost.

In all cases of children with inflamed eyes, they should be required to present a physician's certificate of the non-infectious nature of the disease before being permitted to enter the schools. Our orphan asylums, public homes, and institutions of all kinds require a physician's certificate before admitting children with any redness or inflammation of the eyes. Should we be any less strict before permitting these children to associate with the healthy ones in our schools?

Let us now consider the faulty conditions of school life which bear more or less directly on the eye as well as on the general health of the child. The curriculum of study in the majority of public schools is a hard and fast one, which all students are expected to follow. I believe that a more elastic curriculum should be adopted, whereby children with defective eyes, or a more or less feeble health, shall be required

¹ This line is printed in diamond.

to take only as many and such studies as they may master in safety. Such a modified course, while it would lengthen the student life by one or more years, would do much toward preserving the eyes and general health.

A decided reform should also be made in the system of requiring study at home. The average school session of five or six hours a day should be sufficient to prepare for college by the time pupils are sixteen or eighteen without requiring nearly as many additional hours of home study, which robs the students of the recreation and sleep they should have. The work at home is usually accomplished when the body is tired, and the brain sluggish, generally by artificial light (which is too often an improper one), and frequently with a faulty position of the body. I believe that with a proper regulation of recitation and study during school hours alone, the brain, made more active by sufficient recreation, exercise, and sleep, will accomplish far more than by the present system.

The paper and type used in school-books have in recent years been vastly improved, yet there is room for still further improvement. In selecting books for children the type should always be large, bold, and clear. Cohn and Webber claim that type at least one and a half millimetres in height (equal to long primer) is the smallest that should be used in schoolbooks, and the distance between the lines, or leading as it is called, should be two and a half millimetres. The paper should be of a dull finish, instead of the highly glazed finish of many books, and of a dead white or a cream color. In many of the books used by children the print is too small and of a poor impression, which is very injurious to the eyes. This perhaps applies more particularly to the interesting books and periodicals prepared for the young, and especially to newspapers. The character and amount of the reading are too often not properly regu-

lated at home. The reading of sensational papers and novels at hours when the child should be asleep is a habit too freely indulged, at the expense of both mental and physical development.

There should also be frequent breaks in the application of the eyes at close work. This frequent interval of rest for both the brain and the eyes can easily be secured in the schoolroom by a change from the book to the blackboard, to oral instructions, lectures, etc. The school session should be broken by short recesses in the open air and gymnastic exercises.

A consideration of the eyes and health of our school-children must necessarily involve the location of the building, as to surroundings, light, etc., and the school furniture. The location in cities should avoid narrow streets and high surrounding buildings which interfere both with light and air; and away from noises, exhalations, smoke, and dust from factories, stables, markets, etc. Playgrounds in the open air, either in ample grounds or on the roof of the building, should be provided for intermission of the sessions. The building should be so constructed as to avoid dampness, and should furnish ample ventilation without drafts. In the country, especially, care should be taken that the location be well drained, and away from malarial and other injurious environments.

Sufficient light is of the utmost importance, and should be first considered in the architectural plan of all school-houses. The quantity of light, Cohn says, cannot be too much; while Javal says that every portion of the room should be so flooded with light that the darkest place will have sufficient illumination on a dark day. To secure this Javal believes that the distance of surrounding structures should be twice their height. The necessity of sufficient light is shown by an attempt to read in the twilight or in a dimly lighted room. A

test as to the amount of light required is the ability of a normal eye to read diamond type readily at twelve inches. According to Risley the window surface should never fall below one square foot of glass for every five square feet of floor space, and this should be exceeded in many locations, on the north side of the building, and on the ground floors. The quality of light is, of course, modified by the color of the walls in the schoolroom. The light shades of green, yellow, blue, or gray should be used in the coloring of the walls, and also the furniture and wood-work. The loss of light caused by large surfaces of blackboards can be saved by roller shades of the same color as the walls, to be lowered when not in use.

Next in importance to the quantity of light in the schoolrooms is its direction. The ideal light of the schoolroom is that from the left side, or the left and rear of the pupils. Lighting of the room from two opposite sides should be avoided if possible, yet when necessary to secure the requisite amount of light, that from the right should be high up in the room. In this way we secure a diffused light in the room from the illumination of the ceiling and avoid the objectionable cross-lights. This arrangement at the same time affords means of ventilation.

In the most excellent and thorough article upon school hygiene by Dr. S. D. Risley,¹ to which I am greatly indebted in the preparation of this paper, much space has been devoted to the consideration of the school furniture. While the faulty construction of the school desk and seat is a very important factor, according to orthopædic physicians, in the causation of spinal curvature, it has been, and undoubtedly still is, a no small factor in the increasing myopia of school life. Vast improvements have been made in the average schoolrooms of today in this respect; still a visit to al-

¹ System of Diseases of the Eye, Norris and Oliver, vol. ii. 1897.

most any school will show more or less of the pupils in an improper position. The great danger to the eyes lies in the pupil bending over his desk and thus bringing the eyes too close to the work. This abnormal near-point adds largely to the strain upon the accommodation and convergence, and at the same time causes an increased congestion of the coats of the eye, all of which serve to increase the tendency to near-sightedness. The proper arrangement of the seat and desk is such that the child will find it easier to sit upright at his work than in any other position he can assume. The direction and measurements for securing such a position by means of a correct seat and desk are fully given in many articles upon this subject.

The blackboard forms an important adjunct to school life, and its more general and extended use should be encouraged. The strain upon the eyes is much less when looking at a relatively distant object like the blackboard than it is at the near-point, as in reading and writing. Hence instruction by board exercise is much less fatiguing than work done with the pencil or pen. The surface of the board should be kept black and clear by frequent washing, and the crayons used should be either white or yellow. Wall maps and charts are also useful for the same reason as the blackboard, in that they permit of instruction at a greater distance. In all children who have already developed near-sightedness, to avoid the increasing tendency to draw the work nearer and nearer to the eyes some of the many forms of head-rests which hold the head erect and at a proper distance from the work should be used.

I have dwelt at length upon the care of the eyes in childhood, because it is at this time of life that there is the greatest danger to vision. Furthermore, when proper care has been given to the eyes in early life, we enter adult life with better eyes and a better

understanding of their requirements. In all classes — men, women, and children — there is an inherent prejudice to the use of glasses, but to those suffering from refractive errors the use of the correct glass is one of the greatest boons. I acknowledge that the prevalent error of oculists is the too early and frequent prescribing of glasses. In many instances the use of glasses can be avoided by the correction of some deficiency in the balance of the extrinsic muscles of the eye, which may be the cause of the asthenopic or reflex symptoms. In all cases of decided refractive errors, however, the use of correcting lenses is a necessity. When glasses are required they should be given proper care by the wearer. We have often seen patients wearing glasses so scratched and dirty that a great effort must necessarily be made to see through them. Eyeglasses should never be folded, as they soon become misshapen and scratched. For the same reason glasses should not be thrown carelessly upon tables, stands, etc., and when out of shape, nicked, and scratched, they should be repaired or new ones purchased. After the correct lens has been selected, care should be taken that the frames are skillfully adjusted by a competent optician, as oftentimes improperly fitted frames destroy all the benefit that would have resulted from the glasses.

The prevalent habit of going without glasses for reading as long as possible is also a bad one. The public should be taught that all normal eyes require glasses for near vision about the age of forty or forty-five; that postponing their use later than this age causes an effort of the accommodation which does harm. The prejudice to the use of glasses seems to be dying out, and the laity are realizing more and more the necessity of paying attention to the eyes.

One of the most important questions relating to the general care of the eyes is What is the best light? This should always be answered, the diffuse natural light of day; and the next best, that which most nearly approaches daylight. Artificial light should be profuse, white, and steady, and that which most nearly meets these requirements is that known as the Welsbach light. The incandescent light when protected by translucent globes is also an excellent light. Gas and kerosene are also good, but should be shaded with globes colored white on the inside and tinted green on the outside. The solar light when reflected from white surfaces has often been injurious. It is therefore wise to protect the eyes with a slightly smoked glass if they are to be exposed for too long a time to the glare of the sun upon snow, water, or the bright sand of the seashore. What has been said in regard to children in school applies as well to the adult, that the eyes should be used only when the body is in an erect position, and that the light should fall upon the book or paper from the left side. It hardly seems necessary to caution against the use of the eyes in reading after twilight, when riding on the cars, while lying down, etc., but as all these things are being done daily we cannot cry "don't" too often.

In conclusion let me remind the reader that the health of the eye depends to a great measure upon the condition of the general system. The eye is not a separate and distinct organ to be treated wholly independent of the bodily health. While the eye can undoubtedly cause abnormal conditions of other organs, it can at the same time suffer from other diseased conditions. Therefore, by obeying the common laws of health the usefulness of the eyes will be best maintained.

A. B. Norton.

A POSSIBLE GLIMPSE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

READERS of Boswell's Johnson are aware of a strange gap in the life, extending over the whole of the years 1745 and 1746. Johnson's "Proposals for a New Edition of Shakespear" appeared at the beginning of 1745, and with that exception, no single event is known, no anecdote recorded, no publication mentioned, no letter preserved. Yet those years were full of material for an author and a talker. Boswell reminds us — as who would not? — that in those years Charles Edward raised the Stewart flag in Scotland, invaded England, eluded two armies of King George, marched to a point only one hundred and twenty-seven miles from London, won two pitched battles over the royal forces, and was defeated only after keeping the whole country in anxiety for eight months.

The author of the article on Johnson in the National Dictionary of Biography sneers at the suggestion of Boswell that his hero might have been connected with the Pretender's expedition. But where is the absurdity? Johnson was notoriously a passionate partisan of the Stewarts. Lichfield, his birthplace, his mother's residence, the home that never lost his affection, was a chief station of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the Pretender's line of march came within twenty miles of it; while all around it the Staffordshire folk were considered the most intensely Jacobite part of the English people. If Johnson had visited his native town, or even had letters from his mother and his stepdaughter in those years, he must have had his thoughts full of the invasion. Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden must have interested him as much as any man in England. Did he really know nothing about it all? Or did he know too much, that we find no more mention of "the '45" in his life than if he had been six years old instead

of thirty-six? For all that those years with their events and memories show us of him, he might have been on the Continent, in prison, or confined with a broken leg.

Johnson himself was so very obscure in these years, his talents slowly struggling into recognition, that it is not strange that his name appears so seldom in correspondence; yet as one repository after another of family papers becomes unlocked, the key to his more than obscurity in these eventful years may yet be disclosed. Whether the notes now offered to the reader really afford that key may be questioned; they are fragmentary, and I have no right, if I had the power, to expand them. Such as they are they may at least give shape to interesting conjecture as to the whereabouts of a man, every incident of whose career is more studied, now that he has been for more than a century in his grave, than ever it was while he walked the earth.

A short time ago a noble family, which had long maintained a spacious residence in one of the older but still aristocratic quarters of London, determined to let that house, and live exclusively in the country. Such a move, after long years of occupation, is almost sure to bring to light papers, hastily stored, never examined, and all but forgotten. That interesting old letters should be found in unsuspected repositories of a family mansion such as I mention was every way to be expected. Through an old and pleasant acquaintance with several members of this family, amounting to close intimacy with one honored and loved by all who knew him, — now, alas! deceased, — I feel justified in laying before the public a copy of some bits of correspondence. Nothing, however, has been published by the owners of the papers, and perhaps never will be. I have no right

to mention their name, nor to present any portions of the letters beyond what have a purely literary and historical interest. That name has been known and respected in England for many centuries.

I am not able even to present these extracts with the garniture of eighteenth-century spelling and capitals. The copyist has not seen fit to reproduce those quaintnesses of dress; and, after all, I do not know that we enter into the thoughts and feelings of Chesterfield or of Johnson any better by seeing that they wrote "Cloaths" and not "clothes."

Many of the letters from which I present extracts appear to be from members of the family of the Drummonds, the great banking house, several of whom intermarried with the nobility, and especially with the family to which I allude. If a conjecture were allowable as to how the papers I have mentioned came to their recent place of deposit, it would be that in some of the not very remote London riots, which raged in the immediate neighborhood of Drummonds' bank, the family papers were hastily removed to the house I have mentioned, which was at no very great distance, yet out of rioters' range, and in which they would be sure of being preserved with care and interest.

The family of Drummond is one of the most ancient in the nobility of Scotland. It gave a queen to one of the early Stewart kings, and its members have always stood by that royal line. In the time of James II., the heads of the house were devoted to the king's interest, and shared his exile to the utter wreck of their estates at home. But a cadet of the family had the shrewdness to retrieve his fortunes by a process unfamiliar to the Scottish feudal aristocracy. He came to London and founded the great banking house of "Drummonds" still flourishing. It would appear from the correspondence given here that the Scotch fidelity to "kith" kept the London Drummonds in communication with

their exiled cousins. One letter appears to be from Lord John Drummond, son of the (titular) Duke of Perth, who joined the Chevalier's army in Scotland, and was with it in the march to Derby:—

"You were right, my dear kinsman, in your warning that our forces would receive no accession from the king's friends in England. We have been wholly deceived in this matter. Lancashire, reported so full of loyal gentlemen, has sent us hardly a soldier, and the like is true of Staffordshire. We were, however, Cameron tells me, joined by one recruit last night from Lichfield. He is devotedly loyal, and full of valuable information about the well-disposed, both hereabouts and in London; but apart from this, I know not what we can do with him. He is of herculean stature, but entirely without use of arms, and it is hard to make a soldier of a raw recruit, who appears nearer forty than thirty. Besides, he is most averse to discipline, and although he has been but eighteen hours in camp, has already contradicted everybody he has met. Yet I am desirous to see him, for Cameron says he is an Oxford scholar, a perfect mine of learning. I asked his name, and Cameron said he certainly understood it to be Johnstone, but when he asked the monster if he was of Lord Annandale's family, he pretended not to understand; but on being called 'Mr. Johnstone,' replied, 'Sir, that is not my name' so savagely that Cameron inquired no further."

The next fragment is from a letter from the Marquis of Granby, afterwards so renowned as a general, in 1745 a young regimental officer in the Duke of Cumberland's army. His grandson, the Duke of Rutland, had a very severe fire at Belvoir Castle some seventy years later. One might guess that this and other family letters were hastily rescued, and sent, while the castle was rebuilding, to the Drummonds, between whom and the house of Manners there was a family connection:—

"You may perhaps have heard that we had a skirmish with the Pretender's rear-guard at Penrith, in which, I am sorry to say, several officers were killed, wounded, or taken. Among the latter was a captain in my regiment. He was not held long among them, for they are marching northwards so hurriedly that they do not keep a very close guard over their prisoners. On his return he told a curious story of his experiences among them. It was so lively that I can write it down for you almost exactly in his own words:—

"They treated me very civilly, and I dined with the Pretender's chief engineer officer, a Frenchman. He did his best to give his table, which was scarcely luxurious, something of a French air. The Scotch officers were thorough gentlemen, if they did wear petticoats; so was the host; not so an odd creature, in a nondescript dress, neither soldier nor *bourgeois*. He ate very coarsely, drank deep, and strove to engross the entire talk, hardly giving anybody else a chance, except when gorging himself. I first noticed him growling out, 'Ariosto gives a strange account of the Scotch; he makes them allies of a king of England and Charlemagne against the Saracens,' and then down went his monstrous head over his plate again. I have dipped into Ariosto, but I cannot recall his Scotchmen, and the queer mixture of learning and grossness made me look at this person again. I seemed to remember him. Presently he was in a full French talk with our host; the accent was extraordinary, sounding to me somewhat Irish; the words so slowly uttered, that they could easily be followed, and as regular and correct as if printed. I cannot undertake to give the French, but the sense was plain; he declaimed against the Scotch, declared they had neither religion nor cleanliness (he had nothing to boast of on that article himself), neither breeches nor loyalty. The French officer very civilly suggested they were

proving their loyalty to their rightful king. 'Monsieur,' said the oddity, firing the word out of his great jaws; 'they may seem loyal to his Royal Highness now, but they only want him as a cat's paw to pull off their own land of beggars'—*pays de gueux*, he called it—'from ours, and have a king of their own; they forced him back when he was on the high road to victory; they sold his great-grandfather, and they would sell him, if the Elector were not too stingy to offer them their price.'"

All students of history know how bitterly unjust this insinuation was; a reward of thirty thousand pounds could not allure a single Scotchman to reveal Charles Edward's hiding-place, after his hopeless defeat. The extract goes on:

"Knowing that Scotch gentlemen were often familiar with French, I was on thorns for fear of an outbreak, and thought it best to turn the talk if I could. 'Pardon me, sir,' I cried, 'is not your name Jackson? I fancy I have seen you at the table of my kinsman, the Earl of Chesterfield.' 'Sir,' said the ogre, turning on me, 'my name is not Jackson.' 'I ask pardon again,' said I. 'I saw many guests there, and have not always retained their names; but I could hardly forget your person, as I saw few so learned as yourself.' 'Sir, I do not know whether you saw more learned men or more fools at the table of my Lord Chesterfield,—I suppose you expect me to say his Excellency, as he now represents the Elector of Hanover at Dublin; but, I assure you, I remember neither your name nor your person.'

"'I could not have supposed, sir, that you would recall either; but being Lord Chesterfield's kinsman, and privileged to meet his guests'—

"'Sir, it is a privilege which in my case you could have had but once; my Lord has obviously forgotten both my name and my person, and has never repeated his invitation.' You may conceive I did not obtrude myself on him farther."

The last extract is from a member of the family in whose house this correspondence is understood to have been found; known, however, in 1746 by the name he had assumed on marrying an heiress:—

“You know that Oxford and the Church have not destroyed my interest in all that relates to my former profession, so learning that my old regiment was in the Duke’s army, I determined to see what a rebellion is like. I found them at Carlisle. They had just reduced the unhappy garrison which the Pretender left behind as he retreated into Scotland. The Colonel and officers all received me with open arms; wished I would drop my gown and sport the cockade again. The Colonel told me his plans, and added:—

“‘You’re the very man I want, Harry. We have captured a mob of poor devils here—Oh, I keep forgetting you’re a parson now—whom I think that d—d—saving your reverence—Pretender left on purpose, knowing we should take the place. I suppose nothing can save the fighting men; but there are some non-combatants that it would be a shame to hang. I’m a humane man myself; but the Duke—Well!’ Here he paused, and hemmed. ‘Now I do wish you would talk to some of them, and find out something in their favor. There is one particular big fellow I’ll send in to you directly, for the Scots tell me he is an Englishman, who has been wrangling ever since he joined them; a scholar and no soldier.’

“He left me, and there was brought in almost immediately a big fellow indeed, very shabbily clothed, but with a strange look of defiance. When he saw me, he flushed suddenly up to his eyes. I knew him! It was—But on the whole, I won’t tell you his name, and you will see why. I knew him at Lichfield, when my regiment was quartered there, and he has been in my house in London.

“‘I see you remember me, Mr. —,’ said I, ‘we are old friends.’

“‘You were indeed my friend, Mr. Aston, when you bore another name and another coat. I suppose you expect my compliments on your present circumstances.’

“‘I expect nothing,’ said I, ‘but that you shall tell me, for old friendship’s sake, how you came into this position.’

“‘I know well, sir, that one who has served in the forces of the Elector of Hanover will despise the call of loyalty to his rightful king.’

“‘Oh, you and I have fought out that battle long ago; but your Scottish friends seem to have taken their Prince, and left you to perform what you believe a loyal subject’s duty by yourself.’

“‘You should have seen the strange convulsion that passed over his whole frame as I spoke; it seemed as if the veins in his forehead would burst. ‘Sir, the Scots’—he broke out, and then his voice subsided into a strange grumble.

“‘Never mind the Scots,’ I said, ‘but whether they are here or there, you know the destiny that awaits you?’

“‘I shall be hanged,’ he said in a terribly calm voice.

“‘I intend you shall not,’ I replied; ‘you have, I know, a mother and a wife who need you. The Colonel tells me he means to send a recruiting party to the Midlands. You will be put in their hands as a prisoner. They will go through Lichfield, and there they will lose sight of you. I know every man in my old regiment, and can make my word good. You will, for your mother’s and your wife’s sake, *and for mine,*’ I added, looking him fixedly in the face, ‘remain absolutely quiet till this rising is over, and in all your after life never mention this excursion of yours. In this way I can save you; if you do not do as I say, you will indeed meet the fate you have named.’

“‘Sir,’ he said in another uncouth convulsion, ‘I shall give no pledge’—

“‘I ask none,’ said I, ‘but I am sure you will do as I say all the same.’

"He was removed; the Colonel agreed to get him a decent suit, — no easy matter for so enormous a frame, — and I saw him no more. You see at once that it would be a risk to name him."

And these are all the notes there are to offer. It would be going too far to say they certainly point to Samuel Johnson. That name is not actually given; Lord John Drummond and Lord Granby only report what others told them; the Irish accent is most unlike Johnson, nor do we know definitely of any dealings he had with Lord Chesterfield before 1747, though the celebrated letter does not absolutely preclude an earlier acquaintance. Mr. Aston says he saw a

person whose description tallies with Johnson's; but he does not name him; nor is there any evidence that the three writers, or any two, meant the same man. The utmost we can venture to say is, that these scattered notes may give a hint to clear up the Egyptian darkness which now covers two years in the life of one who has since become one of the world's heroes, but who was not in the least such to the two noblemen, and a long way from such distinction even to his friend Mr. Aston. They would certainly have formed quite enough basis of fact for Stevenson to work up into a novel portraying Johnson in the Jacobite army.

William Everett.

SALLY.

THE woman who told me this had no more idea that she was telling a story — a story with a plot and climax — than she had an idea that her bonnet, a wonderful creation of red feathers and black lace, was crooked; and any one who saw her complacent round face saw at the same time that she was totally unconscious of that angular fact. Had she been told of the bonnet, or gotten sight of it in any available window or mirror, it is reasonably certain the story would never have been finished. Women of her class are easily plunged into self-consciousness, and are more readily confused by it than those of classes above them who have learned to hide their feelings. This woman, it was very evident, knew nothing whatever of this art.

She was a large woman, with a lively, happy face. She wore her dress cut away a little, a bit V, though it was in the street car that I saw her. Her neck, burned almost as red as her face, which was a shade off the red feathers, had creases in it like that of a man who works in the sun. At the back of her

neck a few hairs were gathered tightly around a brown kid curler, consciousness of which, had it come to her, would also very certainly have stopped the story. Such things are trivial. In another type of woman I should not have cared, but I felt sorry as I thought of her finding out about that brown kid curler at night when she took her hair down. I knew it would spoil the whole day for her. Children are like that. They imagine when they find out such a tragedy about themselves that everybody has been conscious of it, that they have been a laughing-stock to every one; but not many women of this woman's age, who have gone through a woman's experience, — love, marriage, child-bearing, child-losing, and the rest, — retain any such childlikeness. I knew she had it, though. This was not instinctive either; anybody could have seen it. It might have been suggested to even a very poor student of human nature by the round lines of her eyes, by the plump look about her wrists, and the complacent way her fat, freckled

hands — crossing each other at the wrist over her stomach — fell loose and good-natured, — the hand with a big seal ring on its second finger being very naturally on top. I had the feeling that when she found that curler at night she was going to look frightened first, then dismayed; then I felt sure she would say, "Oh, my sakes!" Just as I was thinking this, she jolted over against me with the jolting of the street car, and said rather apologetically, "Oh, my sakes! Ain't these cars a caution! — The way they do take on!"

That was the end of it, and she settled herself again somewhat closer to a thin, sour-visaged little man who sat next her and wore a G. A. R. hat with a cord about it. We were on the front seat of an open car. It stopped a moment, and I moved closer to the woman to let some one take the place next me. Then the bell rang, the brass brake ripped with the sound of tearing a brass seam open, and this time I jolted a bit toward her. I had no time to apologize, for she said quickly, —

"That's all right! Don't they take on, though! My sakes!" Then, as though to make me more comfortable, "Do you live out this way?"

"No," I said, instinctively putting affability into the word.

"Oh, you don't!" as if she perhaps ought not to have supposed so. I don't know why she should have seemed to me hurt, but she did, and I said, —

"No, I don't live out this way at all; I live in quite the other direction — way across the river in Kentucky." I said this exactly as one would talk to a child whose approbation one covets.

"You do! Well now! Why, you're a Southerner then!" She turned a little and looked at me with genuine admiration.

I nodded and smiled. I think that smile really got me the story.

"Well now! Jim! this lady's a Southerner!" She turned to the soured little man beside her, but he made no

motion to show he had heard. "Well now! Why, Jim's first wife was a Southerner. Yas she was. She was from Virginia. And you're a Southerner! Well now! I'm that tired! But I just love the G. A. R. meetin's. We always go. Jim ain't strong. I allus tell 'im it does him a sight o' good. Jim got wounded at Chickamauga. He got wounded twice, onct in his shoulder, onct through his arm — there;" she felt of her own fat elbow. "He was carried off fer dead, Jim was. He'd a-holt o' the flag, you know. Awful dangerous! My, yes! I allus told him ef he's ever went into another fight he's t' let the flag be. But then I don't guess he would. Most like as not he'd go carryin' it again, — Jim's got his own notions, — an' get his other arm hit so he could n't shet up the shutters at night fer me. He can't carry coal now. It's awful bein' wounded like that. Jim's had his share. It 'uz fer the country o' course, an' they allus give us a good time at the G. A. R. They allus show they're obliged fer what Jim an' the rest o' the boys did."

Here she paused to look at a big float of the "Union Forever" from which a rather bedraggled Columbia was getting down into the street. She watched it with the keen interest of a child as long as it was visible, then she turned to me: —

"I can't help thinkin' of you bein' a Southerner. There ain't many here. I allus kind o' liked Southerners. The girls is some of um awful pretty and sweet. Some of um ain't, of course, but some of um is. Law sakes! I've heard o' them Southern girls till you can't see. There ain't hardly one o' the G. A. R. boys but as is got a story of 'em to tell. Yas, Jim's first wife was a Southern girl. She was livin' in Virginia durin' the war, and Jim he was a-fightin' an' a-raidin' an' a-tearin' up gener'ly in Virginia. He an' some other fellus went out one day a-raidin' to get somethin' to eat, that's

how come Jim first saw her. Say, Jim," — she turned again to the little man beside her, — "tell the lady how it was you first come to see Sally."

"Jim" might have been stone deaf, for he made no sign of having heard. The hollows about his eyes and temples were unpleasant, and his mouth showed lines of petty ill temper and illness. Yet it was unmistakable that he had been handsome in his own way. His features were clear, and his eyes, although not kind, must have at one time held a certain attraction. Though a little man, he had sharp, almost aggressively square shoulders. His wife was evidently used to his dogged silence. She did not urge him, but began quite brightly: —

"Well, they got into Sally's house, you see, like they used to do a-raidin', and they said they wanted somethin' to eat. An' Sally — Jim did n't know her then — she up an' says, her eyes a-flashin' — Sally she had lovely eyes — she up an' says, she says, 'You're a set o' sneakin' cowards. Yas, a set of damned sneakin' cowards' (this in lip pantomime, with eyebrows raised); 'you ain't worth,' she says, 'the powder to blow you up,' she says, 'else I'd get it an' blow you up!' she says. Sally was terrible sperited. Well, they went on a-takin' things like as if she had n't 'a' spoke. Jim he was sargent or somethin', an' he jest tol' um to go on like as if there warn't a woman within gun-shootin'. Jim allus was kind o' commandin', an allus did know how to treat high-sperited folks. Y' ought to see Jim with our boy Willy! Tommy's a good boy, but Willy got to takin' notions in his head here not long ago, an' Jim he just settled him, he did, in just about two shakes, so that I reckon Willy ain't had a notion sence. I let Jim do all the managin'. Jim says I ain't got no command at all; no more I have, I reckon. Well, Sally she watched um jest white, like things get when they're boilin', then she lef' um an' lit out up-

stairs. Jim he kind o' suspicioned she was up to somethin', so he lef' the rest haulin' over the cupboard, and follered her. When he got up there she'd gone into her bedroom, Sally had. Jim he opened the door. There was an old four-poster with cretonne ruffles on it top and bottom. I never did like um, did you? They hol' the dust, an' they do say dust is terrible unhealthy. I dunno how we lived to get here, no way, with all them unhealthy old folks' notions; I used to sleep in one of um myself. Sally was a-settin' on the bed, an' Jim he — Aw, Jim," — she turned again to the soured little man, pleadingly this time, "you tell the lady how you got the saddle."

"You'd think, Carrie," said the man fretfully, "it was somethin' big I done." And he relapsed into his dogged silence.

"Well, so it was," said the woman proudly; then quite cheerfully, despite this damper: "Well, Jim he says to her, he says, 'Wot you got under that bed?' An' Sally she says, clinchin' her han', 'There ain't nothin' under it!' an' Jim he says cool, you know, 'Then you don't mind my lookin', I reckon.' He come and took a-holt o' the cretonne ruffle, an' Lordy! ef she did n't up and swing her foot out an' fetch him a lick right in his breast. Jim's awful quick; he's got a temper, but he's cool. The general complimented him high on it once. Sally was awful pretty then. And then them Union boys they kind o' liked the way them Southern girls helt out. Well, Jim he caught a-holt of her foot, — that's one thing Jim allus did say fer Sally, she did have little feet, — an' he says, 'Them ain't made to kick Union soldiers with,' he says, — Jim's got a awful cute tongue, — 'an' they ain't made to stand on Union soldiers' necks with, neither,' he says. 'The thing they're best a-doin' is runnin' to fetch Union soldiers water and things to eat. Now while I holt um I'll just look under here a minute.' Sally was terrible hot, but Jim he just

kep' cool an' kep' a-holt of her ankles tight, an' he dragged out from under the bed a side-saddle. It's a beaut, too; all little red tassels around the flap. Sally's paw had give it to her. Then Sally she screamed an' twisted away from him an' run an' stood in the door, her eyes a-lookin' like they 'd strike fire, an' she says — Aw, Jim, tell the lady what Sally says about the saddle."

The man made no answer. She turned again and took up the narrative cheerfully: "Well, she says, says she, 'If you take that saddle, yas,' she says, 'if you take that saddle out o' here it's goin' to be acrost my dead body. Yas it is!' she says, just a-chokin' with mad. Jim he looked at it careful. It's a fine saddle, but it warn't no particular use to Jim. Course he could 'a' solt it, I guess, but 't was a side-saddle, you know, no good to him. But it just kind o' riled him to see her a-holtin' out like that, like she was n't afraid o' him ner no devil, Union ner Reb, that she 'd ever saw; an' I don't guess she was then, neither. He just thought he 'd kind o' like to tame her; Jim he allus likes to do anythin' he sets his head to; an' he says to her, says he, 'Ef I 'd a mind to holt yer wrists like I did yer feet, I reckon I 'd get out over your live body, but it ain't the use o' doin' it, I guess. You 're too pretty a little thing,' he says, 'an' I would n't hurt you 'less the general commanded it. Ain't there no back stairs?' There was a door an' a hall an' some stairs at the other side o' the room. 'I won't trouble you,' Jim says, says he; 'I 'll go out this way with it.'

"When Jim got to the other fellus, they laughed at him a-carryin' away a side-saddle, an' when he tol' um about it, one of um heard a chipmunk scrapin' a nut, an' he says, 'That 's her grindin' her teeth, I guess.' 'No,' says Jim, 'she 's likelier cryin',' says he. 'Naw, she ain't,' says Dick Brady, — you don't know Dick Brady, — well,

'Naw, she ain't,' says Dick, 'she 's too high-sperited to cry.'

The woman looked a moment into my face with a childlikeness of dawning thought, — a something she had overlooked; then she said soberly and very kindly: —

"I 'd not tell you this, an' you a Southerner, 'cep'n' o' course Sally she loved Jim afterward, you know, an' married him, an' then there ain't no hard feelin' now 'twixt the North an' the South any way; they 're all brothers an' sisters now, an' we 've long time ago furgot an' furgive yer fightin' against the Union. Besides — Shall I tell you about afterward? Well, the boys put up a bet on her a-cryin', an' Jim an' Dick Brady, when it got a little darker, they went back just to see what she was a-doin'. They snuck up to the house — there was a light in the kitchen — an' there she was. You bet she was n't cryin'! There was a grea' big, towerin', big-boned Reb, like them Virginians is, you know, a-standin' up by her, an' maybe she was n't lightin' in to him! My sakes! she was just a lambastin' him like a tea-kettle boilin' over on a hot stove. Sometimes he 'd say, 'But Sally' — an' law, she would n' even let him speak fer himself. You see, she 'd put him to hide in the cupboard in her room, when she seen the Union soldiers a-comin', an' Sally she thought when Jim had a-holt o' her ankles an' was a-talkin' to her so commandin', an' takin' the saddle, Sally thought this man — Bob Tracy his name was — ought 'a' had 'a' come out an' stood by her. Them Southern girls expects so much o' men! My sakes! Why, he 'd 'a' bin took so quick it ud 'a' made his head swim. Besides, did n't she put him in the cupboard herself, when she seen the Union men a-comin'? an' he says now, 'Sally,' he says, big an' patient, 'when you put me there,' he says, 'you kissed me an' says to me, you says, "Oh, Bob, honey, don't come out fer nothin', not fer nothin', ner let um take you pris-

'ner; 't ud break my heart ef they was to get you." I was thinkin' o' that, Sally,' he says. An' Sally fired up, an' she says, 'When I said that I did n't reckon no low-down despicable damned sneakin' coward was goin' to take a-holt o' me!' When Sally says this, Jim says he snickered out there in the yard without meanin' to, but Lordy! Sally would n't 'a' heard a cannon, I guess, then; an' Bob Tracy he says to her, he says, 'Sally, it may seem queer to you,' he says, 'but if you think I was a coward — well then I was a coward,' he says, 'because of love fer you,' he says, 'an' I'd have you to know it took courage to be a coward, too,' he says, 'an' if I had n't 'a' loved you so an' thought o' you breakin' your heart if I was took pris'ner, if I had n't 'a' give you my word, I'd 'a' done like I felt like doin', an' I'd 'a' come out no matter if I had tol' you I would n't, and I'd 'a' smashed that feller's head right wide open,' he says, 'when I saw him take a-holt of you.'

"That was the end. Lawsakes! Sally she got quiet then, an' she says, 'You seen him take a-holt o' me, then!' An' the big feller he says, 'Yes, Sally,' he says, 'I seen 'im through the keyhole, and I dunno how I stayed there in the cupboard!' he says; 'if it had n't 'a' bin you 'd tol' me to, an' I loved you so, the Lord hisself could n't 'a' kep' me there. I dunno how I stayed,' he says; an' Sally she says quiet, 'I dunno neither how you stayed. I reckon,' she says, 'you'd better go off an' study over it, as long as you've a min' to, an' you need n't come back,' she says, 'when you've found it out, neither.' He went over to her an' tried to take a-holt of her 'cause he was a big feller and he was white an' he wanted to make up, an' he says to her, 'Sally,' he says, 'you ain't meanin' that, 'cause you love me, you've told me so. I've bin brought up an' raised with you, Sally,' he says, 'an' I ain't ever loved nobody else, ner ever will.' Sally pushed him

away. 'When I loved you,' she says, 'I did n't know I was lovin' nobody that ud let a damned sneaking low-down coward take a-holt o' the girl he loved. No, I did n't,' she says. 'You can go off,' she says, 'an' not come back,' she says. He looked at her steady a minute an' says, 'Sally, do you mean that?' and she says quiet, 'Yes, I mean it. You can go.' Then he got hisself together, an' looked back at her onct, an' then he opened the door and went out and shet it, an' went down the path right clost to Jim and Dick Brady, without ever a-knowin' it. He was a slimpsy, towerin', big-boned Reb, but Jim ain't afeard o' nobody, an' he was in fer capturin' him, but Dick Brady he got a-holt o' Jim's gun-arm, an' he says, 'Let him go,' he says, 'an' watch the girl! 'T ain't done yet!' So the big Reb went on out the gate, never knowin', an' Jim an' Dick they watched Sally. She stood right still fer a right smart time a-lookin' at the door, an' then she went to the table an' put her head down an' just began a-sobbin' an' a-sobbin', — an' a-sobbin' fit to kill. Jim says to Dick, 'What did I tell you! Ain't I won my bet? There ain't no doubt,' he says, 'about her cryin', I guess, is there?' he says; but Dick Brady would n't allow it was so, an' would n't allow Jim had won his bet. 'She ain't a-cryin' fer the saddle,' Dick says, 'ner fer you,' he says. 'She's cryin' fer that big-boned, slimpsy Reb, 'cause she loves him,' Dick says. 'She's cryin' fer that, an' 'cause she's too proud to go an' call him back, an' she knows it,' he says. An' he never would pay Jim his bet, neither. I guess that was kind o' the beginnin' o' the split up atwixt um. They ain't bin right good frien's sence.

"Jim never did see Sally after that till after the war was over, an' the niggers all free, an' he'd got well o' the fever that well-nigh killed him. It was up here in Ohio; she'd gone up there after the war to teach school. The South

was too poor to raise a disturbance, much less a livin', an' Sally's folks was dead and buried. Well, Jim met Sally one night up here in Ohio at a choir meetin'. She sang, Sally did, and Jim he's got a lovely big bellerin' bass voice. The minister heard him that first night Jim ever come there an' went to that church, an' asked him would n't he stay and join the choir, an' come nex' Friday to choir practice. Well, that nex' Friday did n't they come right spang up face to face, Jim an' her."

Here she turned to the soured little man, but decided otherwise, and continued with an almost childlike delight in the situation. "Well, Sally says, says she, bristlin' an' gettin' mad an' hot an' white, 'Ain't you the man as carried off my side-saddle?' "

The woman chuckled a little.

"Well I'll be damned if I ain't," Jim says, says he, lookin' her kind o' square in the eye, an' kind o' twin-kin'. Jim he thought then she was the prettiest thing that he most ever saw, an' he looked at her kind o' quizzzy an' cool. 'An' ef you ain't a-mindin' out,' he says, 'I'll come an' carry you off too. You mind what I say. I'm brave,' Jim says, 'if yer big bony Reb was n't.'

"Jim says she got just the color o' the big red piony we've got in our back yard in Marietta. It's one of Sally's plants. She allus was a good hand at flowers; I ain't much hand at um, but I allus took care o' that one partickler. It's just the color o' the shades we've got in the sittin'-room, an' it looks so pretty having the flowers on the table. I allus put the pionies under Sally's crayon. It's a lovely crayon I had done of her by one o' these men that come around. He said he'd do it fer nothin'. My sakes, ain't they cheats, though!" — this in a whisper — "he charged me six dollars fer the frame. I ain't never let Jim know."

There was a pause in which she seemed to be regretting the six dollars.

Then in answer to my question she went on: —

"Oh, well, it come about easy enough in time; most things do. Jim he jus' kep' cool an' jus' kep' on steady makin' up his mind to get her. Jim allus gets what he sets out to get. There is them kind o' folks you know. I tell him — kind o' teasin' him — I don't believe he loved Sally at all at first. Course she was awful pretty, but I tell Jim he just set in to get her like he did the saddle, 'cause he knew she was dead set against it. There's a heap of matches made that way. Jim wanted maybe at first to show her he could manage her, like he showed her he could carry off the saddle. What use had Jim got fer a side-saddle with little red tassels on it, no way! I wish you could hear Jim tell it, but he's bin marchin'. 'T was jus' little by little, he jus' set steady, Jim did, an' he kind o' fixed her steady with his eyes each choir practice, now an' again a-walkin' home with her, till Jim said he noticed she did n't grow red all in a flash, you know, like she was angry, but kind o' colored up slow when he spoke to her. Once when he spoke kind o' sharp about her singin' off the key she got dead white, an' he noticed her hand shake holdin' the music. Jim's got a funny way with him (don't I remember how I collapsed right quick when he was a-courtin' me); he turned to her an' he says kind o' gentle an' sweet, 'The sweet birds when they get tamed sings sweeter,' says he, kind o' to make up. That night she tried to stay away from him an' kind o' slipped out ahead o' the rest, but Jim he follered her like he did when she slipped upstairs, you know, an' on the way home he got his arm around her, an' tol' her she was goin' to marry him; he tol' her she loved him an' that she could n't help it no mor'n she helped the saddle."

"And they lived in the North?"

"Right up here in Marietta, that's where we live. I kind o' think maybe

she ought n't have been in the North; it was colder than she was used to. She died of a kind o' consumption like. Then, besides, I guess she got sort o' takin' notions. Them Southern girls do take notions, you know. They're terrible proud, an' Sally had mor'n her share o' sperit. They ain't used to servin' nobody. They expect the men to keep fussin' round an' crawlin' an' doin' what they say, like it was gospel law. But my sakes! Jim ain't that kind. If he comes in an' finds his supper late he thinks he's got the right to scold, and so he has o' course, an' he does it. Ef there's one thing on earth Jim does know, it's how to manage people like he likes. He's a born soldier, Jim is." She lowered her voice. "I never did ask Jim; he jus' tells me little things onct in a while, but I reckon Sally was the kind as like to be loved every minute, you know, an' if they ain't they go a-declinin' an' fadin' an' weepin'. It's awful foolish to go declinin' an' fadin', partickler with a man like Jim. Then Jim he kind o' took an' taught her that he did n't have time to fool round her always; he made her understand little by little, I guess, that now they was married they was n't to waste time spoonin', when there was dishes to wash, an' him elected one o' the council too, an' busy.

"Fer a while I guess she gave him a good deal o' worry with her ways an' expectin's o' bein' served an' fooled an' played with. Then after a while I guess she begun to understand. She learned, I guess, that you could n't keep up love an' foolin' an' sweet things like that allus. An' o' course you can't. You had n't ought to marry a man if you ain't goin' to mind him an' take care of him, an' obey him like it says. Some women ain't the least idy wot the marriage service means. It's mostly mendin' shirts an' stockin's, an' gettin' dinners on time, an' havin' children, an' givin' up your own notions. Women ain't all alike, you know. It's a pity.

Now I'm the kind that can be sort o' reasonin' about everything, an' I don't fret myself. My sister always says, 'Well, Carrie,' she says, 'you've got a kind o' easy way o' takin' things, like a wagon that's got lots o' axle grease,' she says. But Sally — well, Sally got kind o' sick, you know. I reckon it was a good bit of it just imaginin'; they do say now, these here modern doctors, that most of our ailin's is just imaginin's. Well, she got so she said she did n't have the strenth even to go down the street; she just stayed there in the garden. She just loved them flowers, partickler that — you know — that piony. She'd brought it from her front yard in Virginia when she first come North; she'd most kilt it, I guess, carryin' it around. Well, you see, when she got the notion about not goin' nowhurs, I guess it kind o' riled Jim. Men don't marry a girl, you know, that's tired all the time, an' then it, maybe, just imaginin' too. Jim he says to me the other day when I thought I'd got the lumbago in my back, an' lef' my dishes stand, Jim says, says he, 'See here, Carrie, don't you go gettin' imaginin's an' superstitions an' things like the Southern girls gets,' says he; 'I've had enough in my time,' says he. 'You're too old to begin that kind o' foolin',' Jim says. Jim has had a sight o' trouble in his time. I guess Sally was awful superstitious. I don't like to start nowhurs on Friday, ner break a lookin'-glass, but I ain't a bit superstitious; but Sally was, an' kind of imaginin'; they get it from them darkies, you know. An' 't was n't long 'fore it seemed like she thought she was n' goin' to get well. She just got so she went into the garden attendin' to the flowers an' nowhurs else. An' one day she was pickin' dead leaves off the piony, an' all of a sudden she leaned down and kissed one o' the flowers like it might 'a' bin a baby: 'I'm goin' away,' she says, 'an' it'll be like goin' back to where we was raised together!'

Jim he was right nigh her, and she did n't know it, and she kissed the flowers again. An' Jim he says to her, says he — I don't know whether Jim was maybe kind o' scared, or only just mad — says he, 'Sally,' he says, 'you're foolin' just beyond my style. You're goin' to get yourself sick with your foolin' an' imaginin's, you an' your piony you've bin raised with! Now I want ye to stop it, ye hear!' — kind o' commandin'.

"Jim says it allus kind o' puzzled him the way she took it. I guess he thought he'd got her sperit beat a long while before; but lawzy! did n't she look at him a minute just like she had on the bed with the cretonne ruffles — terrible white an' sperited. 'T ain't a bit o' use to be sperited with Jim, — she ought to 'a' knowed it by this, — an' I reckon she did, 'cause she lost sperit all of a sudden, an' she says to him, 'Do you want the potatoes fried to-night fer your supper, er baked?' — just as meek. She kind o' lost her sperit steady after that. Jim's sister 'Mandy had to come over an' help Sally with the work. An' one day, 'Mandy says, Sally was at the gate, an' somebody come by on horseback — an' my meezy! who you guess it was, but that big slimpsy Reb as Sally fired up at when she was a girl! He'd come from her home in Virginia to a big convention o' farmers held here in Ohio, an' he did n't have no idy she was there. Just come acrost her, like you do sometimes. An' he just stopped his horse there by the gate an' talked with her a long while. I reckon even if she was mad with him it was kind o' nice to see somebody from where she used to live. When he went away she come back to the kitchen where 'Mandy was, and set down, and 'Mandy says she looked so peaked, an' just set there not sayin' a word. Bimeby the tears begun rollin' down her cheeks, an' she says, ' 'Mandy,' she says, 'I wonder ef it's wicked to be glad I ain't goin' to get well, an' to wisht the baby was

goin' away with me too? I'd hate,' she says, 'to have the baby stay, an' grow up, an' learn,' she says.

" 'Mandy liked Sally right well, but she fired up, an' says, 'Sally, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself,' 'Mandy says, 'you with all your blessin's and plenty o' good food to put in your mouth. It's shameful,' she says, 'fer you to take on so.'

"From that day, 'Mandy says, Sally just kind o' drooped, an' onct or twict when she was a-sleepin' she'd git talkin' soft about goin' back to where they was raised together — her and the piony. 'T was awful fer Jim. 'Mandy had to stay right on then an' do all the work. After a little, when the baby come, it come too soon; an' Sally died, an' the baby died. Jim's had a awful sight o' trouble. Them Southern girls ain't allus right strong ner sensible, you know. Jim had n't ought ha' married one of 'em. I allus did tease him an' say ef it had n't bin fer that there saddle — you see Sally was so sperited at the start — my sakes! She was awful pretty, though. That crayon's just lovely! I wisht you could see it. An' that piony — now if you ever was to come to Marietta I'd give you a slip off of it. There ain't to my mind nothin' prettier than a right red piony. Jim he don't hanker after it, but then he ain't no hand at flowers, no way! Land sakes! you can't expect a man to think o' them things, er care."

At this juncture the car stopped. The sour-faced little man, without a word of warning, got out, thus throwing his wife into a flutter of very pardonable astonishment.

"Law sakes!" she said, gathering up a little leather hand-bag and making precipitately for the side of the car, "is this where you get out?" Her husband glanced over his shoulder only long enough to make sure that she was following him, and then went on several feet in advance of her. Once she turned to look at me, and nodded energetically

the good-by of which the alarming suddenness of her departure had deprived me. This seemed to make her stumble very badly, however, and set her bonnet

even more crooked, — after which, as long as I could see her, she devoted her attention to following the sour-faced, sharp-shouldered little man.

Laura Spencer Portor.

MOZART: A FANTASY.

WHEN the winds of the morning were first loosed by God, they leaped like hounds from the leash, harking through the spaces between the worlds in search of the Things That Are. In their adventurings they came upon All Things, — stars that were blue as forged steel, those red as blood, the ringed worlds, the crimson and the yellow suns in their solitudes, scintillant seas of star dust, the reservoirs of man's knowledge; the amazing chaos of the Things That Were Yet to Be.

Also they came upon the place of the Birth of Waters; and a very strange place of great dimness, where was only the Silence of Nothingness. There, huddling in the chill was a lair of monstrous creatures, Discords, waiting for the chiding of human beings that they might find a medium for their voices. They writhed there, through the æons, torn and tortured for lack of outcry.

A comet's journey from this place, drifting in long shafts from the centre-most sun, were other creatures, very wonderful and of potential loveliness, known to all the stars as Harmonies. They, likewise, waited for the lifting of the stillness. They watched with holy eagerness for souls to voice that which broke from them against the Walls of Silence in impetuous waves.

Not a spirit hurried from the Place of Souls through the white Vast toward the habitations of men, but all the band set on it, struggling for the mastery. The Harmonies went with the swiftness of light; but the Discords had within

them the strength of the Powers of Darkness, and only once in a full round of time did a Harmony break through their black band and merge into Life. The victory was with the Discord for a time and times.

So it came about that soul after soul sped to the body which was to house it, hectored with a dinning Discord which clung to it as tentacled creatures of the nether deep cling to drowned men. The spirits in this abject case were doomed to the deliberate and cruel sins, to quarrelings, to narrowness of vision, to greed and doubt; their faces grew craven, their eyes were accursed with the evasive glance.

When, by the chance of a chance, a Harmony gained the mastery, it made life lovely for the being it inhabited, and men found fair names by which to denominate such an one, — poet, or liberator, or maker of songs.

The winds learned all this in their excursions, — they learned all things, — and they came in time to take their part in this mystic war. The black winds of destruction and of night leagued themselves with the Discords; the blossom-bursting winds, the white and perfumed servitors of the dawn, the gallant winds from mountains and from mesas, enlisted with the Harmonies.

A century and half a century of yesterdays, a swift soul, dropping between the spheres toward Earth, was set upon by these contending spirits. In the Vast, among the stellar solitudes they fought, and in the scorching nebula of a yet

unrounded star the conflict reached its height. Then came a great white wind from the farthest chamber of the East and smote the Discords, till they mingled with that molten world; and from the confusion of the warring creatures the gentle soul went on its way tremblingly toward Earth.

Seven Harmonies swept after it, — seven Harmonies, wild with impatience for utterance. One Harmony was for song and one for reeds, one for horns, one for instruments of the drawn strings, and one for keys of ivory on resonant boards of brass; one for harmony of thought; and one, serene, past man's divinest dreams, for harmony of life. All these swung downward with the gentle soul, and made such sweetness in their going that men, a-toiling on the Earth, listened, amazed, thinking that after years of yearning they heard the spheres.

The seven Harmonies, the gentle soul, and a delicate fresh-born body became as one, — a vibrating entity, a man-child with a mystic power, a lyric babe, smiling at unheard melodies.

"This little child," the old nurse said, "seems to be in the company of angels. It cannot be that he has long to live."

The Harmonies within him were too eager for articulation to wait in patience for his body to grow. Five years of dreams made him a master of the instruments. But if he was spared the need of study, he was refused the meed of rest. He was scourged with beauty; the thongs of his spirit goaded him day and night. He was the servitor of the creatures that had come from the shafts of the central sun; and they, knowing that in the brief term of a man's life there was not a tithe of the time required to express their intent; knowing, too, that it might be cycles before they would again have domination over a willing soul, clamored — as with the sonorous clamoring of many high-swung bells — for the use of his hands, his eyes, his voice, his brain and heart.

"I have such a sense of religion," he wrote, "that I shall never do anything I would not do before the whole world."

Poverty was with him, if he had noticed it. Love was his, for his sanctifying. Riches he passed by, absently smiling. Loyalty was his, because he was without cognizance of treason.

By reason that the Harmonies loved order, sequence, and technique as much as ecstasy, it was a part of his toil to develop the science as well as the emotion of his art. Praise, happiness, concord, these he knew for forms of law, which he formulated into a code. To express and illustrate it, he worked when others slept, — when others danced. He forgot the material necessities of the body. He sung out his soul in masses; he whispered of love in lyrics; he expressed the storm and stress of his spirit in operas, sonatas, symphonies. He had no choice but to write as if each line were to be dedicated to the Most High. Always, the fair Harmony of beautiful living kept him unspotted from the world.

He was a monarch, with no need for sceptre or for crown. Lesser kings were forgotten when his name was mentioned. Others enriched themselves by means of his genius; but as for him, he often went from his bare lodgings to pawn for bread the jewels which had been flung at him in idle appreciation. It was not permitted him to take thought of wealth, or place, or peace. He was an instrument, fashioned for the playing; he was the vehicle of holy passions; he bent his will and did not question.

Whatever is most exquisite is most sad. It is the law of nature that rapture, vibrating round its perfect circle, shall meet with pain. Love, at its best, melts in tears; tears at their bitterest find God's pure joy. Thus it came about that the Harmonies, ever striving through this body for their ultimate utterance, reached at the climax the great moan called Mozart's Requiem Mass.

It is the processional to which souls,

cassocked for Death, march forth into the Presence. It is a ladder of song by which the sorrowful may climb from the grief of the grave to the peace of it.

One night came a stranger, knocking, and commanded : —

“Write me a mass for the dead.”

“Surely my hour is almost come,” said the musician. “I must write.”

And again came the stranger in the night and asked : —

“Is the mass for the dead ready for the playing ?”

The tension of toil was tightened. The Harmonies, filled with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead, with the Requiem Mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger querying : —

“Is the mass for the dead complete ?”

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven Harmonies went their way. Their flight left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the Place of Souls, and the body was tumbled in a pauper's grave, — a grave in which two others rested, very humble and much worn with toil. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten.

But the labors of the Harmonies are among the deathless things. And whenever a man can fittingly reproduce them, all discord dies in the air and in the soul, and those who listen are as little children lifted into a world where sin and greed are not, and where Harmony is perfect, — the Harmony which includes all things.

Elia W. Peattie.

THINGS HUMAN.

MAN is unquestionably a highly rational being. Still, if you travel and observe, from the mouth of the Danube to the Golden Gate, you will find most men wearing a coat with a useless collar marked with a useless “V”-shaped slash, and decorated with two useless buttons at the small of the back, and one or more useless buttons at the cuffs. The collar, the slash, and the buttons are there in answer to no rational need ; it is not a common climate nor a common racial need of protection against climate that they represent, but a common civilization whose form and ritual they mutely confess. Over this entire area those who aspire to be of the Brahmin caste deck their heads for wedding, funeral, and feast with a black cylindrical covering, suited, so far as we can discern, neither to avert the weapon of the adversary or the dart of the rain, nor to provide a seat whereon man may

sit and rest himself. And as for the women contained within this same area we behold that the amplitude of the sleeve, the disposition of the belt, and the outline of the skirt all obey the rise and fall of one resistless tide which neither moon nor seasons control.

Wherever civilization and education have done the most to make individuality self-conscious and rational, there it is that individuality seeks most earnestly to merge itself in the external confessions of membership in the body of the whole. What it openly seeks in the matter of external confession it however unconsciously assumes in all the inner frame-work and mould-forms of manners, customs, morals, law, art, and faith. The statement of creeds, the standards of morals, the forms of art men adopt without regard to race and blood, or to climate and natural environment. They have them and hold

them as historical endowment, and their lives, no matter how they may struggle to make them otherwise, no matter how they may think they succeed, are formal more than they are rational, are historical more than they are begotten of the day.

It is because man is a social being that he is an historical being, and a social being he surely is first and foremost. Individualism and the theory of individual rights are late discoveries. The "Individual" is scarcely more than a dried *Präparat*, an isolation developed in the glycerine and perserved with the alcohol of the philosophico-legal laboratories. Some very wise people assume to have found out a century or so ago that society and the social compact were created out of a voluntary surrender of individual rights. This holds good much after the manner of Mr. O'Toole's interpretation of the power house at Niagara, — "The machinery what pumps the water for the Falls."

It is because man is a social being that he is an historical being. This does not mean that by nature he maintains a family tree or revels in historical research. The very social order, in which as the inseparable condition of his existence he finds himself, is an historical deposit, an historical resultant. It is indeed history itself, — history pressed flat, if he only knew it, — or rather, history itself is the attempt to raise the flat pictures into relief and give them depth.

The historical interpretation constitutes the only genuine explanation of those complexities of condition and usage which characterize the social fabric, and in default of historical perspective most men at all times and all men at most times simply marvel and conform. This elaborate and unaccountable structure of laws, usages, and religion impresses the normal, untaught mind as a thing too solid, too intricate, and too vast to have been fashioned by

the minds and hands of men such as those of the day. Only gods or heroes could have devised it. Hence it is that the age of heroes always precedes the age of history. But Homer prepared the way for Herodotus, in that the explanation by way of the gods and the heroes offers a first satisfaction to the first groping quest as to how this marvel of society and state could have come to be. And yet neither of the two methods — that by the heroes or that by history — does more than skim the surface. For most purposes, and for the great mass of the matter, we simply, with more or less protest, *conform*, and are content to restrict that individual inquiry and origination which we like to call freedom to the close limits of some snug private domain well fenced from the common and the street. The labor is too vast, the hope of remuneration too doubtful, the ultimate benefit too questionable, for us to assail the well-established conventional orthography of society.

It is evidently more rational to spell the word *could* with a *c o o d*. It may be that some will find it a moral duty to truth or to the rising generation so to do, and perhaps they will do it merely for the purpose of setting a good example. But with all the complexity of interests attaching to the use of written English as a social vehicle over the great English-speaking domain, it looks veritably as if the good example were like to be seed sown by the wayside. And even if it should take root and bear its ample fruit of phonetic spellings, would it yet represent a gain to have shut the language of the present off from the past, and made the English of Shakespeare and Milton a dead language to the readers of the next generation? We live in a great society with all the centuries of English thought since the days of Elizabeth, and the written English in the form of a more or less established conventional orthography is the bond thereof. It is very irrational;

it is very illogical, so the reformer and radical tell us, and they are undoubtedly correct. But the interesting feature of the matter is that for these persons the question is herewith settled, and orthography is sentenced forthwith to violent death. If orthography is illogical they esteem it competent for them to say, "So much the worse for orthography," but if orthography serves a high and necessary purpose and still is illogical, may it not be competent for us to say, "So much the worse for logic"? We may indeed suspect that all this logic has been far too shallowly conceived.

I have not introduced this allusion to spelling and spelling reform with any desire to stir the peaceful minds of my readers unto strife, nor is it my purpose to embroil myself with the Spelling Reform Association in this or in any other connection. The fact is, nothing furnishes a better illustration of the human-social institutions such as we are discussing than does language, and especially in those features of its life which reveal the processes of standardizing, and the tendency toward coöperation and uniformity. The forces which make toward establishing the uniformity of the so-called laws of sound are ultimately, as social forces, the same as those which create the standard literary idioms or *Schriftsprachen* and the conventional orthographies. They are all one also with those social instincts that develop the standard formulas of courtesy, the usages of etiquette, fashions in dress, standards of taste in literature and art, the conventions of manners and morals, the formal adherences of religion, and the established law and order of the state. These are all of them the "things human" that go with man as a social, historical being, and, of them all, language as an institution utterly human, utterly social, utterly historical affords the clearest illustrations of those principles which hold sway in this field of humanity pure and un-

defiled; and so it is that the speech-reformer in every guise from the Volapükist to the phonetic speller is typical in general outlook, method of thought, and plan of procedure for all the theorist-reformers who have ever hung in the basket of a *phrontisterion*. We hold no brief for Toryism, or against the reformers but to the end that that social-mindedness which we incline to stamp as historical-mindedness may be sufficiently set forth and characterized; we are constrained to point a contrast and isolate for use as a foil the extreme opposing type of mind and attitude of life. It is seldom that we find a man who is all one, or all the other. The concept theorist and doctrinaire is ordinarily obtained as an abstraction from many men's actions in many different fields, and yet single specimens have been found of almost typical purity. I imagine, for instance, that the somewhat ill-defined term "crank" represents a struggle of the language to label an article of humankind which has been absolutely sterilized from the taint of historical-mindedness. The name crank is, I believe, a title we reserve for other people than ourselves, and in the exercise of our *own* peculiar forms of crankhood we prefer to allude to what we call "our principles." It becomes therefore a somewhat dangerous task, to deal with the concept crank, lest we seem to be laying profane hand upon the sacred ark of principle, even though it be only to steady it along the rough way of human life.

I presume there is nothing of which we are more weakly proud, especially we men, than our logic. And yet it is our logic that too often makes fools of us. In fact, plain logic is usually too simple an apparatus for the need. The data for the construction of a perfect syllogism can only be obtained from an artificially prepared cross-section of life, — which never does it justice. To operate with plane geometry and neglect the third dimension on the axis of his-

toric order is to do offense unto the constitutive principle of human social life. To be human is to be social, to be social is to be historical, and human judgments, to be sound, must be historical judgments. Those judgments which, in life affairs, appear to be the soundest, and which betray that priceless thing termed in common parlance common sense, are based on a contingent reasoning that frankly confesses the incompleteness of its syllogisms. The leap across the gap in the syllogistic structure is akin to that the spark of wit and humor takes, and the direct intuitions in which women are believed to deal with such success are much the same, though the syllogistic structure is only sketched in dotted lines.

Pure reason and plain logic have been always much commended to us as a guide of life. They level the rough places and make the crooked paths straight. For the sorest problems they furnish the easiest solutions. Their prophets are such as have withdrawn from the world, and in the quiet of their bedchambers have thought out the formulas of life. The clearest visions that are vouchsafed to living men concerning the great problems of international finance are shown unto these men in the breezy freedom of the prairie, far from the stifling bustle of Wall Street and its confusion of established facts.

Inasmuch as life is not logical, these men generally find that most things in life are to be disapproved of, and incline to be pessimists. For the same reason they are unlikely to be coöperatively inclined, and criticise more than they create. As it is much easier, by reason of its shallow rationality, to formulate pessimistic discourse than optimistic, it follows that these people, and people who temporarily assume their rôle, are more in evidence in the public press and on the public platform than their relative numbers or importance would really justify.

It certainly would be an unwarranted

generalization if I should assume to find the source of all pessimism in this pseudo-logic of life, — much of it having of course a physical and indeed specifically hepatic source, — but it is well to mark the genetic relation between the two, for pessimism is as false to life as logic is. In human life, and in all things human, the inspiring, life-giving, creative forces are the inseparable three, — hope and confidence and sympathy. They are positive; they draw materials and men together, and scatter not asunder; they construct and not destroy. For human use it is evident that criticism was intended by Providence as a purgative, not as a food.

Our occupation with the phonetic-spelling reformer as type of the logical or pseudo-logical doctrinaire has for the time carried us away from the characterization of that historical order in human life with which this discourse on things human had its beginning, and which we had ventured to call the orthography of human society.

Every year of our swiftly unfolding national history brings to our view with startling emphasis some illustration of the great fact that our national life is composed out of social conditions intricately dovetailed and interlaced, which have their roots in a history too complex for the easy analysis of the political theorist. On every hand a warning comes for political sobriety and patience. It is now about a quarter of a century since an amendment to the Constitution extended the ballot to the negro of the South. The action was taken in deference to the evidently logical application of certain principles of human right believed to be well established. Those who aggressively favored the action were men of noblest purposes, of undoubted patriotism, and of positive moral enthusiasm. The case was to them so clear as to leave no room for hesitation or doubt. The logic of war had enforced the logic of reason. Time however has now done its clarifying

work, and behold, in spite of all the logics, the social facts that were there, lying in wait, have reasserted themselves. In the name of consistency a violence had been done. Despite all our aversion to the evasion of the written law, the people of the North, so far as one may infer from public expressions, have quietly, slowly withdrawn from the field of protest, leaving the historical facts to do their own sweet will and work, community by community, state by state. War and logic prevailed at the first, the historical facts prevail at the end.

We as a people are said to come of a practical-minded stock, and that practical-mindedness which made the English Constitution asserts itself continuously in our national life, as we show over and over again our capacity flexibly to adjust ourselves both as people and as government to the changing conditions which arise about us and reshape our duty and our opportunity. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court, tangled as they seemed at first report, resolve themselves into a plain significance as regards their main bent. The letter of the law written in view of distinctly different conditions and for radically different purposes and safeguards cannot restrain the people through their representatives in Parliament or Congress from devising means of procedure that shall satisfy existing needs. Whether we assume to live by written or unwritten Constitution, it will always be, with a people such as we by spirit and tradition are, the Constitution written in the people's life and work that holds the sway supreme. There must be after all some deep philosophy in Mr. Dooley's apprehension that whether the flag follows the Constitution or the Constitution the flag, the decisions of the Court follow the election returns.

Five years ago we were in the midst of a frenzy of popular logic on the currency question which has now so far

abated, leaving so few traces that it cannot be considered unsuited for mention under the far-famed shelter of the academic freedom. The supporters of the doctrine of the free coinage of silver were, I believe, in the main sincere. The doctrine was easier to understand and advocate than its opposite. Its simple, crystalline logic appealed particularly to large masses of people who are impatient of complicated historical instruction, but to whom, as to all of us humans, it is a high satisfaction to think they are thinking. The opposing doctrine labored under the embarrassment of being founded in the historical facts of established international usage, but in its good time the historical logic prevailed over its shallower counterpart, as it must needs always do.

It is always a prolific source of danger in a government such as ours that parties are tempted to set forth in platforms far-reaching policies which seek their grounding in smoothly stated *a priori* principles of right and government. These strokes of radicalism, like the French radicalism and its argument from the state of nature, serve to clear the air, though usually at high cost, and we should not like to see them utterly withheld from the people, and a politics of organizational and personal struggles utterly displace them. The safer and more veracious use of the party platform will be that which deals with questions within practical range and proposes policies in reference to existing actual conditions. It is not necessary to explore the ultimate problem of the origin of evil and original sin every time a hen-roost is robbed.

The manners and morals of any social community at any given time constitute a firm historical deposit, with sanctions and guarantees so strong that the hammer and acids of analyzing reason find it an ill-paid task to stir them. There are men who have thought it worth while to raise persistent protest against that gentle convention which

garbs us in the dress coat. It would be an easy matter doubtless to prove after reflection its unworthiness as protection for the lungs or thighs, and it might be difficult to defend it against a proposition to redispense its material by transfer from back to front, but the dress coat is there, and convenience uses it rather than serves it. This is far easier than to think out a new coat on eternal principles every year. In general the issue does not appeal to the interest of the great public, and no one is likely to find his political fortunes advanced by any manipulation thereof.

That institution of civilized society, the family, framed through the uniting of one man and one wife until death do them part, is an institution confirmed in the testings and pains and joys of centuries of human experience. It is anchored and framed and jointed into the very fabric of society, until society is unthinkable without it. In the presence of a social structure so established, and whose existence and purity are bound up with the very life of society, there is no place for the small queryings of the theorist. If he abides among us he will conform. Society cannot tolerate, and will not, that one family be dissolved and another "announced" at the instance of some personal convenience or some shallow logic of affinities.

There is a certain law and order which human society must insist upon as a prior condition to all discussion regarding forms and mechanism of government and distribution of rights and privileges. The first thing to do with a debating society is to call it to order. The first thing to teach a child is to do what it is told to do, and for the reason that it is told to. Other reasons await the more placid opportunity afforded by complete pacification. We have of late, in educational matters, been traversing a period of much experimenting and much unsettling of views and aims and methods. One may not therefore with

any confidence expect a general agreement upon any proposition, however elementary. It has seemed to me nevertheless that there ought to be agreement, even if there is not, concerning one thing, namely, that our aim in educating is to make the individual more effective as a member of human society, — I would indeed venture to make it read, "effective for good." If education addressed itself simply to the development of the individual as an unclothed immortal soul, the mundane state would scarcely be justified in its present interest. It is as a prospective member of society and a citizen that the pupil claims the interest of a school-supporting state. An education which now accepts this definition of its aim cannot admit itself to be in first line a branch or dependency of biology. Children are little animals surely enough, but it is for our practical purposes immeasurably more important that they are incipient social beings. That the biological theory of education has exercised in many a detail an injurious influence on the practice of the schools I believe has not escaped the attention of many of us. One leading result has been a groping vagueness that has possessed the minds of teachers and professors of teaching themselves, a vagueness which has arisen through cutting loose from the solid piers of the historical facts, close akin to that which we mark in the vagrant discipline which seeks to deal with society apart from history and decorates itself with the name of sociology.

The education that educates remains in spite of all the vivisections and post-mortems a *training*, — a training that adapts and fits the little barbarian to his civilized environment, an environment in part natural, to be sure, but preëminently social and historical, a training that makes him punctual, dutiful, obedient, conscientious, courteous, and observant, self-controlled, law-abiding, and moral, and gives him sobriety of judgment, and encourages health to abound,

health of body and mind, which is no more nor less than sanity.

In the attitude toward human life there abide the two contrasted types. One is the voice crying in the wilderness, the man clad in skins, ascetic, teetotaler, radical, reformer, agitator; and of him they say he hath a devil, he is a crank. His mission is to awake with a ringing "Repent" the dormant public mind and stir the public conscience, but in him is no safe uplifting and upbuilding power. His errand is fulfilled in a day, and after him there cometh one whose shoe latchet he is unworthy to loose, — the man among men,

the Man-Son, living the normal life of men, accepting the standing order, paying tribute unto Cæsar, touching elbows with men of the world, respecting the conventions of society, healing and helping men from the common standing-ground of human life.

The call which comes to the University from the need of the day is a call for trained men; not extraordinary specimens of men, but normal men; not eccentrics, but gentlemen; not stubborn Tories or furious radicals, but men of sobriety and good sense, men of good health and sanity, — men trained in the school of historical-mindedness.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

OLD TIMES AT THE LAW SCHOOL.

IN the middle of the line of pictures hanging between the delivery desks in the reading-room of the Harvard Law School is a striking group of three-quarter length figures that suggests a Copley, but is in reality the work of Feake, a young Newport Quaker of about a century ago. A stiff, red-coated gentleman stands at a table surrounded by admiring female relatives. He is Isaac Royall, Brigadier-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, member of the Council, stanch upholder of King George. His magnificent old mansion in Medford is still standing, and of its owner it is comfortably recorded that "no gentleman of his time gave better dinners or drank costlier wines." But after the battle of Lexington, like a good Tory, he followed the British to Halifax, and thence to England, where he died.

By his will, executed in 1778, it appeared that he cherished no animosity against the rebellious subjects of his king; that on the contrary he had left a number of charitable and educational bequests for their benefit. Harvard

College did not fail to receive his due consideration. His attitude toward it, moreover, was of an oddly modern type. He was evidently a believer in the professional schools, or would have been had they existed. At least he did what he could to broaden the college into a university, for he left two thousand acres of his land in Granby and Royalston, "to be appropriated towards the endowing a Professor of Laws in said Colledge, or a Professor of Physick and Anatomy, which ever the said Overseers and Corporation shall judge to be best for the benefit of said Colledge." This gift was allowed to lie idle until 1815. Then the Corporation roused itself, selected the first alternative of the gift, and appointed Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, first Royall Professor of Law. This chair he held till 1827, but owing to his duties on the bench, was able to lecture only during the summer term of college. In the words of good Dr. Peabody, "The income of the Royall Professorship was barely sufficient to pay for a course of twelve or more lectures to each succes-

sive senior college class. Judge Parker's course comprised such facts and features of the common and statute law as a well-educated man ought to know, together with an analysis and exposition of the Constitution of the United States. His lectures were clear, strong, and impressive; were listened to with great satisfaction, and were full of materials of practical interest and value. He bore a reputation worthy of his place in the line of Massachusetts chief justices; and the students, I think, fully appreciated the privilege of having for one of their teachers a man who had no recognized superior at the bar or on the bench."

Now it is to Chief Justice Parker that we should look with especial veneration, as the following extracts, verbatim, from the College Records will show:—

"At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, May 14th. 1817. Present. 1 The President 2 Mr. Gore 3 Judge Davis (Treas.) 4 Mr. Lowell 5 Judge Phillips. . . .

"The Royall Professor of Law having represented to this Board, that in his opinion and in that of many friends of the University and of the improvement of our youth, the establishment of a School, for the instruction of Students at Law at Cambridge, under the Patronage of the University, will tend much to the better education of young men destined to that profession, and will increase the reputation and usefulness of this seminary; and the Corporation concurring in these views, it was voted as follows. —

"1. That some Counsellor, learned in the Law, be elected to be denominated UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF LAW; who shall reside in Cambridge, and open and keep a school for the Instruction of Graduates of this or any other University, and of such others, as, according to the rules of admission as Attorneys, may be admitted after five years study in the office of some Counsellor.

"2. That it shall be the duty of this

Officer with the advice of the Royall Professor of Law, to prescribe a course of study, to examine and confer with the Students upon the subjects of their studies, and to read lectures to them appropriate to the course of their studies, and their advancement in the science, and generally to act the part of a Tutor to them in such manner as will best improve their minds and assist their requisitions. . . .

"6. As an excitement to diligence and good conduct, a degree of Bachelor of Laws shall be instituted at the University, to be conferred on such Students as shall have remained at least eighteen months at the University School, and passed the residue of their noviciate in the office of some Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, or who shall have remained three years, or if not graduates of any College, five years, in the School, providing the Professor having charge of the same shall continue to be a practitioner in the Supreme Judicial Court.

"7. The Students shall have the privilege of attending the lectures of the Royall Professor of Law free of expense, and shall have access to the other Lectures of the University usually allowed to be attended by Resident Graduates, without charge, or for such reasonable Compensation as the Corporation, with the assent of the Overseers, shall determine.

"Voted That the foregoing votes instituting a new department at the University be laid before the Overseers that they may approve the same if they see fit."

Note the timid pride of the last vote. "A new department at the University" had indeed been "instituted," with a considerable future before it. At the same meeting the Hon. Asahel Stearns was voted first University Professor, and a committee duly appointed to apprise him of the honor.

Stearns was a Harvard graduate, a former member of Congress, and en-

joyed the highest professional reputation. With Chief Justice Shaw he revised the Massachusetts Statutes, and his work on Real Actions was long the standard text on the subject. "He was warmly interested in the public charities of his day, exercised a generous hospitality, and was equally respected and beloved. He was a man of grave and serious aspect and demeanor, but by no means devoid of humor, and was a favorite in society. His wife was a lovely woman," says Dr. Peabody, "full of good works; and there was never a sick student in college whom she did not take under special charge."

Professor Stearns was much more than first University Professor of Law in the new school. He was the entire faculty. His office, in Harvard Square, was the school; and, as good Dr. Peabody sententiously remarks, "a building, a library, and an organized faculty were essential to make the School attractive." Some apologies for the first two were presently provided in a very old, low-studded building on the site of the present College House, where a so-called lecture-room and an equally dubious library were fitted up. But the number of law students rarely rose above eight or ten, and in 1829 had actually run down to one. At this stage Mr. Stearns naturally resigned. Parker had already done so, and the existence of the Law School was about to terminate of mere inanition when the author of Dane's Abridgment took it into his head to follow the example of his English fore-runner, Viner, and endow a Professorship of Law with the profits of his book. His aim was to get some one who should teach the principles of jurisprudence systematically and scientifically. To that end he offered the college \$1000 for the foundation, stipulating that the first professor should be Joseph Story of the United States Supreme Court. Judge Story had already declined the Royall Professorship, and was far from willing to accept this new one; but as

its founder stoutly insisted on withdrawing the gift unless the chair was filled in accordance with his wishes, Story finally consented.

At the same time the Royall Professorship was filled by John H. Ashmun, and the real history of the Law School began. Story's fame was already world wide, and the public interest in the Supreme Court and its members was at a pitch never equaled before or since. The school broadened into national reputation. The library rapidly increased. The number of students in the very first year of the new era was no less than thirty, and rose by leaps and bounds to one hundred and fifty. In spite of the liberal expenditures for the library there was a handsome surplus of funds. In three years the need of better quarters became imperative, and again Mr. Dane came forward with a large contribution, and a temporary loan of more. In 1832 Sumner wrote: "Dane Law College (situated just north of Rev. Mr. Newell's church), a beautiful Grecian temple, with four Ionic pillars in front, — the most architectural and the best built edifice belonging to the college, — was dedicated to the law. Quincy delivered a most proper address of an hour, full of his strong sense and strong language. Webster, J. Q. Adams, Dr. Bowditch, Edward Everett, Jeremiah Mason, Judge Story, Ticknor, leaders in the eloquence, statesmanship, mathematics, scholarship, and law of our good land, were all present, — a glorious company."

Mr. Ashmun, whose mental powers had always been far in advance of his physical, died at the early age of thirty-two. He is perhaps the most brilliant figure in the whole history of the school. Though so young he had already "gathered about him all the honors, which are usually the harvest of the ripest life." At the bar, where he was admitted at an early age, "he stood in the very first rank of his profession, without any acknowledged superior." He filled the Royall Professorship with distinguished

ability. His advanced position as an educator, as well as the quality of his work, may be inferred from the fact that in the curriculum of those early days he included a course of lectures on Medical Jurisprudence of such value that they were published after his death. To quote further from Professor Story, "Although his learning was exceedingly various, as well as deep, he never assumed the air of authority. On the contrary, whenever a question occurred, which he was not ready to answer, he had no reserves, and no concealments. With the modesty, as well as the tranquil confidence, of a great mind, he would candidly say, 'I am not lawyer enough to answer that.' In truth, his very doubts, like the doubts of Lord Eldon, and the queries of Plowden, let you at once into the vast reach of his inquiries and attainments. There is not, and there cannot be, a higher tribute to his memory than this, that while his scrutiny was severely close, he was most cordially beloved by all his pupils. He lived with them upon terms of the most familiar intimacy; and he has sometimes with a delightful modesty and elegance said to me, 'I am but the eldest Boy upon the form.' Owing to ill health, he could not be said to have attained either grace of person or ease of action. His voice was feeble; his utterance, though clear, was labored; and his manner, though appropriate, was not inviting. . . . He felt another disadvantage from the infirmity of a slight deafness, with which he had been long afflicted. His professional success seems truly marvelous. It is as proud an example of genius subduing to its own purposes every obstacle, opposed to its career, and working out its own lofty destiny, as could well be presented to the notice of any ingenuous youth." In May, 1833, his long consuming illness took a suddenly fatal turn, and he expired peacefully in the night, the only person at his bedside being one of his devoted pupils, young Charles Sumner.

The Royall Professorship, thus sadly vacated, was accepted by Simon Greenleaf, Reporter of the Supreme Court of Maine. Then were the days of the giants. For twelve years those twin kings of American jurisprudence, Story and Greenleaf, held absolute dominion, and moulded a whole generation of lawyers. More than eleven hundred students sat under their instruction. Good textbooks were seriously needed, and both Story and Greenleaf addressed themselves to the task of producing them. Greenleaf published his famous *Evidence*, and a number of other works, but was quite eclipsed by the labors of his energetic colleague. For Mr. Dane's scheme of systematic teaching had included the stipulation that the occupant of his professorship should deliver and publish a series of lectures on the following five subjects: Federal Law, Federal Equity, Commercial and Maritime Law, the Law of Nations, and the Law of Nature. Story at once began on this list, but found it ramified so fast that at the time of his death he had become the author of no less than thirteen volumes of treatises, all of international authority. He seems to have been a writer by nature, one of those men to whom the sight of a quire of foolscap and the feel of a pen between the fingers are all that is necessary to crystallize thought into a form to be seen of all men. In court he was constantly writing poetry. Here is a sample, found in one of his notebooks, doubtless set down with a grave face and every appearance of interest in the case before him:—

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING AN
ARGUMENT IN COURT.

SPARE me quotations, which tho' learned, are
long,
On points remote at best, and rarely strong.
How sad to find our time consumed by speech
Feeble in logic, feebler still in reach,
Yet urged in words of high and bold pretense
As if the sound made up the lack of sense.
O could but lawyers know the great relief,

When reasoning comes, close, pointed, clean
and brief,

When every sentence tells, and as it falls
With ponderous weight, renewed attention
calls.

Grave and more grave each topic, and its force
Exhausted not till ends the destined course.

Sure is the victory if the cause be right,
If not, enough the glory of the fight.

When not writing, the judge was talking. He was one of the most tremendous talkers that long suffering Cambridge has ever heard. It is still remembered how, on his trips into Boston by the daily omnibus (fare twenty-five cents), he entertained friends and strangers alike by his unquenchable stream of pleasantries, anecdotes, and sage observations. His lectures at the school carried away his listeners with the pure enthusiasm of the speaker. His extraordinary memory, copious learning, and long practical experience, combined with his ready invention of illustration, and wonderful fluency of expression, often caused him to wander widely from the starting-topic, and sweep with amazing facility over far-distant regions of theory or practice, or even personal reminiscence. Alas that a voracious chronicler must set down that in those bygone times the young idea in process of being taught was no more scrupulous in evading that process than are the earnest disciples of the present. "It was easy," says a student of that day, "to draw the old judge from the point under consideration to a lengthy account of Chief Justice Marshall and his fellows . . . and this was apt to be done every day." Professor Ashmun apparently tried to restrain and even counteract this tendency of the judge, and there is a tale to the effect that Story once remarked somewhat testily, "Now Ashmun, don't you contradict what I say. I believe you would try to correct me if I told you that two and two make four." "Of course I should," retorted Ashmun instantly, "they make twenty-two."

Story's interest in the school was wonderful. It was his pet and pride.

He was continually devising new and delightful plans for its improvement. He doggedly refused any addition to his original salary of \$1000 a year, insisting instead that whatever more was offered him should be expended in increasing the Law Library, improving Dane Hall, or accumulating the fund which now forms the foundation for the Story Professorship. It is estimated that his gifts to the school, in this way alone, amounted to \$32,000. His lectures were periodically interrupted by attendance on the court at Washington, but he always returned at the earliest moment, and with the greatest enthusiasm. After each absence he would enter the library and hold a regular reception, shaking hands with each student, and making affectionate inquiries after his success. His personal interest in every pupil was as extraordinary as it was unflagging, and created the most intimate and confidential relationships. The following incident is told by the author of *Two Years before the Mast*, and well illustrates the general tone of the school and the kindly nature of the Dane Professor:

"Soon after I had left the School and was admitted to the bar, I had occasion to argue a motion for an injunction before him in chambers, *ex parte*. The case involved some points of general interest in equity practice and principles, as it related to the deceptive use of trademarks, but the granting of the injunction was matter of little doubt. The judge appointed the library of the Law School as the place for hearing the motion, gave notice to the students, and had them nearly all present. This was partly as an exercise for the school, but in a great degree — as I know from the direction which he gave the hearing, requiring me to develop the principles and facts, and from his previous introduction of the case to the school — to afford me an opportunity of appearing to advantage before so good an audience, some of whom had been my fellow students."

G. W. Huston, L. S. 1843, gives another glimpse of Story in the lecture-room: "In the winter of '42, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, accompanied by Lord Morpeth, were at Cambridge a length of time settling the Maine boundary question. These three men were in the habit of attending Judge Story's lectures, — access to the library being what brought them to Cambridge. After an exhaustive consideration of some point, when Judge Story had told what Lord Mansfield thought about it, and Chief Justice Marshall's opinion, and when Lord Morpeth had listened with his lips open and his heavy eyelids closed in a negative attitude, for he had inherited gout of many generations, Story would suddenly turn to the old Lord sitting on a bench with the students, and inquire, 'And what is your opinion, my lord?' Morpeth would suddenly change his whole countenance, gather up his lips and his eyebrows, his eyes sparkling, and would deliver an exceedingly interesting opinion on the point under consideration."

Two portraits of Story hang in the school, both noticeable for the moon-like red face and its aspect of extraordinary benevolence. Huston says: —

"Story was a low, heavy-set man, — very fair skin, blue eyes, with but little hair on his head, being very bald save a little tuft on the top of his forehead, which he often combed during lectures with a fine comb carried in his vest pocket. He was easy of access and beloved by the young men. . . . He kept up constant letter-writing to and with many of the great men of Europe. Professor Greenleaf was taller, black hair in profusion, and keen black eyes. I have heard him say, I believe, he was forty years old before he began studying law in Maine where he was raised. He was not popular with the boys, being sometimes sarcastic. His mind was acute and his reasoning hair-splitting."

Greenleaf, indeed, was in many respects the exact opposite of his col-

league. In the words of Professor Parsons: "Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf worked together harmoniously and successfully, and perhaps the more harmoniously because they were so entirely different. With much in common, for both were able, learned, and of the most devoted industry, there were other traits that belonged to one or the other of them exclusively. Greenleaf was singularly calm, finding strength in his very stillness; always cautious, and therefore always exact. Story was as vivid and impulsive as man could be. His words flowed like a flood; but it was because his emotions and his thoughts demanded a flood as their exponent. . . . Story's manner was most peculiar; everybody listened when he spoke, for he carried one away with the irresistible attraction of his own swift motion. And Greenleaf, somewhat slow and measured in his enunciation, by the charm of his silver voice, the singular felicity of his expressions, and the smooth flow of his untroubled stream of thought, caught and held the attention of every listener as few men can."

Charles Sumner, who served as assistant instructor for a time before his trip to England, makes the following interesting comparison in a letter from London written to Judge Story in 1838:

"You know Lord Denman intellectually better than I; but you do not know his person, his voice, his manner, his tone, — all, every inch, the judge. He sits the admired impersonation of the law. He is tall and well-made, with a justice-like countenance: his voice and the gravity of his manner, and the generous feeling with which he castigates everything departing from the strictest line of right conduct, remind me of Greenleaf more than of any other man I have ever known."

Again, in 1844: "Greenleaf takes the deepest interest in the unfortunate church controversy, uniting to his great judicial attainments the learning of a divine."

There was indeed a strong Puritanical cast about the author of the *Treatise on Evidence*. This is observable in his portrait in the reading-room. He used to annotate a portion of the Bible every day; and he published an attempt to apply the rules of evidence to the writings of the Evangelists, which proved more of a curiosity than a success. In one of his letters he describes himself as cultivating cheerfulness as a religious duty. What few specimens of his wit remain, however, lean toward the ponderous, and would tend to prove that his cultivation was carried on upon a somewhat barren soil. In his sitting-room he would write or study for hours, surrounded by his family and their friends, conversation, games, music, and the thousand distractions of a household that was distinctly a "going concern," yet absolutely serene and undisturbed, so great were his powers of concentration.

Thus under these two great masters, occasionally assisted by lesser lights, the school grew and prospered exceedingly, till the increase of students and library demanded an addition to Dane Hall. Accordingly the long transverse portion of the present fabric was built, and opened in 1845 with brilliant ceremonies. Judge Story, in presiding at this occasion, was unconsciously performing one of his last good offices for the school. His health had been worn away by his triple exertions as teacher, author, and judge. For thirty-three years he had missed but one term of court at Washington, yet when he realized he must give up some of his work he preferred to keep that at Cambridge, and was just arranging his resignation from the bench when he was stricken with his last sickness. For over two years Professor Greenleaf, having been promoted to the Dane Professorship, performed almost all the work of the school, when he, too, felt his health giving way, and resigned his chair. The Dane Professorship was then accepted by Theophilus Parsons, of Brookline. He was at that

time in a large Boston practice, especially in Admiralty and Marine Insurance, his favorite subjects, daily leaving his house so early and returning so late that he had hardly any home or family life at all; and he used to tell how his young son one day inquired, "Mother, who is that nice gentleman that sometimes spends Sundays here, and seems so fond of me?"

The Royall Professorship, left vacant by Greenleaf's promotion, had meantime been held for a year by the son of Chancellor Kent, and was then filled by Joel Parker, Chief Justice of New Hampshire. Under him and Parsons the main work of the school went on for nearly a decade. The University Professorship was revived for a year, with F. H. Allen as incumbent, but he resigned in 1850. Other well-known names are associated with this period as instructors or assistants, among them R. H. Dana, Sr., George Ticknor Curtis, and the author of *Cushing's Manual*. The eminent Wheaton, appointed to lecture on the Law of Nations, died immediately afterwards, and Edward Everett, appointed some years later, never took the chair.

Again, as in the previous era, the two principal figures claim our attention. Each curiously resembled the former occupant of his chair. Parsons was a fascinating lecturer, a most genial and social man. I am indebted to Professor Langdell for the following characteristic reminiscence of him: "It was the custom in the old days, on the first day of each term, for the students to assemble in the library for the purpose of meeting the professors, and listening to an address from one of them. . . . On one occasion, when Professor Parsons delivered the address, he explained to the new students that . . . they had to study English decisions very diligently. 'Do you ask me,' said he, 'if we have not achieved our independence, if we are still governed by England? No, gentlemen, we have not achieved our

independence. England governs us still, not by reason of force but by force of reason.' " Parsons was really more of a *littérateur* than a lawyer. He openly expressed his dislike of, and inability for, the more technical parts of the law, such as Pleading and Property. He had a certain poetic dreaminess of temperament that, while apparently not interfering with his professional success, did seriously affect his financial affairs, which constantly suffered from his credulity and over-sanguine expectations. An indefatigable writer of textbooks, he possessed that unusual legal accomplishment, — a charming literary style. He clothed his propositions in such a pleasing form that, like sugar-coated pills of legal lore, they were swallowed and assimilated with the minimum of effort and the maximum of enjoyment. His works were even more popular than Story's. It is said that his *Contracts* achieved the largest sale of any law book ever published. Seven other treatises stand to his credit, on one of which alone he is reported to have netted a profit of \$40,000. His lectures, for clearness, scope, and literary excellence, have often been compared to those of Blackstone. He delighted in laying down broad views of the subject, sometimes carrying his generalizing to an extreme.

Chief Justice Parker, on the other hand, though deeply respected for his thoroughness, was precise, minute, and involved to the point of obscurity. If a single step of his logic was lost by the listener, farewell to all hope of following to the conclusion. His law on any given question was sound, absolutely and exasperatingly sound; but he could no more give a comprehensive view of a whole topic than an oyster, busy in perfecting its single pearl, can range over the ocean floor. In private life, however, the Chief Justice was always interesting and often witty. It is worth while to quote his account of his tribulations after having been prevailed upon

to leave the New Hampshire court and accept the chair of Royall Professor at Cambridge: "I had no experience, nor even knowledge of the details of the service to be performed, as the President well understood; and on taking my seat, at the March term, 1848, having had no leisure for any preparation whatever, I encountered difficulties which seemed formidable, and were certainly embarrassing. I found that, . . . to my dismay, Shipping and Admiralty was upon my list for that term. My residence in the interior of a state which had had but one port, the business of which was nearly all transacted in Boston, had given me no occasion to become acquainted with that branch of the law, and I tried in vain to escape by an exchange. Professor Greenleaf's answer, that he was then in the middle of his topics for the course, showed that he could not comply with my request. So, frankly stating the difficulty, I told the students I would study the textbook with them. . . . In June, Professor Greenleaf's health failed, and he left the School . . . thus wholly on my hands for the remainder of the term, with an experience of something more than three months to direct me.

"Upon a new division of topics in the course of the vacation, with Professor Parsons, who succeeded Professor Greenleaf, I was desirous of retaining Shipping on my list, in the hope that my studies on that subject, during the last term, might avail me somewhat in another course of lectures; but the answer that his practice had been in Boston, and that branch of the law a specialty, could not but be admitted as a conclusive reason why I should give it up; as I did also the other textbook which had served as the basis for my other course of lectures; so that I entered upon my second term with the necessity of entire new preparation so far as lectures were concerned."

In appearance and character Parker was a type of the best of the New Eng-

land country gentlemen of his day. He was of so dignified and commanding a figure that a stranger, even passing him on the street, instinctively felt the presence of a great man. His portrait in the Law School, like those of Parsons and Washburn, is vouched for by men who sat under him as an excellent likeness. He was of high breeding, constant hospitality, strong religious convictions, and sometimes confessed in private to a passionate love for the British poets. He was a man of inflexible integrity, and a blunt, outspoken sincerity rivaling that of President Lord, of Dartmouth College fame, to whom it is said he once exclaimed, in the heat of an argument, "Sir, this modern education is all a humbug," and who instantly replied, with great heartiness, "Judge Parker, I know it is."

If Parsons was *suaviter in modo*, Parker was *fortiter in re*. Polemics were his delight. A good stand-up fight was meat and drink to him, and he entered it with a genuine "neck or nothing," "never say die" relish. For spicy reading, and at the same time for an excellent history of the Law School, there are few articles better than a pamphlet he published in reply to some criticisms on the school, which appeared in one of the law reviews of the time. His intense conservatism, which brought him into unpopularity during the Civil War, is seen in the following anecdote by Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina: "About the beginning of the war, Judge Parker was lecturing on the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, expressing himself very strongly against it. One of the students interrupted him by stating (what he thought to be) a very strong case of treasonable acts against the government, and asked him if he would not suspend the writ of habeas corpus in such a case. 'No, sir,' said the judge, 'I would not suspend the writ of habeas corpus, but I would suspend the corpus.'"

In 1855 the University Professorship

was again revived by the exertions of Parsons, who carried the appointment of Emory Washburn, of Worcester, at that time just quitting the governorship of Massachusetts. This chair he held till 1876, although its name was changed to the Bussey Professorship, in consequence of large additions to its foundation by Benjamin Bussey, of Roxbury. Washburn had been a student at the school in the old "one-man corporation" days of Asahel Stearns, and had built up an enviable practice in the heart of the Commonwealth. His success, single-mindedness, and high integrity had won for him a notable degree of public confidence. He was promoted from the bar to the bench. He was elected successively to both branches of the legislature. He was actually nominated for the governorship, the last successful candidate of the old Whig party, during an absence in Europe, and — incredible as it sounds to-day — without his own knowledge.

His interests were broad and varied. He was foremost in prison reform and in the direction of various benevolent institutions. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian, especially in New England town history. He was a copious writer for the press, and was in constant demand as a speaker. His public spirit was unflagging and direct. Governor Bullock tells of seeing him, during war-time, marching as a private in the "home guard" at a military funeral. When Bullock expressed his surprise at the humble part taken by a former chief executive, Washburn, at that time considerably over sixty years old, replied quite simply, "Oh yes, I have done this often, sometimes at night. I like to help along when I can."

Washburn had an enormous capacity for work. He seemed to have mastered the art of living without sleep. From an early morning hour till far into the night he was to be found at the school in his "private" office. Never was there a more delicious misnomer,

for he was deluged with an unending stream of callers, friends, strangers, students, politicians, and clients. Despite them all, however, and the demands of his teaching and practice, he managed to produce a number of professional works of the highest excellence, notably those on Easements and on Real Property, which, in constantly appearing new editions, continue to be the standards of to-day.

As a lecturer he was delightful. Mr. Justice Brown, who sat under his instruction, characterizes him as "a strikingly handsome man, an intellectual man, whose eloquence made even the law of contingent remainders interesting, and the statute of uses and trusts to read like a novel." So great was his popularity that it was not uncommon for undergraduates and members of other departments to stroll over to the law lectures "just to hear Washburn awhile." His prodigious power of throwing himself body and soul into the case before him, be it that of actual client or academic problem, joined to his long experience and public prominence, gave assured weight to his words; while his wonderfully winning personality, his genial spirit and his well-remembered hearty laugh gained him the love and esteem of every listener.

Indeed, Professor Washburn will go down in the history of the school, above all his professional excellences, as pre-eminent for his humanity. Mr. Brandeis, in his sketch of the school, epitomizes him as the most beloved instructor in its annals. Every student seemed the especial object of his solicitous interest. He not only acted as director, confessor, and inspirer of his pupils during their stay in Cambridge, but somehow found time to correspond with them, often for years, after they had scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. The spirit of the man speaks in every line of the following extract from his final address to the students. He is talking of the

young LL. B.'s icy plunge into the actual work of the profession:—

"In the first place, he finds himself, upon entering it, alone. Friends may cheer him and encourage him at starting by their good wishes, but they cannot divide with him the feeling of responsibility which weighs upon him, or the sense of mortification at defeat, if he fails. On the other hand, he soon finds that the field is an open and a fair one, and that nothing stands between him and success but his own want of preparation for the struggle. Birth and family can neither help nor hinder him in the manly contests in which he is to engage. What a client looks for in a lawyer is, not the pedigree of his ancestors, but fidelity in himself, an ability and a knowing what to do and how to do it, and without these he will not trust his own son with his cause. In the next place, there is that dreadful waiting for business, through which almost every one has to pass, before he can feel sure that he is ever to get a foothold in the profession. Every client seems to be forestalled, and every spot of ground to be crowded as he looks around him, and listens in vain for a welcome knock at his office door. It was wittily said by Mr. Ashmun, formerly a professor in this school, that a young lawyer's prospects were like a contingent remainder which requires a particular estate to support it. But let him not lose heart, death, discouragement, temptation to office, and now and then the allurements of a rich man's daughter are constantly thinning the ranks of the profession, and, before he is aware of it, he finds new aspirants waiting for his place, and enjoying the progress he has made. The changes which are wrought in this way in the body of the profession are wonderfully rapid. It has been estimated that it is [? they are], upon an average, entire every fifteen years. And if, while thus waiting, the young lawyer will fill up his involuntary leisure

with well-directed study, he may confidently look for the reward which he will be sure to reap in the growing confidence and respect of those around him."

But enough of the instructors of those days. What of the students themselves, the embryonic LL. B.'s who filled the corridors of Dane Hall and assisted in holding down its benches? Then as now a large proportion of every class graduating from the college flocked somewhat blindly to the Law School. But most members of the school were not collegians. The national reputation it early attained drew recruits, some entirely raw, some with a little office training, from even the most remote parts of the country. Aspirants from the middle West elbowed ambitious lads from far-away California, and up to the Civil War the catalogues were full of fine old family names from the South. Requirements for admission there were none; for a degree the sole stipulation was enrollment as a member of the school for eighteen months. Happy days of lightly won degrees! In the college itself the M. A. was merely a premium awarded to any one who survived his A. B. for five years. Many graduates refused to take it on account of its utter worthlessness, and B. R. Curtis, of '32, described by a contemporary as "by far the first man of his class, with the *highest* legal prospects before him," stirred up a regular revolution on the subject.

Short as was the school course in those days, even shorter periods of residence were common; there was a regular arrangement by which a man on payment of twenty-five dollars could enroll in the school for half of one term. As may be easily imagined, such a brief exposure to the classic Cambridge influences produced little effect on the more erratic spirits of the school; and the quaint legend of the manner in which a poor but ingenious candidate from "down East" managed to save all expense for light, while preparing himself for college, by

studying in a lighthouse is not more incredible than that of the newly fledged LL. B. who was discovered setting out for legal conquests in the far West equipped solely with an axe and a demijohn of ink.

Once fairly started on the legal path, the student of those days found the life by no means hard. His textbooks were lent to him by the school, the library having a vast stock of duplicates of the standard treatises. These he studied, or not, as he felt inclined. One of the instructors of that golden age admits in his memoirs that though "a list of books was made up, for a course of study and reading, which was enlarged from time to time, it cannot be strictly said that this course was prescribed, for nothing was exacted." Lectures began at eleven and ended at one. Usually the same professor occupied the chair for both hours, changing his subject at noon. Saturday was then *dies non*. Of the lectures themselves there were but two notable differences from those of to-day, — a charming tendency, especially in the reign of Story, to wander from the subject in hand into fields of reminiscence and general theory as pleasant and almost as instructive, and the fact that a textbook formed the basis of the work. But this was often lost sight of and overlaid with a colloquial expanding of general rules, putting questions on parallel cases, hypothetical or actual, queries from the students, and expressions of opinion, which must have been surprisingly like a lecture of to-day. Thus Professor Parker gives a lively account of his first experience as lecturer: —

"I was to deliver a *lecture* upon a certain topic, but there was a textbook which furnished the foundation. . . . It was not expedient for me to state the propositions in the words of the text. The students were acquainted with them already. It would be of little advantage to vary the phraseology. If the textbook was a good one, how was I to deliver a lecture without a 'departure,'

which lawyers well know is, in pleading, obnoxious to a special demurrer? I availed myself largely of my privilege, however, and having made an earnest request to the students to ask me any questions on their part, they availed themselves of their privilege. The School was at that time a very strong one, and so we had for some time a lively interchange of interrogatories. It was not difficult to perceive that the students were disposed to try the new Professor, and I enjoyed it, for, having been fifteen years upon the Bench, I felt much more at home in answering questions than I did in delivering Law lectures, properly so called."

The conversational method, indeed, seems to have been coeval with the very beginnings of legal instruction in this country. It was used in Reeve's private Law School, begun in 1795, at Litchfield, Conn., and lasting till 1833. This school attained a very high standard of excellence, and over one thousand pupils attended it. Much the same method was also used in Judge Howe's short-lived school at Northampton, Mass., begun in 1823, and of very high character, but collapsing when its ablest lecturer, Ashmun, on whom the instruction devolved almost entirely, accepted the Royall Professorship at Cambridge in 1829. His lectures are remembered for their clear grasp of the subject and the care with which he frequently put his classes through exact and searching oral examinations.

Despite such individual points of excellence, the general scheme of instruction at the Law School was for many years in amazing confusion. The courses were designed to cover two years' work; but, apparently on the principle that the law has neither beginning nor ending, only half of them were given in any one year, so that it was entirely luck whether on entering the school you found yourself at the beginning of the course or plunged into the middle of it.

A considerable offset to this disjointed

state of theory was the attention paid to practice in the moot courts. These, if not invented, were certainly brought into great prominence by Judge Story. One was held at least every week, and in the height of the system on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. One of the professors presided, and all the students were expected to attend and take notes; though this operation usually consisted in copying down verbatim both the briefs, which, in those days of expensive printing, the counsel slowly read aloud from manuscript. The cases were always on agreed facts, often drawn from the actual experience of the presiding justice. Twice a year there were regular trials before a jury drawn from the undergraduates, or sometimes, with a delicate humor, from the divinity students. These affairs were made the occasion for a sort of solemn festival, and the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many a great name in the history of the bench and the bar won its first recognition in these mimic combats. In point of fact, noisy applause and uproarious expressions of approval rather spoiled the sought-for dignified effect of a real court, and were sometimes excessive.

The law clubs, too, were an important element in the work of the school. They were named for great legal writers, — the Fleta, the Marshall, etc. The Coke Club was of immemorial antiquity, and usually contained the most brilliant members of the school. The average number of students in a club was from fifteen to twenty. They met in some of the smaller rooms in Dane Hall. On any case there was but one counsel for each side and one judge. The cases were usually those which had been announced for approaching moot courts; so interest and attendance on the latter were always kept at a high level.

Besides these there was a Parliament or debating society, which met once a week. Political interest, especially just

before the war, ran very high; and the Southern students, ever craving for social and political leadership, particularly delighted in public speaking and argument. With the outbreak of hostilities this large element in the classes disappeared, never to return, and the attendance fell, at its minimum in 1862, to sixty-nine students. After the war it rose again to a maximum slightly above the former, augmented by a very different class, — older men, dislodged from their expected vocations by the general upheaval, and turning to law as a possible means of improving their condition.

Before leaving this side of the subject, something should be said of Dane Hall itself, the legal crucible where so much bright gold has been refined and "uttered." The stately colonnade of the front was replaced by the present ugly vestibule when the building was moved a few feet in 1871. The old or forward portion of the building was divided on both floors into small rooms, each lighted by one of the huge windows still in position. Three of the rooms on the ground floor were appropriated to the trio of professors, and used much more constantly than their types in Austin Hall. The fourth was the library office. One of the second story front rooms was occupied as an abode by the student to whom the duties of librarian were from time to time entrusted. Another room was set aside for the meetings of the law-club courts, another for a general sitting-room and study, and the remaining one for a reading-room. In the transverse addition at the rear of the original building were the library on the first floor and the lecture-room on the second. I believe the old mahogany desk now in the East Lecture-Room of Austin Hall was that used in the original lecture-room.

In the library, half the space was taken up with bookshelves, the rest with tables and settees. In various corners and alcoves were some half-dozen

high desks with stools, which were rented by the janitor at five dollars a term to the few men who knew enough and cared enough to use the library in a continuous and systematic way. Outside this handful of enthusiasts there was but little work done in the library. The textbooks were read by each man in his own rooms, and there was not much examination of the treatises or reports. Besides, there was difficulty in finding anything among the shelves. If you wanted a book you hunted for it yourself till you found it or got tired. But the greatest obstacle to work in the library was its use by the moot courts on several afternoons of each week, and even by real courts; for Judge Story, conceiving it would be an inspiration to members of the bar to be surrounded with the works of their great forerunners, and an equal inspiration to the students to get a glimpse of actual court work, inaugurated the practice of bodily transporting the then pliable forum in "jury-waived" cases from Boston to Cambridge, and planting it, *totam curiam*, in the Law School library, as already illustrated by Mr. Dana's description of an argument there. The library must have been indeed a decidedly uncomfortable work-room. The greatest indecorum of our modern reading-room is to work in shirt-sleeves, but the simplicity of those days thought nothing of the almost universal "chaw" of tobacco, and what is worse, if I may be pardoned a legal phrase, provided no receivers for the ensuing liquidation.

Cleaning anything was apparently the last idea of the janitor. This functionary, for a generation or more, was an original genius named Sweetman. Born and bred for a parish priest in Ireland, he had come to this country and fallen upon evil days, being glad to get a job at street digging. President Quincy, passing one day, was amazed at a red head emerging from a trench and quoting, in excellent Latin, the lines from the *Bucolics* concerning the pleasures of the

husbandman. He took the orator into his own service, but finding him perhaps too much of a handful, turned him over to the Law School. Here he became an autocrat. His professional duties, as popularly understood, he limited to opening the doors in the morning and locking them at night. He was deeply aggrieved if asked even to replace library books left on the tables, and seizing on the maxim so frequently used in Torts, modified it to suit his own purposes thus: "Sic utere libris ut me non lædas." But he invented other and higher duties. He attended all the lectures, and subsequently gave the speaker the benefit of his criticism, on both delivery and doctrine. He exercised a general supervision over all matters connected with the school, and in his later years became a terror to every one in or near it. But he was at last displaced by the wave of reform that swept over the school about 1870. The keynote of this great series of changes may be given in the words of President Eliot: —

"Formerly it was not the custom for the President of Harvard College to have anything to do with the professional schools. I remember the first time I went into Dane Hall after I was elected President. It was in the autumn of 1869, a few weeks after the term began. I knocked at a door which many of us remember, the first door on the right after going through the outside door of the Hall, and, entering, received the usual salutation of the ever genial Governor Washburn, 'Oh, how are you? Take a chair,' — this without looking at

me at all. When he saw who it was, he held up both his hands with his favorite gesture, and said, 'I declare, I never before saw a President of Harvard College in this building!' Then and there I took a lesson under one of the kindest and most sympathetic of teachers."

Well might the old professor raise his hands to heaven, for stranger things yet were to happen. It is said that he almost fainted when the first blue-books made their unwelcome appearance, and he realized that regular written examinations, with all the labor they imply, were to be required for a degree. The old eighteen-months term of residence became two years. Changes of this sort paved the way for the next great change. The old staff of instructors, oppressed with new burdens and trammelled by unaccustomed supervision, felt that their places should be taken by younger men, more conversant with modern conditions. Within a few years of each other they all quietly and gracefully resigned, and a new and enlarged corps of teachers took up their work. Of these incumbents, *quorum magna pars supersunt*, of the epoch-making publication of Cases on Contracts, of the phoenix-like reincarnation of old Nathan Dane's idea, "the systematic and scientific study of the Law," of the building of Austin Hall, and of the increase of the term to three years, I do not propose to speak. I have merely endeavored to rescue some old stories from oblivion, and to collect and present, however imperfectly, a few memories of the Old Times at the Law School.

Samuel F. Batchelder.

"THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN."

So there he lies, redeemed at last!
 His knees drawn tense, just as he fell
 And shrieked out his soul in a battle-yell;
 One hand with the rifle still clutched fast;
 One stretched straight out, the fingers clenched
 In the knotted roots of the sun-bleached grass;
 His head flung back on the tangled mass
 Of raven mane, with war-plume wrenched
 Awry and torn; the painted face
 Still forwards turned, the white teeth bare
 'Twixt the livid lips, the wide-eyed glare,
 The bronze cheek gaped by battle-trace
 In dying rage rent fresh apart:—
 A strange expression for one all good!—
 On his naked breast a splotch of blood
 Where the lead Evangel cleft his heart.

So there he lies, at last made whole,
 Regenerate! Christ rest his soul!

Hartley Alexander.

A QUARTER CENTURY OF STRIKES.

[The first of three articles dealing with the history and character of American Labor Organizations, prepared at the request of the Atlantic Monthly by Mr. Ambrose P. Winston.

THE EDITORS.]

THE fact has commonly escaped notice that about twenty-five years ago the economic development of the United States (to-day so often proclaimed) had already and suddenly attained a certain approximate maturity. A strange variety of events, in swift concurrence, gave evidence of revolutionary changes. The patient industry of generations, exerting itself in infinite repetition, had been so abundantly rewarded, that the national wealth seemed now to overflow old uses for enjoyment and capital to burst the limitations of old industrial methods. The swelling volume found an outlet in landownership, until about 1884 the last of the fertile government land passed to private holders. It over-

flowed into education, and made possible that rapid growth of independent American scholarship which had its well-marked beginning about 1876 in universities newly enlarged or newly founded. Capital now gathered in lakes where before it flowed in rivulets, and with increasing swiftness the small shop and wayside mill were replaced by great apparatus of machinery and buildings. This redundancy manifested itself also in a sudden growth of outdoor sports and other employments of leisure. By the early seventies the system of railways, extending with the extension of industry, had thoroughly united the Atlantic coast and the central valley, and competition for this developing trade

had provoked the first great railway wars and the first pooling arrangements. At the same time the first trusts made their appearance.

With all these things, and not by chance, but by necessity, came the new militant organization of labor. In 1877 a multitude of strikes broke forth simultaneously from the Atlantic to the Missouri and beyond it, fierce and widespread beyond precedent, like the upheaval in England two decades earlier, of which Henry Fawcett, the blind economist, with prophetic vision had declared that convulsions so violent must signify the approach of deep industrial changes, — "arrangements different from those existing at the present time." The railways were chiefly affected, but the railways touched all industries, and the railway workmen, constantly in motion and peculiarly inflammable, carried the spark from the miners of the East to the shop-workers of the West, enveloping in one conflagration all that part of the continent which was industrially most developed. Henceforth industrial conflicts ceased to be matters of local concern. In the strikes of 1877, labor organizations played little part. Though this outburst extended so widely, yet no common organization or deliberate concert brought it about. There was concerted action only of a disorderly sort, as when employees of the Missouri Pacific Railway at St. Louis were driven from work by strikers, or when a few men in the iron works at Scranton blew a whistle, rushed out shouting, "We have struck," and the other men, at the mere suggestion, left their work. There were at that time but few trade unions of importance. Their membership in the United States was not more than one fifth the number of trade unionists today in the state of New York alone. Nevertheless, in a certain sense the organization of labor was already actual. There was at least a mental readiness for united action, and in the strike its

effects appeared for a moment, still fluid but ready to congeal into permanence.

The growth of trade unions came partly no doubt from the growing self-assertiveness of a population well fed and self-respecting through generations, and anxious to share in the growing national income, but a powerful impulse to organization came also from the industrial conditions increasingly characteristic of the present age, with its new methods of production, its developed transportation, and its concentration of capital. The earlier system of industry had been relatively stable, the new is as changeable and as threatening to frail craft as the shifting surface of the half-frozen polar sea. Not only by migration, which brings new rivals to the laborer, and the introduction of machinery with its rivalry yet more to be dreaded, but also by the steady grinding force of competition, bearing first upon employers and through them upon workmen, has the new industrial system subjected the wage-earners to a pressure which threatens them with destruction, and to which they have responded by massing their units as living tissue protects itself by hardening under friction. It is commonplace that for an indefinite time the competition of rival producers has been growing more severe, and that this tendency has recently been accelerated to an astonishing degree. The widening of markets by improvements in transportation and perhaps a growing acuteness and energy among men of affairs have intensified the fierceness of competition, but it has been intensified most of all by the peculiar characteristics of the great industry. Capital employed in large masses for the supply of a wide market exhibits a certain brutal aggressiveness whatever may be the wishes of the individual capitalist. The master of a small shop in the earlier age could produce only within the limits prescribed by his own labor and capital and his narrow market. At these limits he could easily stop pro-

ducing. But the great industry of to-day looks to a market practically unlimited, toward which it is not only tempted with a peculiar allurements, but goaded by a peculiar necessity. It is tempted to produce in excessive abundance because production on a vast scale is cheaper, but even when there is loss in continuing, it is helplessly impelled to continue. Certain expenses (for guarding property, for taxes and insurance) persist even if work stops, and, if earlier managers have over-estimated the chances of gain, there may be interest to pay or dividends guaranteed. These must be met and something earned to meet them. The policy of the enterprise is determined not by the capitalist but by capital. The monster runs away with its master. It is afflicted with an obligation to press on as irresistible as the curse of the Wandering Jew. The only hope lies in defeating rivals and possessing the market with the weapon of low prices attained by every effort and every economy.

No method of lowering prices is more obvious than that of depressing wages. In times of crisis, the impulse to reduce wages is fearfully strong, but at all times, in any establishment which feels at all strongly the force of competition, the downward tendency compelling a reduction of wages or forbidding an increase is always likely to assert itself. One group of producers, by a lowering of wages which permits lower prices, may compel its competitors also to force down the wages of their laborers.

The uncontrollability of capital, with the resulting excess of competition, has been the most striking fact of industrial history in the past thirty years. It is said that vigorous sugar-refining companies, for years before the formation of the trust, sold usually at a loss, and that before the steel-makers protected themselves by combination, the influence of competition upon prices in the steel industry had threatened to become almost equally disastrous (one company

preparing to increase its output by some tens of millions within a few months, for the purpose of supplanting its competitors in a market already for the most part supplied). In the manufacture of linseed oil, the competition of capital invested to excess forced men ordinarily honest to adulterate their product as the only hope of solvency. In 1876 the railways extending westward from the Atlantic seaboard had multiplied until their capacity far exceeded the traffic to be divided among them. The ambitions or the desperate necessities of the competitors drove them into a struggle which reduced freight charges by three fourths, until receipts from a shipment were at times less than the specific cost of its transportation. Here, again, a partly effective remedy was found in an agreement as to rates. In the coal-mining industry the product increased almost fourfold in twenty years, with the same result in excessive supply and prices unduly lowered.

For the restraint of competition in excess, the trust (or pool) and the trade union are the two coördinate and indispensable agencies. As to the trust, this fact is admitted by a large number of observers, but it has not so frequently been recognized that the trade union is equally indispensable to shield the wage-earner against the same pressure. In countless instances the reduction of prices has been effected by lowering wages. Thus, while the average price of bituminous coal fell off by more than one fourth from 1893 to 1897, wages in some districts declined one third, leaving less than four dollars per week as the average weekly wages of Pennsylvania miners who struck in 1897. Mine owners complained in 1899 that both wages and profits were lower in 1899 than they had been ten years before. The railway strike of 1877 followed a sweeping reduction of wages necessitated by the railway war. The Pullman strike of 1894 resulted from low wages, which were in turn ascribed

to low prices accepted by competing car-builders. The aggregate force of the tendency to depress wages seems stupendous, and the laborer seems helpless under it. When great manufacturing or mining companies, for example, are engaged in a competitive fight to the death, employing every resource of ingenuity and every conceivable economy to outdo one another in the market, what economy could be more obvious or more easy than a retrenchment in the pay roll? In such a case, how can the miner or the factory hand in his weakness hope to survive? There is ready to his hand, and he uses it instinctively, a fact in sociological mechanics as wonderful as any of those principles of mechanical physics by which a slight force rightly applied — a touch on a lever, a spark in an explosive — exerts a prodigious power. The saving fact is this: the employer as competitor finds little advantage in low wages, little damage in high wages; he is concerned almost entirely with comparative prices and wages. He is not seriously reluctant to pay high wages if his competitors are compelled to pay the same, and that compulsion is comparatively easy if each one understands that it is universal. It is thus a task of the labor organization to establish an approximate equality of wages, to repress in the interest of labor and of the competing employers each effort to gain a competitive advantage at the expense of the laborer. The overhanging arch of masonry is safe so long as the surface remains even; it is dangerous if one stone is out of place. So long as equal wages are maintained, the task of forcing them to a higher level or preventing a decline is simpler, not inconsiderable, but immeasurably easier. This effort to raise wages by establishing uniformity at the highest attainable level has been welcomed and actively aided by many employers who preferred to be liberal in the matter of wages when liberality involved no great sacrifice to themselves. The long series of

strikes for higher wages or better conditions of labor in the New York clothing industry has been for this reason substantially a conflict by the work-people and certain liberal employers against other employers more blindly selfish or helplessly necessitous. Most of the manufacturers, it is said, profess to favor reforms, but declare their helplessness so long as a part persist in the old course. In coal mining, the inseparability of high wages and equal wages is especially evident. In fact, the whole bituminous coalfield through several states was kept in agitation for years by the exceptional behavior of a few men who refused to keep in line. The great soft coal strike of 1897 might almost be described as an effort by the union to protect the majority of the mine owners against a few competitors who were enabled to sell at low prices through the payment of excessively low wages. Between the strikers and the majority of their employers whose service they had for the time abandoned there was little or no ill feeling; the miners' president publicly declared that the mine operators were in most cases free from blame, while the principal journal published in the mine owners' interest said that the strike was a proper revolt against a condition of extreme misery precipitated by excessive competition; and one of the principal mine operators offered the opinion that "the miner is getting too small pay for his toil," and that most of the employers were willing to advance wages if the increase was made general. Quite recently a Pittsburg mine owner has said that some operators in his district are enabled by low wages to mine coal at less expense than he can do it with machinery, and he lamented the inability of the union to control the entire field. In a few instances coal miners have undertaken in yet bolder fashion to regulate the coal-mining industry when competition and low prices threatened them. They have announced that prices were excessively low under the

pressure of over-production, and have ordered a suspension of mining until prices should advance. In one of the anthracite coal strikes a certain company settled with its men by giving them an advance in wages under an agreement that it might recede to the old rates of wages if a rival company resumed work on terms unfavorable to the men, and during the great machinists' strike, which extended from one ocean to the other in 1901, the employers repeatedly granted the demands of the men on condition that their competitors also yielded.

It is necessary to understand that the uniformity of wages (or other conditions of labor) which is a chief principle of trade union policy is only a relative uniformity. No union (unless there is some rare exception) attempts to establish for an entire industry in widely separate places precisely the same rate of wages. Their determination is sometimes left to unions of the locality after the manner of the machinists, the building trades, cigar making and printing, or (among the miners) a standard rate is fixed for one district, and there is provision for modifying it from district to district, or from mine to mine. The principle, recognized distinctly by some unions, half consciously by others, requires merely that wages in no factory or mill or mine must be permitted to fall materially below the rate prevailing elsewhere.

If a trade union is to exercise an effective restraint on competition it must extend its activities through the whole industry with which it concerns itself. It must bring into its ranks the workmen of every region where competition is at all likely to appear. The fruits of its efforts can be enjoyed only as they are imparted. It must make conquests like the army of Mohammed for its own salvation. Mere physical remoteness of two mines or two factories is of no consequence if their products meet in one market. A shoemaker in St. Louis is

concerned with the wages of a shoemaker in Lynn; for low wages in the shoe factories at Lynn mean low prices in Lynn, then low prices in St. Louis and low wages in St. Louis; so a miner in Illinois is vitally interested in the wages of a miner in Pennsylvania. In recognition of this principle the printers of a New England town spent time and money uninvited to establish a union in the next town because the competition was strong between the two places. The lasters of southeastern Massachusetts struck successfully to establish one scale of wages throughout their section of the state. The granite cutters of New England were locked out by their employers in 1892 because the union was trying to establish a uniformity of wages throughout the country, and especially to increase wages in New England where they were comparatively low. Half a dozen years later the granite cutters renewed the attempt, demanding for work on stone which was meant for Chicago customers the higher wages prevailing in the West. The wages of glass bottle blowers were lowered in the panic of 1893, but it was impossible to increase them with the return of good times because of competition by non-union works. The trade union becomes therefore as a matter of sheer self-preservation the defender of the ill paid. From a motive stronger than benevolence it protests against the employment in factories of ill-paid children, and it exerts itself to increase the wages of immigrant laborers. The labor problem in the soft coal mines has been especially a problem of inordinately fierce competition precipitated by a few mine owners, but the competitive weapon employed by these exceptional operators has been cheap immigrant labor, largely from eastern Europe, and it has been the obvious practical policy of the miners' unions to destroy the efficacy of this weapon by bringing the foreigners into the unions, and thus extending to them also the rule of equal wages. In the soft coal strike

of 1897 the centres of activity were the regions of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, where foreigners were most numerous. Into this territory came representatives of the union; mass meetings were held, and the miners by thousands encamped to persuade or overawe those who continued to work at the lower rates. The miners refused arbitration because it would not have included all the mines, and could therefore by no possibility have resulted in uniformity; they finally consented to a compromise because of competition from coalfields which they were unable to control.

The activity of the unions in seeking to establish through whole industries and across the continent a uniformity of wages is exercised not only through the persuasion of a missionary, but often also through compulsion. Membership in a union with its privileges is offered as a blessing, but a blessing which the non-unionist may properly be compelled to accept. The compulsion is sometimes exerted through the ostracism of non-union fellow workmen, but in many instances the union acts through the employers, obliging them to employ only members of the union. In a great number of towns and cities the unions in the printing and building trades have maintained by this method a complete local monopoly. In some instances the union has forced the dismissal of non-union workmen who would not join a union, and it appears even that the whole working force in a large factory who had not been previously members of a union have been commanded by their foremen to join the union and compelled thereafter to maintain themselves "in good standing."

The Flint Glass Workers' Union has within a few years been peculiarly daring and successful in extending its membership by this method. Nineteen companies united to form the National Glass Company, and the consolidation seemed certain to produce a conflict, as some of the works of the constituent companies

employed members of the union and others employed non-union men, while a rule of the labor organization forbade its members to serve a company which employed non-unionists in any of its works. Though only about half of the men concerned were members of the union, the rule could not safely be ignored by the company, as this trade employs workmen of great skill whose position of strength has not been weakened by mechanical substitutes for their dexterity. The directors of the new company decided to avoid the strike, and it was agreed that the company should pay the union scale and conform to union rules, but that it would not coerce men to join the union. This immunity of the non-union men was, however, merely formal. Most of the non-union workmen soon joined the union, chiefly it seems because the rules of the union which the company adopted under its agreement gave a substantial preference to unionist workmen. The great but futile steel strike one year ago was avowedly undertaken for the similar purpose of compelling the steel trust to sign the union wages scale "for all the mills in the respective constituent companies instead of for part of them." At this moment it has been charged that the anthracite miners' strike is undertaken not merely to secure shorter hours or better wages for the miners, but that it is a covert attempt to secure the recognition of the national organization as an authority entitled to decide upon the rates of wages and the conditions of labor in the coalfield wherever situated.

The policy of compelling membership in a union, or forcing the acceptance of a union scale by workmen who desire neither the membership nor the scale, has been generally denounced as a grave infraction of liberty. This protest certainly merits serious consideration, but the matter in dispute is too complicated to permit a hasty verdict, either in condemnation of the union or in approval,

Beyond doubt it is of itself a lamentable thing if a miner or a man in any other employment is denied the right, after taking account of all his circumstances, his needs, and the needs of his dependents and the apparent resources of his employer, to decide for himself what offer of wages it is his pleasure to accept. It is difficult to imagine an experience more vexatious or humiliating to a man of positive judgments and keen sensibilities than dictation on such a subject as this by a body of strangers. Certainly so far as there is any such thing as an inalienable right the privilege of freedom in this matter is inalienable. The case is not closed however until we have noticed the reasons on account of which the members of the union interfere. The union exists for the purpose of increasing or at least maintaining wages. Few would deny their right to do this if they can. The welfare of themselves and their families depends upon it most vitally, and it too is inalienable, if indeed there are rights sacred beyond question. But the men who voluntarily join trade unions, if they are but a fraction of their craft, cannot alone protect themselves against falling wages. If at any point in the whole line of competing producers a few workmen by their submission impair the equality of wages, it is hopeless for others to attempt to maintain their standard. The effect is a depression in prices where there has come a depression of wages, then necessarily a general decline in prices and a fall in all wages. This is the injury which the worker for low wages inflicts on those who seek by organization to increase wages. The pressure of competition, which has in recent times grown so intense, brings the fall of prices and of general wages close after the first yielding by a body of laborers. One may conceivably condemn the method employed by workmen thus injured to defend themselves, but it cannot be denied that the injury is real; it cannot

be denied that one is interested in what greatly injures him, — that one group of defenders in a beleaguered city is interested when negligence permits a breach at another part of the same wall, — that dwellers in far-away Mediterranean cities may without impertinence interest themselves in the pestilence-breeding but holy wells of Bombay, which the zeal of the faithful holds sacred against cleansing.

Here are two rights in irrepressible contradiction, the right to "liberty" and to the "pursuit of happiness," both of which a great authority has mentioned in one breath as "inalienable." There is an alternative between these two; one must give way. An impartial observer must take his choice; perhaps on reflection he will doubt whether there is any such thing as a right inviolable without regard to other rights which are its rivals for recognition. It is not impossible that he will look with as much favor upon the right of energetic self-preservation as upon the right to be nerveless and poor.

The rise of labor unions means, then, first of all, that the determination of wages for each laborer and his conditions of work cease to be primarily his own affair; this in order that wages may be uniform, and that thus the merciless downward pressure of present day competition may be checked. There are recorded nearly five thousand strikes in the United States during twenty years, avowedly directed to this purpose of forcing the employer to deal collectively with the union. The responsibility for the fixing of wages shifts farther and farther from the individual workmen, not only as the unions extend more widely over the nation, but also as the authority in one union and another becomes more centralized. The analogies between trade union history and the history of civil governments are numerous and striking; it is peculiarly noticeable that in most unions, as in the politics of this nation, the conflict for and against

a strong central government has been waged fiercely, and that generally the centralizing party has prevailed. Where once the national officers or conventions had only an advisory authority, as shadowy as that of the Continental Congress, they have come in time to exercise definite but very wide powers, to levy taxes where they could once only make requests, to give commands where they once expressed opinions. Most important of all, they have gained in the power to permit or forbid strikes; to give or withhold money or other assistance to strikers. This central organization of control implies of course that the principle of uniformity may be more and more thoroughly applied, but the tendency to centralization and uniformity has its limits. Each trade or each department of industry stands by itself. The individualist spirit is too strong to permit the authoritative control of wages in one trade by men in another trade. The socialist programmes for entire amalgamation have been frequently offered, but thus far always rejected.

As its second revolutionary task the trade union, through strikes or otherwise, is engaged in depriving the employer of an important though vague power, which he exercises at discretion, of controlling the workmen in various matters not defined by the labor contract. For example, the work of grain shoveling at Buffalo a few years ago was done by "bosses" who did the work on contract, employing their own assistants. These bosses also engaged in the saloon business, and required the shovelers to buy beer only of a certain brewery and pay for it promptly or lose their places. The men with the largest accounts at the saloons enjoyed the surest tenure. Single men were favored in filling places because they were more likely to "loaf" and drink. The men remedied this by the curious (but not unusual) method of striking for some other reason, and then as an after-

thought demanding redress of this grievance. The strike resulted in an agreement by which the contract system was abolished, and the work done thereafter under superintendents employed by the Lake Carriers' Association. Similarly the brewers and the union of beer-wagon drivers in New York city made a contract that no driver should be employed on the recommendation of a saloon-keeper. The Jewish bakers of the same city obtained release from the obligation to board with their employers. Some years ago engineers of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad complained of the fact that they were not paid for time lost by occasional delays in their work. They gained a contract allowing half pay for time lost as a result of accidents. The Miners' Union in the district of Kansas secured from the mine owners a contract which relieved the miners from the obligation to pay for the services of the company physician if they preferred not to employ him. In coal mining the employers have traditionally claimed a right of "docking" at discretion for an excessive proportion of inferior coal, slate, or stone. No question has caused more frequent dispute in the coal-mining business. In the Kansas miners' contract just mentioned it was agreed that a dispute on this subject should be referred to a board of arbitration. Many a strike, again, has been waged against the company store, an institution partially good, chiefly bad, but deriving both its good and bad qualities from the fact that the employer at his own will urges or forces his workmen to use it.

Our National Department of Labor has recorded strikes by workmen in nearly seven hundred establishments in the course of twenty years, for purposes which have it as their common work to strip the labor contract bare of all accessories but the mere exchange of labor for money, and particularly to cast aside those accessories added by employers in

the exercise of their authority as industrial superiors. This enumeration does not, however, fully indicate the extent of this work by the trade unions, as much of it has been done without strikes, something by legislation, and something by strikes undertaken ostensibly for other purposes.

The changes thus wrought have not all been purely advantageous. By the earlier system which is being assailed, the employer is not only vested with a considerable discretion, but rests under a peculiar moral obligation. The workmen are in a degree at his mercy, but have a claim to fairness and kindness. The ideal is beautiful; many employers sincerely endeavor to conform to it, paying liberally in wages and assisting the unfortunate, retaining old men whose services have lost their value, and spending money generously for the comfort and improvement of their people. Mr. Carnegie provided a system of savings deposits for his men, and lent them money to build homes. Mr. Pullman constructed a model town with a library and other provision for the welfare of its inhabitants. The owners of a factory at Dayton, with the utmost liberality, furnished libraries, schools, lectures, good lunches at a small price, dressing-rooms and restaurants for the women, a working apron and sleeves for each woman to wear over the street dress, elevators, a Saturday half holiday with a full day's pay. Yet each of these philanthropies failed to insure the friendliness of the workmen, and to restrain the hostility of the trade unions, which in their thorough-going work of taking from the employer all his discretionary power to complicate the exchange of labor for cash have seemed to resent his use of that power even for benevolent purposes. It seems evident that the trade unions, so far as they gain strength, must terminate not only the evil, but the pleasant incidents of this discretion. An Eastern manufacturer declared in a public address

that "there is no chance and no disposition to take undue advantage of labor." "Every effort of mine and my associates," he adds, "is to make the work of the laboring men easy, to improve their condition in every way we can, and yet that organization precludes my being on intimate terms with those in my employ." This is doubtless sincere; it represents the feeling of many benevolent employers; and the opinion that trade unions reduce the relations of employer and workmen to pure "business" is undoubtedly correct. In the vanishing state of things which this employer prefers he is himself the judge of what is just and fair. When a trade union appears, there is present a second power strong enough to demand a share in the decision. This new arrangement is not thoroughly satisfactory, but the old condition is questionable for more than one reason: first, because generosity is rare among men; second, because the competence to decide in one's own case is rare even among generous men; third, because in modern competitive industry no employer with impulses good or bad can do as he will. Man has ceased to be a free moral agent. When competition forces down prices an employer may be compelled to lower wages, as generous impulses are insufficient to maintain solvency. The trade union undertakes to prevent his competitor from lowering wages so that the competition may not compel him also to lower wages. If he desires to be liberal, the trade union is thus his ally for that purpose.

But even when the old ideal of benevolent authority appears at its best in the model town and the model factory, its influence is not beyond question. There is great difficulty in distinguishing that which may be claimed by employees as a right (as essential to health or as part of earnings) and that which is conferred as a gift, but when the line has been drawn there should be no system of gratuities, no free clubroom, libraries, books, or reading-rooms, no

excessive interest on savings deposits. The opinion has of late gained ground rapidly that charity to persons able to work is debilitating, that self-reliance, industry, and foresight can be strengthened best by denying all enjoyment which has not cost effort. Our whole system of private property and unequal wealth is to be justified only because the hope of great possession stimulates to great effort, while the constant argument against socialism is the corresponding proposition that it would weaken effort by taking away the reward of effort. By the same argument most intelligent persons condemn indiscriminate giving to the poor or other practices which encourage the hope of unearned acquisition. It seems probable that gratuities to workmen must have somewhat the same effect upon self-reliance and independence of spirit as prizes from a lottery, money from gambling, and pennies cast to a sturdy beggar. An employer's liberality may find expression in additions to wages without damage to the spirit of self-reliance.

In fact, however, such experiments as those of Pullman and Homestead have certainly had very little debilitating effect, because they have met with so poor a welcome from the working-people and have so seldom been repeated. These favors have awakened resentment rather than gratitude, and their authors have, in some instances, been singled out by workmen for unmerited execration. Though they are commonly regarded by the public and presumably by those who establish them as gratuitous expressions of kindness, they are at the same time intended as a method of peace-making. The workmen are expected to receive them as the price of abstaining from vexatious demands upon their employers. They are gifts, but they are likewise payment for a consideration. As an agency for peace-making they are an awkward device. It is a very naïve expectation that workmen would relinquish

for this reason the privilege of striking to gain, for example, money; that, in other words, they would permit an employer to purchase for them a quantity of things — books, papers, or the use of a clubroom — which the employer assured them they ought to want, instead of taking the money and choosing for themselves. It is curious that business men of shrewdness unsurpassed should have imagined that their employees would permit others in effect to regulate their expenditure. These philanthropists have evidently been controlled by a traditional conception of the relations of employer and workmen, in which the wage-earners appear to be essentially and permanently a distinct species, not only dependent but acquiescent in their dependence, while the employer exercises a superior discretion, with an obligation to exercise it benevolently. Though the Pullman strike and the strike at Homestead were ascribed to other provocations, they were at the same time very effectual protests against this idea, and the protest added to the bitterness of feeling which attended both those strikes.

It is a useful service of labor organizations to destroy not only the old conception of industrial over-lordship, with its harshness, its arbitrary fines, its compulsory patronage of physician, saloon, or store, but even to destroy those of its implications which are attractive but enfeebling, and to leave in its place, free from all accessories, the naked contract of purchase and sale, unmistakable and even harsh in its definiteness. It is not only to the advantage of the wage-earners that this change should take place, but it is to the advantage of all industry and every industrial class, because it is an indispensable prerequisite to peace. The old inequality at its best means dependence on one side and condescension on the other; in its usual, less fortunate manifestation it means a certain degree of contempt in the employer's mind, and resentment in that

of the workman. The fruit of these emotions is necessarily discord. The work of mediators and arbitrators will be for the most part superfluous, even where it now has value, when every assumption of inequality has disappeared and the employer maintains a similar attitude toward the dealer in labor and toward the dealer in raw material, making the best bargain he can with no favor but civility. A whole century of change has led from a system in which responsibility might be shirked (by the master in oppression of a servant, by the servant in the hope of charitable aid from his master) to this better system of coördinate responsibilities definitely placed and not to be shirked without loss to the delinquent. The rise of the factory system with its much lamented severance of personal bonds between master and worker, and the organization of labor which the factory system facilitated, have contributed most to this fortunate revolution.

It was inevitable that with the development of the modern industrial system there must be a growth of labor unions and an increase of strikes, both in number and magnitude, yet curiously enough this same complicated and delicate industrial organization, plus its product, the labor union, implies a tendency toward the cessation of strikes. The earlier less highly organized industrial system was also less sensitive to attack. The stoppage of work due to a strike or other cause did no great damage, but industry in which capital plays an important part cannot endure interruptions. The earlier and later types of industry, it has been observed, in this respect present a contrast like that between the lower and higher forms of animal life. Certain inferior animals may endure for some time an almost complete suspension of vitality, while one of the higher vertebrates whose vital functions have once been interrupted never revives. So long as labor organizations are still relatively feeble, the power of capital is

sufficient for its protection against serious interruption. The laborer soon yields or is replaced. But when the income of the individual laborer grows so that he will not starve if he has to be unemployed, and when the organization is wide enough and compact enough so that substitute workmen are not readily found, then the organization is able to strike blows which are fatal.

Although the modern system of industry thus confers upon the workman a grave power to inflict injury, it has at the same time put a mighty weapon into the hand of his adversary. Except in a few trades, the subdivision of labor and the use of machinery make it easy to train men to take the places of strikers, or even to put in their places at once men without special training. The resulting situation is this: in any conflict between a vigorous trade union and a strong corporation, the union may inflict great loss upon the company, but the company can in the long run, by obstinate sacrifice of its resources, defeat the union, supply its service with other men, and probably leave many of the strikers unemployed.

The probable injury to both sides is thus so great that neither will lightly enter upon such a struggle when its hardships have once been learned by experience. Fifteen years ago engineers and firemen on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad struck. The consequences were almost ruinous to both contestants. The company employed new men whose inexperience occasioned numerous accidents and great damage to engines; in a few weeks these men had become familiar with their work, and gradually the operation of the road resumed its normal course. The president of the company reported to the directors at the end of the year that gross earnings as contrasted with those of the previous year had declined and expenses had increased so that net earnings were \$4,906,707 for that year against \$11,478,165 the year before.

After the payment of interest on debts there was a deficit. The losses for the year were chiefly (not entirely) ascribed to the strike, and the president urged the necessity of a system of "benefits," insurance against death or injury in service, to attach the employees to the company, and prevent a repetition of this disaster. The engineers suffered no less severely. Men who had earned nearly \$2000 a year were in some instances unable to obtain work with railway companies and sank into poverty. Since then the Railway Engineers' Brotherhood has been singularly peaceable. Many other strikes have resulted in mutual disaster. A strike of printers in a certain town is said to have ruined the firms involved, and a cigar makers' strike brought bankruptcy to the cigar manufacturers of another town. The granite cutters' lockout in 1892 has been followed by almost unbroken peace because of the great strength shown at that time by the union. Employees of a street-car line in New York city in 1887 struck against the employment of non-union men and were defeated, but the annual report for that year showed a deficit of \$60,620 against net earnings of \$25,524 the year before.

A European writer has attempted to

show in a well-known work that international wars must soon come to be an impossibility. Modern instruments of warfare are so deadly, the expenses of war so great, the losses to commerce so severe, and the nations so evenly matched, that no European people could endure the injury inevitable in a great Continental war. In much the same way the penalties of strikes tend strongly to become prohibitive. The old inequality between the adversaries has been in a manner redressed by the organization of labor. That they may value peace each has been made vulnerable by unplanned changes in the industrial system, — the employer through the sensitiveness of capital, the workmen through the simplification of labor and the introduction of machinery which make it easy to turn him adrift. Many persons have seriously attempted to find an analogy between strikes and disease with a view to discovering a remedy, and it seems not altogether fanciful to imagine that a real and important similarity will show itself, and that by an influence like the "curative power of nature," of which the physicians tell us, and which surpasses all drugs, the distressed organism will spontaneously provide its own corrective.

Ambrose P. Winston.

AUSTRALASIAN CURES FOR COAL WARS.

[Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, the writer of this article, is a well-known student of the labor question in this country and abroad, and is the author of *Wealth versus Commonwealth*, *Newest England*, etc.

THE EDITORS.]

EVERY once in a while the New Zealand newspapers print paragraphs of labor news from the American press. These pictures of street-car passengers riding through explosions of dynamite, of merchants in their doorways and children in the street shot by soldiers of the National Guard, of famine displacing industry, of mines run by martial law,

grown familiar to us, look out with a ghastly stare when viewed against the tranquil surfaces of Australasian journalism. Such things set in that peaceful print regain by contrast the hue of their proper horror. For a moment the American eye, to which the sight of blood on its daily bread has become a daily matter of course, realizes the nightmare wherein

it lives, and from which the Australasians are escaping.

Such a social, economic, political, and moral peril as the coal war that labor and capital have been fighting over the bodies of the American people has been made impossible in New Zealand. That country too has its coal trust. It also has a democracy who know more about the powers of combination than even a trust does. The trust casting its net over the whole of Australasia charged the New Zealanders extravagant and erratic prices for the product of their own mines, and closed against them the inexhaustible deposits of New South Wales, where they could have obtained otherwise a competitive supply. But it discovered that it was not dealing with a people incompetent to meet such an attack on their lives and their industries.

As checkmate, the New Zealanders, as a people, have gone into the coal business on their own account. Appropriations have been passed and powers delegated to enable the general government to establish state coal mines. These will supply first the needs of the state, as for its railroads, navy, and government buildings, and then the needs of the public. And this political economy of all by all for all puts it into the law that as rapidly as the net receipts increase above five per cent, the price of coal to the public shall be lowered. Here, as in its railroad service, in the loans of public money to farmers and artisans, and in the subdivision among the landless of great estates resumed for the people, this democracy eschews profit-mongering, and does business on the plane of a social exchange of service for service at cost.

The state coal mines are so new a venture that they have nothing as yet to exhibit more tangible than the prompt determination of the people to use their common powers in this way for their common defense. Theirs is a public opinion which knows how to take to it-

self all it needs of the public force, — a public opinion plus a public policy, plus the public power. In the financial statement just submitted to the New Zealand Parliament by the Colonial Treasurer is the following relative to the state coal mines: —

"In accordance with the decision of Parliament at its last session to establish state coal mines, prospecting operations have been carried out on a portion of the land formerly held under lease by the late Westport Cardiff Coal Company (Limited) at Seddonville. It affords me pleasure to state that these operations have so far proved satisfactory. The coal leases formerly held by the Greymouth Point Elizabeth Railway and Coal Company, and the partially constructed railway, have been acquired by the government. Prospecting operations for the purpose of furnishing data for the development of this property have been commenced.

"In the laying out and working of the state collieries due consideration will be given to safety, economy, and the efficient extraction of the coal with the least possible waste. To insure this, it is absolutely necessary for the mines to be opened out on a systematic and comprehensive plan."

And in the law itself the government is authorized in these sections to go into the coal business even though it involve competition with other coal producers: —

"It shall be lawful for the minister, on behalf of His Majesty, to open and work coal mines, . . . and generally to carry on the business of coal mining in all its branches, . . . after state requirements have been provided for, to sell, supply, and deliver coal and other products the result of coal mining operations; and enter into and enforce contracts and engagements; and generally . . . do anything that the owner of a coal mine might lawfully do in the working of the mine."

Our coal capitalists have found it per-

fectly safe to flout laborers, consumers, dealers, officials, press, clergy, the public generally, and the President of the United States, during these bitter weeks of their manufacture of artificial winter. Individuals and volunteer committees, however distinguished, seeking to make peace have been rebuffed with an assured conviction that the public had no business with the business of those "to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."

But a very weak imagination is powerful enough to picture what would have been the behavior of the same gentlemen had there been such sentiments as the above in the last report of our Secretary of the Treasury, and a section in some Federal law giving similar powers to the national government concerning the public's coal on the public lands, to say nothing of the assumption of private mines. The coal companies of New Zealand never say, "There is nothing to arbitrate."

The nervousness with which our coal mine owners protest that "no politics" must be brought in reveals their vulnerable heel and their consciousness of it. "Politics" and the use by the people of their irresistible weapon, public coöperation, have made lambs of the coal monopolists on the other side of the globe.

This is only one of many Australasian cures for labor wars. That the novel and successful policy of Newest England in finding work for the workless, and land for the landless, and credit for all who have or will create security must directly and indirectly lessen labor wars goes without saying. A country in which the unemployed class found everywhere else has practically ceased to exist is not one in which the laborer can be starved into a contract.

The demand for the nine hours day and the recognition of the union of the men were among the principal causes of war in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Such disputes about hours do not take

place in New Zealand. That state first enacted that its coal miners should work no more than an average of eight hours a day, as Utah has done; and then, at the session of the Colonial Parliament last year, passed a general eight hours a day law for all working men and a shorter day for working women and working children, — New Zealand, like the rest of Christendom, being still unchristian enough to rob many of its children to enrich a few of its men. New Zealand is the first state of modern times to bring its legislative regulation of men's hours of labor out from its cowardly refuge behind the petticoats and bibs and tuckers of their women and children. Other states have furtively limited the hours of men by the device of limiting the hours of the women and children who are working by their side. In the interdependent complexity of modern factories when any stop all must stop. But our antipodal democracy has eyes to see that adult men, too, are helpless to protect themselves from the oppressions of those who can give or take away that opportunity of employment which is life. First of all states New Zealand has decreed that capital shall not exact more than eight hours for a day's work. The coal miners of Pennsylvania who struck for a nine hours day, had they been citizens of New Zealand, would have had the eight hours day without even the effort of asking their employers for it. It is the New Zealanders' civic right. They got it by a strike, but it was a strike at the ballot box.

If some of the most distinguished apologists for the coal mine owners may be followed, all other causes of the war sink into nothingness compared with the danger of recognizing the union of the men. To do this we are told would make their leader so powerful that he could name the next President of the United States and become dictator to this President and all the rest of us. The New Zealand democracy sees no danger of dictatorships from the recog-

nition of trades unions. It has made the encouragement and recognition of trades unions part of the public policy of the state. Indeed, the workingmen are bribed to organize themselves into unions. They have been given powers to hold property, and to sue members, not possessed by unions in other countries. Greatest of all these inducements is that if so organized the workingman gets as a right that arbitration of disputes with employers for which elsewhere he has to beg or fight, and usually in vain. New Zealand prevents labor wars by a multitude of democratic interventions to forbid economic violence by the strong upon the weak, like those just mentioned, which make it unnecessary to surrender for the chance to work, or to strike for hours and recognition of unions. Crowning all these interventions is this guarantee of arbitration.

The statement given out by the president of the miners' organization shows that the real cause of the labor war in the coal country was the refusal of the employers — the railroads and coal mining corporations — to arbitrate. The miners made no hard and fast demands. They do not insist upon the nine hours day, nor the recognition of the unions, nor twenty per cent more pay. They ask for only such advantages in these particulars as they may be found entitled to by disinterested referees. If one might be pardoned the word, their terms are not arbitrary but arbitrationary. Because the mine owners will have no compromise, nothing but their own will, the workmen must starve, we must freeze, industry must be converted into a desert of cold chimneys and idle men, our bright American cities must take the veil of London smoke, and the public peace be broken. In New Zealand it is as out of the question that one side of a labor dispute should say, "There is nothing to arbitrate," as that a man accused of violation of law or breach of contract should say to public prosecutor or private claimant, "There is nothing

to litigate." Only slaves have ears for either phrase.

This struggle which has agitated and injured the whole of our country for so many weeks would have been known to the public of the southern hemisphere probably only by a newspaper paragraph if by so much. In its provision for "the common welfare" Parliament in New Zealand has so far safeguarded the miners by laws against overwork, accidents, dangers, payment in store orders, refusal to recognize their unions, swindling in the weighing of their coal, in deductions for slate and impurities, in charges for powder, and like familiar grievances, that practically nothing is left to differ about save the rate of pay.

How dramatic the contrast between what happens among us and that which there would follow such a difference about wages if it arose! A private conference might be all; that failing, reference to the district Board of Conciliation; if either party were still dissatisfied, an appeal to the one national Court of Arbitration. A few weeks' work of committees; a few days in court for the witnesses and the representatives of the unions of the workmen and the capitalists; a few hours' deliberation for the five members of some Board of Conciliation and the three members of the Arbitration Court. No riots, no troops, no agitation of capitalists, press, or philanthropists. Above all, no famine among the people, and no famine of industry, for, most beneficent provision of all, pending this appeal to arbitration, work must go on. Laborers are forbidden to strike, employers to lock out, for the purpose of evading arbitration, though they may cease for any other reason. The peaceful New Zealand court-room of arbitration, with its table, about which the judges, the contestants, the witnesses, and interested citizens are grouped, is a lens through which we Americans can look, with what satisfaction we may, at the spectacle we make of ourselves as "practical" men.

The Board of Conciliation and the Arbitration Court have found no more difficulty in settling the questions involved, however intricate, than our courts find in disentangling the complexities of bankruptcies, insurance, railroad receiverships, and the like. The spokesmen of the coal mine owners of Pennsylvania, explaining the points of difference with the men, all referring practically to wages and the recognition of the union, said to the senators of Pennsylvania, "None of these things can be the subject of arbitration." But we open the volume of awards under the New Zealand arbitration law and find in case after case in the coal industry that the court has settled all "these things," — and many still more technical, — questions of pay for all variety of work, "mining," "timbering," "headings," in all sorts of places "solid workings," "wet places," "hot places," "places in faulty coal," for all classes of labor, and to the satisfaction of owners and miners. The members of the coal companies are prominent among the New Zealand witnesses, quoted by the Royal Commission of New South Wales in support of arbitration. A number of the first cases referred to the Arbitration Court, which only a few weeks ago began its career in Sydney, were issues between coal companies and their miners, and several of these have been already decided and the judgments of the court acquiesced in by "all parties," — which there include the public. The workingmen and the capitalists find no difficulty in accepting the decisions. The findings are sometimes for the men, sometimes for the master, and both acquiesce, almost without exception. The exceptional rebels have been easily fined or rebuked into submission.

"You cannot make men work by law," was the cry against arbitration there as it is here. The law does not attempt it. But Australasian experience is a brilliant demonstration that the law can find the golden mean on

which both sides are willing to work. Men must work, capitalist as well as laborer; and the arbitration law can claim to have been more successful in keeping both at work than the violent method of private war. New Zealand has found the way — the only way — "to make men work by law;" it offers them an escape by law from the deadlocks and conflicts which elsewhere keep them from work.

This arbitration is not "compulsory" in any sense foreign to that "Anglo-Saxon liberty" which exists by such compulsions as taxation, eminent domain, conscription, education, and sanitation. The workingmen of America reject the procedure of Australasia only to submit to something far worse. They have a compulsory arbitration much more odious. The defeat of strikers by injunctions often entailing imprisonment has become their frequent experience. The Australasian workingmen think a judge — even if a "capitalist tool" — who sits in an arbitration court, where by law they are given recognition, hearing, facts, publicity, settlement, and protection, all in full, is better than a judge who sits in a star chamber dispensing government by injunction, with reserves of gatling guns and generals on horseback just outside his door.

No workingmen can be summoned to arbitrate unless they have formed a union and registered under the law to bring themselves within its jurisdiction. If they wish afterwards to withdraw they can do so. The unions must be open to all, and then in New Zealand by the usual practice of the court, and in New South Wales by the law itself, these trades-unionists are given preference of employment over non-unionists.

Employers and employees may, if they wish, establish private arbitration tribunals of their own, and the law makes special provision for this. If they would rather fight than eat, as many men would, they may even agree never to call one another into the Arbitration

Court, and then they can strike and lock out to their heart's content — if the heart has anything to do with such things. The state in New Zealand takes no initiative to compel resort to arbitration, or litigation, as South Australia has done. It provides only the place where and the way how. There is no compulsion on both to arbitrate. But if one party wants to arbitrate, instead of fighting, the other must come into court. New South Wales in following New Zealand has gone farther, and has given the state the right to call the combatants in labor wars into court.

The decisions have not all been in favor of the workmen, though most of them have been so, as the times and wages with them have been steadily improving. Some of the findings have gone heavily against labor, but it has always submitted. This seems to justify the expectation that arbitration will stand the test of hard times, too. But if the new institution should have nothing to its credit but that it succeeded in readjusting the relations of labor and capital to higher and better terms during the past seven years of advancing prices, it would deserve to be considered the best investment the New Zealand democracy has made.

The recent British Trades-Union Congress voted down a resolution for arbitration on the ground that if there were arbitration the need for unions would cease and they would die of inanition. But arbitration has wonderfully stimulated trades unionism in Australasia. By forming a union the workmen can get arbitration as a right. Practically every trade in New Zealand has organized under the law, and in New South Wales unions are now being formed both of capitalists and laborers to enjoy this new right of freedom from economic violence in the labor bargain. The employers are as favorable to arbitration as their men, for by it they alone, of all employers in the world, are free from cutthroat competition by un-

scrupulous rivals who cut wages in order to cut prices, and they can make contracts ahead without fear of strikes, as the awards are usually made to run for two years, and bind all in the trade. The Australasian colonies are the only countries where the workingmen can have their representatives received, and their case fairly heard, and their living wage enforced as a right. There, only, the supremacy of public opinion, which elsewhere is a boast, has been made a reality, for there only has public opinion clothed itself with the powers by which it can learn all the facts, and enforce itself. Employers, clerks, and even books can be brought into court to furnish the information necessary for a just and practical decision.

The social and economic success of this cure for labor wars is beyond question. During his recent coronation journey Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, has contradicted in England and elsewhere the countless canards of failure set afloat by the Irreconcilables of his country, the Tories of industry. "Capital is satisfied, labor is satisfied," he says. The London Times, which never conceals its dislike of the antipodal democracy which casts so searching a light on aristocratic policy at home, has had to say recently in an editorial: —

"It is fair to the authors of the Conciliation and Arbitration Act to own that all the evil consequences which its adversaries predicted have not come to pass, and that employers have not withdrawn their capital in order to escape what it was said would soon become intolerable tyranny."

A Royal Commission from New South Wales in 1901 and another Royal Commission from Victoria in 1902 have made reports speaking of the results in the highest terms. The Minister for Labor reports that the demand for labor in 1902 and the growth of industry are larger than ever, and the statistics show that in revenue, manufactures, commerce, everything the statesman counts,

New Zealand is more prosperous than before, is in fact the most prosperous country in the world.

The cost of all this up to date has been \$20,000 for the maintenance of the Boards of Conciliation and the Arbitration Court. This is the price of seven years of peace. On every day of these seven years the country has saved the whole cost of the entire period.

From New Zealand arbitration by courts with powers of settlement has spread to New South Wales and Western Australia, and in the modified form of Wages Boards to Victoria, which is likely to adopt it fully as a result of the favorable verdict of its recent Royal Commission. A bill for an arbitration court has also been introduced into the Tasmanian Parliament. South Australia was the first colony to attempt arbitration, but its law has been inoperative for reasons which have been avoided by the other colonies.

New South Wales has been a bloody ground of labor wars. It is the richest and most important of the Australasian colonies, antagonistic to New Zealand as to federation, tariff, and general policy. It is city governed, New Zealand is country governed. New South Wales is free trade, New Zealand protectionist. All the prepossessions of New South Wales would be against any imitation of its humble island neighbor. Its decision to follow New Zealand's lead in arbitration is the strongest possible indorsement this could have from practical men. The statesmen of New South Wales expect to see arbitration succeed as well in the great metropolis of Sydney as in the more modest towns of New Zealand. In the expansion of this institution from one commonwealth to another of the most progressive democracy of our race, and in the universal scrutiny of its results by all civilized peoples, the social observer can hardly doubt that he is witnessing the evolution of a new, but permanent, organ of our social life.

Had such a system been in force in

the United States we would have saved besides much else the thousands of children and of old people who will die this winter in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and in all our Northern cities, because of dear coal. The prevention of the coal mine war would have been only a minor item in the inventory of benefits. It would have made impossible something we can see coming, which will be infinitely more disastrous and will work its mischief all through our life for many years. There is more than one sign that this coal strike has been forced as part of a still greater strike against the public, — a combination of hard and soft coal interests, to accustom the public through strike scarcity to a higher price for anthracite, which will never again be as cheap as before; to force bituminous into wider use, at the sacrifice of individual health and municipal beauty, enhancing its price, also, permanently; levying many additional millions a year more for tribute to the coal monopolists, and adding many hundreds of millions in stock exchange valuations to the fortunes of a few devotees of this kind of "coöperation." There was no such "loot" in the descent of the allied Christian powers on China as in the conspiracy against the life, property, and industry of us all, masked behind this attack on the coal miners of Pennsylvania. These Poles, Lithuanians, and other Slavs in Anthracite were the pickets of your firesides, as well as of their own, and of your liberties in the markets, and all your other liberties, — for the liberties are all near relatives. You forgot it, but for the contributions you did not make to their strike funds, for the help you did not give their plea for just settlement, you will be fined in generations to come on every fire in your homes and factories, and on every right. Had the American democracy but the wit and virtue of its brothers of Australasia to protect the right of the miners to arbitration, it would have protected itself from the impending possibility of

as absolute a monopoly of its fuel as that which it already suffers in oil and steel, a greater calamity than any other that could befall except a monopoly of our food, — and that is already well under way as every housekeeper knows.

For peace in the world of labor, which

is the whole world, we of America are building armories and monopolies; our antipodal brothers of New Zealand, New South Wales, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, are building court-rooms. Which is the easier and wiser way — and the wealthier?

Henry Demarest Lloyd.

MODERN ARTISTIC HANDICRAFT.

MUCH has been said of the lack of artistic merit in the products of modern handicrafts, and many efforts at improvement have been made, though as yet with little substantial result. Notwithstanding the extensive activities of the South Kensington establishment, by which the British government hoped to effect far-reaching, and commercially profitable reforms in the so-called industrial arts, the Eastlake Household Art movement, the William Morris movement, and various other corporate and individual enterprises, it is beginning to appear that little real improvement has been effected. The standard of excellence has not been so materially raised as was expected, and much of what has been produced as a result of the efforts of the propagandists of reform is now found to be of questionable merit.

An address lately published¹ by Mr. Arthur A. Cary, the president of The Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston, gives promise of a more hopeful movement in seeking, as a primary condition of success, to find the fundamental obstacles which have thus far stood in the way of reform. Efforts at improvement consistently maintained in the spirit of this address cannot fail to accomplish something of importance in the way of enlightenment as to the con-

ditions on which good artistic production must rest, though to bring about these conditions, and thus to effect any general improvement of the arts, must be a slow process, because it involves nothing less than a radical change in widely prevailing motives and desires.

A fundamental weakness of most of the movements hitherto started has been that they have not been based on a just recognition of what is involved in artistic reform. Even the less remote conditions of success have not been clearly seen. A misconception of what is properly meant by artistic design has prevailed. It has been conceived too much as something abstract and extraneous which may be applied to objects of use in order to beautify them. Thus the term "applied design" has come into vogue. But if there be a sense in which it may be correct to speak of design as applied, there is a fundamental misconception involved in the general idea. The extent to which good design in handicrafts is connected with good craftsmanship is lost sight of. This is apt to be the case under our confused modern teaching, even when the designer and the craftsman are one and the same person. It is, of course, still more so when they are not. The idea of applied design has naturally grown out of the modern system of division of labor. But this system is injurious, if not wholly destructive, to artistic design. There can hardly be any complete di-

¹ In *Handicraft*, a monthly periodical issued by the Society of Arts and Crafts, 14 Somerset Street, Boston, for April, 1902.

vision of labor between the designer and the manual worker in handicrafts without disastrous results. The designer who is not a craftsman not only lacks the practical basis of apprehension that is needful, but he becomes sophisticated, and too much affects design. The craftsman must be, for the most part, himself the designer; but he must be imbued with the spirit of his craft, and have regard to it primarily. If he think too much of design, and strive for novelty, he will surely go wrong. He must be a modest worker, and find pleasure in doing excellent work for use. He must be governed by a controlling sense of fitness, and realize that no design can be good which is incompatible with use, or which violates the principles of constructive propriety.

A natural part of the misconception of design as something to be applied is the notion that the faculty of it may be acquired by a study of rules. But the principles of design cannot be formulated and applied by rule. Design is not a mechanical application of formulæ, nor is it a science. It is a fine art. There are, indeed, certain general principles underlying it that have been deduced from practice, approved by experience, and confirmed by philosophical considerations, which may be intelligibly stated, and may, in some measure, quicken apprehension where it has not already been consciously awakened. But a knowledge of these will not make a designer. The faculty of artistic design is a faculty of the creative imagination. It is a supremely logical faculty, but it involves a great deal more than logic, and is primarily animated and directed by that subtle feeling which no science can grasp or explain.

There is little need for original design in the forms of most objects of use. The best shapes for utensils and household furniture were evolved long ago. In the making of these objects there is slight occasion even for what is called adaptation. For the form of a spoon,

a bowl, or a pitcher, better models already exist than any others that the most clever designer can invent. While the functions and materials of things remain unchanged the craftsman will thus have little need to seek new forms. Let him learn to appreciate the best existing forms, and to reproduce these in the best manner. The best forms are those which best serve their intended uses. A spoon must be convenient to handle, its bowl must have the right angle, its handle must not be too heavy for convenience, nor too light for strength. It must expand, and be flattened, for comfortable grasp, and the best form for the narrow shaft connecting the handle with the bowl will be narrow transversely, and thick the other way to stiffen its delicate leverage. The meeting of these conditions alone will go far to give the object grace, and if the craftsman have an eye for beauty of line and surface, such as may be caught from the living curves and subtle modelings of leaves and stems, he will naturally impart to his implement some corresponding grace and refinement. A bowl must stand firmly, therefore it must be relatively large at its base. But for convenience its greatest diameter must be at its rim. For its outline in elevation a curve of double flexure is unnecessary, and may be inconvenient. The best outline for use is a simple convex curve, to which the craftsman may, if he will, give a beauty like that of the sea urchin. The essential qualities of a pitcher are that it stand firmly, that it balance well in the hand, and that it pour well. It must therefore have a firm base, its handle must extend well down on its side to give an easy fulcrum, and its spout must be so formed as to give proper direction to the stream in pouring. Its opening ought to be large enough for the insertion of the hand, and its surfaces, within and without, should be smooth enough for facility of cleansing. Most convenient and most graceful forms of all such objects were long ago produced,

yet inappropriate and awkward forms are more common in modern use than good ones. Now the bad forms that prevail are the result of misdirected efforts at original design largely on the part of men who are not craftsmen, and have little knowledge of craft. Such designers seek for novelties of form and ornamentation without regard to adaptation to use, with the inevitable result that every departure from the standard forms, long since attained, has contributed to make the objects produced both unhandy and ungraceful.

Within the limits of the best established forms there is room in every object for countless variations of line and surface, such as will naturally be made, without much conscious effort at originality, by the intelligent workman who has acquired an artistic sense of form. Thus the proportions and outlines of the finest Greek amphoræ are endlessly varied, no two examples having precisely the same shape, though the general standard form is maintained in all. These variations are, of course, in part due to accidental irregularities inherent in all hand work; but even these have a charm when they come from the hand of a workman of artistic feeling and skill.

The refinements which distinguish the most beautiful objects of artistic workmanship are not striking to the common eye. Their varieties do not constitute conspicuous novelties of design. The good workman does not strive for novelty, or seek applause. He finds satisfaction and pleasure in merely excellent production on well-established lines. There has been too little appreciation of this on the part of those who have striven for artistic reform in the industrial arts. They have, though without intending it, encouraged a false ambition which has made the designer vain of his art and forgetful of his craft.

One of the immediate causes which have induced this condition, and retarded progress, is the lack of discrimination in the use of models. This has been

conspicuous in the methods adopted in the English government schools. The promiscuous collections of bricabrac gathered in the South Kensington Museum include multitudes of objects which have no merit as works of art, and many among those which have merit in some points embody, at the same time, vices of design that render them pernicious as models. The credulous artisan, finding these things set before him as guides to his taste, accepts them as authoritative, and imitates their defects. Such objects are largely those of the Italian Renaissance. Objects of use have rarely been designed with less regard to propriety and convenience of form, or temperance of enrichment, than those of the Italian workmen of that period. The ornamental art of the Renaissance, with all its delicate refinement, is remarkable for lack of fitness in all branches of design in works of utility, from architecture down to the lowest handicrafts.

For instance, I have before me a photograph of a silver ewer of the school of Benvenuto Cellini. Its general outline is graceful in the abstract, being one which, with many minor variations, characterizes a large class of Greek vases. But the neck is so small, and the shoulder so pronounced, that the vessel would have to be completely inverted to empty it. The ornamental handle is shaped and adjusted with no respect to facility of grasp or ease of pouring. It rises from the top of the shoulder, close to the neck, so that it would require a painful effort to tilt the jug when filled. It is rendered further difficult to handle by very salient ornaments which leave no portion smooth enough for comfort to the hand. A silver cup with handles, of the same school of workmen, has a rim which flares so that it must be difficult to drink from, and the handles, here also, are armed with projecting points of ornament painful to grasp. Of the numerous silver plates by Cellini and his followers, few, if any, could be

made serviceable on account of the ornaments in high relief with which their surfaces are loaded. The forms of these objects are not always beautiful even in the abstract; but in respect to adaptation to use they are often ridiculous, and as models they can be only stumbling-blocks to the craftsman.

In some classes of objects the details of form are not so strictly governed by adaptation to use, and there is more room for a free play of independent artistic fancy. In this category are things that do not have to be much handled: lamps, candelabra, fire-dogs, picture frames, etc. Adaptation to use is, of course, imperative in these also, but the introduction of many details of a purely ornamental character may not be inconsistent with such use as they subserve. The value of these details will depend on their merits considered as abstract ornamental design. But aberrations of design in the abstract are less easy to demonstrate than infractions of the principles of utility, since they consist in violations of laws which are, for the most part, too subtle for analysis. The more general principles of symmetry, harmony, and measure may, however, serve as a basis of criticism as far as they go, and there are some obvious principles of congruity which cannot be violated without offense, but which often are violated in the handicrafts of the Renaissance. For instance, I have another photograph, of an ecclesiastical candelabrum by Fra Giovanni of Verona that is open to objection in its purely ornamental forms, though in general adaptation to its function no fault can be found with it. The function of such a thing is merely to hold a great candle firmly at a required height. A tall shaft on a firm base is all that is needed for this use, and the object in question has these parts properly adjusted. The shaft, however, is ornamented improperly. It has, indeed, a series of swelling and contracting surfaces, and salient circular rings and mould-

ings, which, though of no great beauty, have some merits of line and proportion, and are well enough in their way; but this appropriate scheme of embellishment is broken just above the middle by a miniature architectural composition in the form of an octagonal tabernacle resting on the backs of diminutive sphinxes ranged on the circumference of one of the salient rings. This feature, badly designed in itself, is inappropriate. To fashion a sarcophagus, or a reliquary, in the form of a diminutive architectural design, as was done in ancient times, and in the Middle Ages, may be well enough. The forms of these objects lend themselves to such ornamental treatment; but to work an architectural scheme around the shaft of a candelabrum is incongruous.

In these, and in many other ways, the handicrafts of the Renaissance embody vices of design which unfit them to be taken by the modern artisan as exemplary models for imitation. It does not, however, follow that no advantage may be derived from the study of them. These remarks are intended to show only that all such models should be studied with intelligence and discrimination which have not been enough inculcated in the recent efforts at artistic reform in handicrafts. The craftsman needs to exercise a critical habit, to gather from models their excellent qualities which may be suited to his uses, and to reject what is unsuitable. The primary guides to the formation of such a critical habit are a thorough knowledge of his craft, and the true spirit of a craftsman, which will prompt him to work with a controlling regard for the uses of the objects that he makes. But the causes of failure thus far considered are not the fundamental causes. They do not wholly explain the general lack of artistic excellence in handicrafts. There are causes back of these which must be reached before we can gain a solid working basis for general improvement in design. Mr. Cary, in his admirable ad-

dress already alluded to, finds them in the commercial spirit of our time. This is an important discovery. Twenty-five years ago, when efforts were making to introduce the South Kensington methods as a means of improving industrial arts on the artistic side, the commercial spirit was appealed to. The pecuniary advantage that it was hoped would accrue was then held up as a motive for supporting the proposed measures for public instruction in design. But Mr. Cary is certainly right in affirming that the commercial spirit, even when most honorable, can have no place as a motive in artistic production. As a motive it is an obstacle that is sure to defeat improvement.

It is not, however, in the commercial spirit alone that the root of the trouble lies. The prevalence of the commercial spirit does not wholly explain why the better things which a few exceptionally able craftsmen produce do not readily find a market. The commercial spirit is only a part, or a consequence, of other causes which have their root in popular conditions giving rise to a restless desire for novelty and show, with little respect for real excellence of any kind. Thus with the growth and diffusion of material resources extensive demands have arisen for merely specious forms of art. While such demands prevail the commercial spirit will naturally seek profit in supplying them, and the efforts of a few æsthetically inclined people will count for little. We cannot hope to reform the arts from the outside. Reform in art, as in life, must come from within. To improve our material surroundings it is necessary first to reform our motives and desires. The works of our hands must ever be the result and expression of our essential character.

Before the fine arts can materially improve among us we have got to care more for them. A genuine and an active craving for beauty, and a recognition of its meaning and worth, must

prevail. To such craving the artistic powers of the people will promptly respond, as they do to whatever we strongly desire and strive for. There is no lack of latent artistic capacity among us, but there is a woeful lack of artistic intelligence due to neglect and indifference. Our absorbing interests and successful achievements are in other directions. Men always do best what the largest numbers of the most intelligent among them care most for. Our predominant interests are plainly not at present in the direction of the fine arts. The spirit of scientific investigation, of mechanical works, and of commercial enterprises, all good and important in themselves, is the controlling spirit of the air we breathe. This, and the restless habit which the too strenuous pursuit of material interests engenders, the superficial tastes, and seeking for novelties which are the natural concomitants of such conditions, make it impossible for genuine artistic apprehensions, and the sense of artistic needs, to gain any large foothold. Thus into the complex of our modern life interest in the fine arts enters as yet so subordinately that it does not perceptibly influence our general ideas and activities. Thrust aside from a foremost place, the fine arts among us are dishonored and stunted; and it is no wonder that in handicrafts wrought for the larger public, meretricious design, suited to the popular demand for the specious, takes the place of that which should be an expression of genuine and disciplined artistic feeling.

What, then, may those of us who care for good design in handicrafts hope under existing conditions to effect in the way of reform? To say nothing of the matters which concern the spiritual and moral foundation of the fine arts, we may hope to induce among the thoughtful a justly critical spirit which shall lead them to seek what is excellent in household belongings. The acceptance of the specious in the adornment of ob-

jects of use is largely from thoughtlessness, often on the part of otherwise intelligent and thoughtful people. The exercise of a discriminating spirit, even by a few, will at once create a demand which, though limited, may support and encourage the small number of artistic craftsmen who already have a right conception of their art, and a genuine aspiration for excellence; but who, Mr. Cary tells us, are now unable to find a market for their wares. We must seek to awaken and maintain among artistic workmen the truest ideals. Affectations, vagaries, and extravagances of every kind must be discouraged, and sound, suitable, substantial, and finished work required. Every kind of simulation and cheapness got by hasty and imperfect execution must be repressed. There is no greater obstacle to artistic

progress than that which lies in the cheapening of things by flimsiness of make. The common saying of the dealer that a thing is good for its price expresses an idea that is hostile to excellence. A thing is not good from an artistic point of view if it be not the best that can be produced at any price.

In criticism we ought not to be too confident of our judgments of artistic excellence. We have all been too long surrounded by false aims, and spurious production, to completely free ourselves at once from the habits of mind they have induced. We must be on our guard against crotchets to which all reformers are prone. We should realize that with the best intentions we may make mistakes; but our mistakes will correct themselves as we persistently seek for uncompromising excellence.

Charles H. Moore.

MY COOKERY BOOKS.¹

III.

It is when I look at my Latin books that I am most convinced of my sincerity as collector. My English books I can read and enjoy. But my pleasure in these old vellum-covered quartos and octavos, printed in a language I cannot understand, is purely bibliographical. Were their pages blank, my profit as reader could be no less. But without them, my pride as collector would not be so great.

They are not many, or it would be nearer the truth to say they are very few. But these few are of rare interest, and at least one would satisfy the collector of Early Printed Books. Indeed, since I have been collecting, I begin to believe that the real achievement of the Renaissance was not the discovery of the world and man, as historians fancy, but the discovery of the kitchen,

so promptly were cookery books put on the market. The earliest, Platina's *De Honesta Voluptate* (1470), I cannot mention without a sigh, remembering how once at Sotheby's I came within a miserable pound of having it for my own, — such an exceptionally fine copy too! However, I take what comfort I can from Apicius Cœlius, which I have in two editions. One, the first, is only sixteen years younger than the Platina; and 1486 is a respectable date, as these matters go. When the first article on *My Cookery Books* was printed in the *Atlantic*, I had only the 1498 edition, my copy, as I described it, quite perfect save for the absence of the title-page. For long I tried to convince myself that this absence was welcome as one of the marks by which the Early Printed Book may be known. Besides,

¹ See *Atlantic* for June, 1901, p. 789, and also for August, 1902, p. 221.

I could see no need for a title-page, when there, on the last page, was the name of the printer, and the date, while the space left for the capital letter at the beginning of every division was still another mark as distinctive of the primitive press, though 1498 might be a little late to look for either one or the other. But M. Vicaire and his Bibliography refused to leave me in my comfortable ignorance. The 1498 edition, when perfect, has a title-page; one, moreover, with a fine printer's mark, — an angel holding a sphere. The curious may be referred to the example at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. But not even M. Vicaire can put me out of countenance when it comes to my first edition,¹ printed by Bernardino of Venice. That, any way, is in order: title-page in place, the spaces, all except one, filled with decorative capitals by the wood-cutter; the pages untorn and unsoiled, only mellowed by time to a rich yellow; here and there, on the margin, a note, and once some verses, in beautiful old handwriting; the binding of vellum. I have the further satisfaction of knowing that it is more complete than any that has come in M. Vicaire's way. On the title-page there are three titles: *Apicii Celii de re Coquinaria libri decem*; *Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Grāmaticis*; *Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Rhetoribus*. M. Vicaire calls attention to the fact that the two treatises under the heading *Suetonius*, etc., do not appear. But in my copy they do, combined in one essay. And whenever I am discouraged by the condition of some of my rare books into asking myself whether, after all, they are anything more than Mr. Lang's "twopenny treasures," a glance at the 1486 *Apicius* restores my confidence in my collection.

When I consider what the mere possession of the book means to me, it seems unreasonable to waste my time

in regretting the further pleasure I might have, if only I could read it. But what a triumph, if I could decide the vexed question as to whether one of the three men who, in the days of Roman Emperors, made the name *Apicius* the synonym for gluttony, was the author, and, if so, which; or whether, as Dr. Martin Lister and Dr. Warner agreed over a hundred years ago, the book was the work of a fifteenth-century student of cookery who borrowed the ancient name to advertise his own performance. And what a satisfaction if I could demolish the irreverent critics who declare the receipts to be full of "garbage," — of vile concoctions, with assafetida for *motif*! The few words I can understand — asparagus, carrots, wine, oil, melons, pork — sound innocent, even appetizing. But to argue from such meagre premises would be about as wise as to criticise a picture, in Morellian fashion, after seeing it only in the photograph.

I have also Dr. Lister's edition, with numerous notes: not the first published in London in 1705, but the second, printed in Amsterdam four years later, limited to a hundred copies. This is the book which set Dr. King to writing his *Art of Cookery* in imitation of Horace, and filled scholars, who could not secure it for themselves, with despair lest they might be dining in defiance of classical rule. The notes are so many that they turn the thin little old quarto into a fat octavo. For their learning, as they too are in Latin, I must take the word of Dr. Lister's admirers. But, without reading them, I know they are sympathetic. Dr. Lister was not only physician to Queen Anne, but her adviser in the *Art of Eating*, and it was his privilege to inspire the indigestions it became his duty to cure. The frontispiece calls for no interpreter, though the scrupulous housekeeper might think

¹ I speak of it as the first out of deference to the authorities. Judging the books by their appearance, I should say the 1498 edition was

far the earlier. Certainly it is the first with a date, and, I am happy to say, is excessively rare.

it needs an apologist. It shows a kitchen with poultry, fruit, and vegetables strewn over the floor as none but the artist would care to see them, and cooks, in the scantiest drapery, posing in the midst of the confusion; prominent in the foreground, a Venetian plaque exactly like one on my dining-room mantelpiece, or for that matter like dozens shining and glittering from the darkness of the cheap little fishshops of Venice.

With these three editions of Apicius, I am content. I know ten are duly entered in the pages of M. Vicaire, but when a book figures so seldom in sale rooms and catalogues, I think I am to be envied my good fortune in owning it at all.

My next Latin work is *De Re Cibiaria*, by Bruyerin, which I have in the first edition, a thick, podgy octavo, published at Lyons by Sebastian Honorat in 1560. A more severe and solid page of type I have never seen. The quotations from Horace or Virgil, breaking the solidity, seem like indiscretions; an air of undue frivolity is given when, toward the end, the division into short chapters results in two, three, and even four initial letters on a single page; while a capital N, inserted sideways, and overlooked by author, printer, and proofreader, is a positive relief as the one sign of human weakness in all those eleven hundred and twenty-nine solemn pages. Bruyerin was a learned physician who translated Averroes and Avicenna, and who was sufficiently in favor at court to attend those suppers of Francis I., which, he explains, were served by Theologians, Philosophers, and Doctors. If it was from this company he derived his theory of food, it is alarming to consider the consequences to his contemporaries. In any case, his book, to look at, is the most impressive in my library. I have also a graceful quarto, called *Juris Evidentiæ Demonstratio in Materia Alimentarium et Sumptuum Litis*, by Francesco Maria

Cevoli, Florence, 1703, omitted from all bibliographies of cookery books. But as it is concerned indirectly with nourishment, it seems to me eligible. Besides, it has many graces of outward form that appeal to the book lover, — a pleasant page well spaced and well printed, old paper mellowed and toned by years, a vellum binding ingeniously patched.

I may as well admit at once that unfortunate gaps occur not only in my Latin, but in all my foreign sections. Naturally, one's spoils are richest in one's own country. When I travel on the Continent I keep my eyes open, and I receive many foreign catalogues. But that is not quite the same as being continually on the spot. After my English books, my Italian are the most numerous, because mine is the rare good fortune of having in Italy a friend who is as eager to collect for me as I am to collect for myself. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, who lives in Florence, has for several years haunted the old bookshops and barrows there in my behalf, and to him I owe an imposing shelf of vellum-covered volumes, the titles of many in illuminated lettering on their backs, often both binding and illumination being the work of his hands. A few prizes have also been captured by me in London, and altogether, if I boast of my Italian section, it is with reason. Curiously, however, though it includes almost every one of the amazing treatises of the sixteenth century, and though few if any of the nineteenth-century books are missing, the two intervening centuries are unrepresented, — the period, that is, to which I owe by far the larger part of my English series.

But had the selection been deliberate, instead of the result of mere chance, it could not have been better. The Italian cookery books were the most important published anywhere, in the sixteenth century. Italy then set the standard of cookery, as of all the arts, for the world. Even the French looked up to the Italian chef as to the Italian

painter or sculptor. Historically, these old volumes are indispensable to the student of the Renaissance. Bibliographically, too, they have their charm: being often delightful specimens of book-making, and as often of unquestionable rarity. For two or three I still look, but the most famous are already in my possession: the Banchetti of Christoforo Messibugo, not in the first edition published at Ferrara in 1549, but in the second with the title changed to *Libro Novo*, printed *In Venetia al signo di San Girolamo* in 1552, — a little shabby duodecimo in cracked vellum; *La Singolare Dottrina* of Domenico Romoli, a dignified stout octavo which I have in the first edition, bearing the date 1560, and the name of the printer, Michel Tramezzino, who seems to have had something like a monopoly of cookery books in Venice; the *Opera* of Bartolomeo Scappi, another of Tramezzino's publications, also mine in its first edition, 1570, — a nice, fat, substantial octavo in its old vellum covers, but compressed into half the thickness between the shining calfskin with which Sala bound the second edition — 1598 — which I secured at his sale; *Il Trinciante* of Vincenzo Cervio, my only copy, Giovanni Vacchi's edition of 1593, the first having been issued by the indefatigable Tramezzino in 1581; Castor Durante's *Tesoro della Sanità*, one of my compensations, as the first of my two editions (Venice, Andrea Muschio, 1586), is a year earlier than the first known to M. Vicaire. You see, I enjoy occasional moments of superiority, if I do suffer occasional humiliations.

My Italian is no great thing to boast of, but, with the help of a dictionary, I have gradually read enough to learn that these old books are delightfully amusing. It is their close relationship to the church that strikes me above all. "Take pride from priests and what remains?" somebody once said to Voltaire. "Do you then reckon gluttony

for nothing?" was his answer. Certainly, in the Italy of the Renaissance, gluttony seems to have been the chief resource of Popes and Cardinals, who were no longer quite so sure that man was placed on earth to gather bitter fruit. The distinguished cooks of the period, whose names have come down to us, were with scarcely an exception as dependent on church patronage as the distinguished painters and sculptors. When they undertook to write on their art, their books were published, as every title-page records, "*Col Privilegio del sommo Pontefici*," and as a rule were dedicated to, or at least inspired by, the priest or church dignitary in whose household the author served. Messibugo, a native of Moosburg, Bavaria, who settled in Italy and wrote in Italian, was cook to the *Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Signore, il Signor don Hippolito da Este, Cardinal di Ferrara*, to whom he offered his *Banchetti*. Scappi was *cuoco secreto* (private cook) to Pius V., and his treatise was written chiefly for the instruction of Giovanni, a pupil recommended by Cardinal Carpi. Cervio and his editor Narni were each in turn *trinciante*, that is, carver, to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, whose name graces the dedication. Romoli was cook to a Pope — I have not yet been able to find out which Pope — and to a Cardinal. It seems almost like heresy when Castor Durante, a physician who ventured to write on the subject, dedicated his *Tesoro* to a lady, *la Signora Donna Camilla Peretta*, and yet she, I fancy from her name, was a near relation of Pius V.

If there is one feature all these books have in common, it is a love of pageantry, eminently characteristic of the Renaissance. Popes and Cardinals, who overloaded their churches with ornament, who covered the walls of their palaces with splendid pictures and gorgeous arabesques, whose very costume added to the pageant into which they turned their daily existence, would have

had no appetite for the meal that did not contribute its share to the great spectacle of life. The simplest dish was transformed into a bewildering harmony of color, a marvelous medley of spices and sweets, and when it came to the composition of the menu for a feast, the cook soared to heights of poetic imagination, now happily unattainable. It was over these menus he loved to linger at his desk as in his kitchen. Messibugo frankly confessed the subject that engrossed him in the title of his book, which, I cannot help thinking, as Lamb said of Thomson's Seasons, looks best when, like my copy picked up by my husband in an old bookshop of Siena, it is a little torn and dog-eared, with sullied leaves and a worn-out appearance, for its shabbiness shows that generations have had as much joy in the reading as the Cardinal had in the eating. The banquets, in which I am afraid lurked many a magnificent indigestion, covered twenty years, from the first on the 20th of May, 1529, — the feast of San Bernardino is Messibugo's pious reminder, — and were designed on a scale and with a spectacular splendor that fairly staggers the modern weakling. An Italian Inigo Jones building up the stage for a masque, one might think, not the cook dishing up his dinner. A terrace or a fair garden became the scene, cypress and orange groves the background, courses were served to the sound of "divine music" and interrupted by the wit of a pleasant farce. And yet, these were the commonplaces of feasting. Cervio's banquets were far more amazing, or, it may be, he had a prettier talent for description. Pies from which outstepped little blackamoors bearing gifts of perfumed gloves, or rabbits with coral beads on their feet and silver bells round their necks; castles of pastry with sweet-smelling fire issuing from the ramparts; white peacocks served in their feathers to look alive; statues of the Horse at the Capitol, of Hercules and the Lion

in marchpane; a centre table of a hundred lovely ladies; a beautiful garden — *bellissimo giardino* — all in paste and sugar, with fountains playing, statues on terraces, trees bearing boxes of sugar plums, a fish-pond, and, for the beautiful ladies, little nets to go fishing with if they would; — such are a few of Cervio's flights of fancy for great occasions: the wedding of the Duke of Mantua, for instance, or the reception of Charles V. by Cardinal Campeggio. This was the Cardinal who, when he went to England on business connected with the divorce of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, was charged by the Pope with a private mission to look into the state of the kitchens of the king and of the people, so that no doubt he was qualified to appreciate Cervio's most daring fantasies. But it seems as if the two hundred and eighteen receipts for fish Scappi gives must have more than satisfied a Pope whose usual *apéritif* before dinner was a visit to the hospitals and practices there too unpleasant for me to repeat. Scappi, however, was an artist, and when, in his portrait, the frontispiece to his book, I see the sad ruggedness of his face and the lines with which his brow is seamed and furrowed, I attribute these signs of care to his despair over the Pope's hair shirt and all it stood for. He himself shared the ideal of his contemporaries. Not one could surpass him in the ceremonial banquet he prepared for the "Coronation" of Pius V., or for Cardinals in Conclave; not one could equal him in the more informal feasts he suggested for an August fast day after vespers in a vineyard, or for a May afternoon in a garden of the Trastevere, or for the cool of a June evening in Cardinal Carpi's vineyard on Monte Cavallo. And there is the intimate charm of the "petits soupers" of the French court a couple of centuries later in his light collations served, one at an early hour of a cold December morning after a performance of Plautus, another at Cardi-

nal Bellaia's after a diverting comedy played in French, Spanish, Venetian, and Bergamesque. Whatever Pope Pius might do, Scappi kept up the best traditions of the Vatican. His book has the further merit of taking one behind the scenes; in an unrivaled series of illustrations, it shows the Vatican kitchen, airy and spacious as he says a kitchen should be, the Vatican scullery, cellar, and dairy, and every pot, pan, and conceivable utensil a Papal or any other cook could ever be in need of. Domenico Romoli, though less gorgeous than Messibugo and Cervio, less charming than Scappi, outdid them in ambition. For to the inevitable description of occasional feasts, he added, in anticipation of Baron Brisse, three hundred and sixty-five menus for the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and served them in the noble fashion of "those divine Florentine geniuses," his fellow citizens, who were masters of table decoration. In his treatise, however, one is conscious of the mummy at the feast. The private cook of Pope or Cardinal has need to keep his eyes open, he says with a sigh, and adds that he never goes to bed at night without thanking God for still another day passed in safety. The fear of poison haunted him, as it must have haunted many another man in his responsible position. Sala, on a fly-leaf of his copy of Scappi, noted his surprise to find no trace of poisons in the book. But I think there is more than a trace in Scappi's advice to build the kitchen apart from the house that none might enter unseen and tamper with the food. The Italian cook's bed in those days was not one of roses.

It would be a mistake to think there were no frugal intervals in these old books. Even the prevailing flamboyancy had its degrees. The feast might begin with nothing more elaborate than melon and a slice of ham or sausage served together, for all the world like the last breakfast I ate in the trattoria

at Lecco, where the Milanese go for a Sunday outing in summer. Simple salads and salamis had their place among the intricate devices at Cardinal Ferrara's table, and Messibugo himself gives ten different kinds of maccheroni, not leaving out the most frequent if least simple of all in to-day's bill of fare, Maccheroni alla Napoletani. Scappi is prodigal in his receipts for soups and fish, and caters specially for the convalescent. Such plain fare as the English veal pie — *alla Inglese* — was at times imported, though before it reached the Italian table olives and capers had been added. But still, the principal attention was paid to feasting, the main tendency of the cookery book was toward excess and exaggeration, until the protest, which Durante's Tesoro probably seemed when it appeared in 1586, was sorely needed. It was time to teach, not how to eat, but how, in eating, to preserve health.

The next book in my Italian series marks a radical change. If in the sixteenth century the Italian kitchen was paramount, in the seventeenth, the tables had turned and French cookery had become supreme. It is therefore appropriate that my one Italian book of the period should be the translation of La Varenne's famous *Cuisinier Français*, since described as "the starting point of modern cookery." My copy of *Il Cuoco Francese* was published in Venice in 1703, but the first edition appeared in 1693 in Bologna, and so the book belongs by right to the same century as the original. Of the century that followed, my record is almost as barren. But, here again, had the choice been left to me, I would have preferred to all others the books that happen to have found their way to my shelves. For they include the principal works of Francesco Leonardi, who wrote them with that naïve want of reserve peculiar to distinguished cooks. The most elaborate is the *Apicio Moderno* in six volumes, to the collector an indispensable

sequel to the fifteenth-century Apicius. My copy is dated 1808, but the first edition appeared before 1800. Another is the *Pasticciere all' Uso Moderno*, Florence, 1797, written when, after serving the Maréchal de Richelieu, and going through several campaigns with Louis XV., Leonardi had become chef to Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, to whom his French training did not prevent his serving many Italian dishes. But he excelled even himself in the *Gianina ossa la Cuciniera delle Alpi* (the date carefully blotted out on the title-page of my copy, and the book, to my astonishment, unknown to M. Vicaire). It was a legacy, he says, left him by an accomplished lady whom he described as the hostess of an inn on the Mont Cenis, but whom I suspect to have been one of his own inventions. Not over his most inspired dish did he grow so lyrical as over the story of her happy wooing by the chef Luneville in the kitchen of her father's inn at Neustadt. He makes you feel there is more romance in the Courtship of Cooks than in all the Loves of the Poets or Tragedies of Artists' Wives, and, if only for the sake of the grandiloquent Preface that tells the tale, I recommend this work, his masterpiece.

With Leonardi, I bring the record of my Italian books to an end. The nineteenth century produced a large library on the subject of cookery, and most of the volumes in it I have, but they open an entirely new chapter in the literature of the kitchen.

My French books have been chosen as kindly by chance as my Italian. I still wait for the collector's prizes — Taillevent's *Viandier* (about 1490), the *Roti-Cochon* (about 1696), *Le Pâtissier Français* (1655), and I suppose I shall go on waiting till the end, so extremely rare are they. But in the history of cookery they do not hold the indispensable place of the three most famous books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: *La Varenne's Cuisinier*

Français (1651), *Les Dons de Comus* (1739), *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* (1745), and these I do own in interesting editions. The change that had come over the spirit of the kitchen is at once revealed in the rank of its new patrons. The church had ceased to be the controlling power. *La Varenne* was maître d'hôtel to the Marquis d'Uxelles; *Marin*, author of *Les Dons de Comus*, was chef to the Maréchal de Soubise, who did pay his cooks, however other men in his service might fare; and if the author of *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* preferred to remain anonymous, his claim to favor was no ecclesiastical recommendation, but his own excellence as cook. Here was change indeed. But there was a still more vital difference. The Italian cookery books of the sixteenth century were as flamboyant as the kitchen they immortalized. In the French of the seventeenth, the genius of the French people for order, for harmony of balance, in a word, for style, had asserted itself. Perfection of form — that is what the French have striven for in all their arts, and cookery was no exception. Even under Louis XIV., who was blessed with a phenomenal appetite and more phenomenal capacity, dinner became a work of art, admirably rounded out, compared to the unspeakable medleys and discords, the barbarous profusion in which Popes and Cardinals a century earlier had found their pleasure. It was for a great principle Vatel killed himself when the fish did not arrive in time for the royal dinner at Chantilly. And the cooks brought the same order to their books. If *La Varenne's* has been described as "the starting point of modern cookery," it is because there is a method in his treatment of the subject, never before attempted, seldom since surpassed. And he wrote it at a time when, in England, Queen's Closets and Cabinets were being opened by titled dilettanti and obsequious courtiers. Compared to contemporary Eng-

lish books, it is as the masterpiece of Claude to the little pictures that many accomplished ladies besides Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn were turning out for the edification of their friends. He went to work as systematically as a chemist classifying gases and acids, or as an astronomer designing a chart of the heavens. Soups, Fish, Entrées, Roasts, Sauces, — a whole “artillery of sauces,” — Entremets, were treated in their respective sections and correct order. His dishes did stand upon the order of their serving and his book was a training in itself. Its pages may be turned with the same confidence that carries the student through the galleries of French paintings in the Louvre — the certainty that all will be accomplished, correct, distinguished. Nor do I find that this method put a curb upon La Varenne’s imagination, a restraint upon the expression of his individuality. He was a man of conscience, who wrote because he felt it right the public should profit by his experience and share his knowledge. But though his style has greater elegance and restraint than Sir Kenelm Digby’s or Lord Ruthven’s, it is as intimate and personal. “*Bien que ma condition ne me rende pas capable d’un cœur héroïque,*” he tells the Marquis d’Uxelles in a dedication that is stateliness itself, “*elle me donne pourtant assez de ressentement pour ne pas oublier mon devoir;*” and he concludes with the assurance that the entire work is but a mark of the passion with which he has devoted, and will ever devote, himself to the service of Monseigneur, whose very humble, very obedient, very grateful servant he is. Here and there in the text he interrupts his technical directions for such a graceful little touch as the advice to garnish sweet dishes with the flowers that are in season, or the reminder that heed paid to any other such “*petites curiosités*” can but add to the honor and respect with which the great should be served. It is pleasant to find his

successors profiting by these pretty hints, as well as by his masterly method. It was a distinct compliment to La Varenne, when Massialot, in the *Nouvelle Instruction pour les Confitures, les Liqueurs, et les Fruits* (1692; I only have it in the 1716 edition), gave one entire section as guide to the flowers in season, month by month, for the decoration of dishes, and another to the “*delicate liqueurs,*” made from roses, violets, pinks, tuberose, jasmine, and orange flowers, for all the year round.

La Varenne’s book was an immediate and continued success. By 1652 there was a second edition, by 1654, a third. M. Vicaire counts seventeen before he finishes his list. I have the fourth, published at the Hague by Adrian Vlacq and ranked by some collectors with La Varenne’s more famous *Pâtissier Français* in the Elzevir edition. The *Cuisinier Français* never fetched three thousand dollars. In special binding, it has gone up to over a hundred, but ten is the average price quoted by bibliographers. I paid six for mine, bought, in the way Mr. Lang deplures, from a catalogue, without inspection. But I have no quarrel with the little duodecimo, yellow and worn, more than doubled in size by the paper of nearly the same date bound up with it. A few receipts in old German writing explain the object of this paper, but its owners, many or few, have left it mostly blank, the envy now of every etcher who sees it. I also delight in a later edition, without a date, but published probably somewhere between 1695 and 1715, by Pierre Mortier in Amsterdam. It has a curious and suggestive frontispiece, an engraving of a fine gentleman dining at a table set directly in front of the kitchen fire, with the chef himself in attendance, and it includes other works attributed to La Varenne. One is *Le Maître d’Hostel et le Grand Ecuyer Tranchant*, a treatise originally published in *L’Ecole Parfaite des Officiers*

de Bouche, which was appropriated and translated into English by Giles Rose in 1682, with the same dramatic diagrams of trussed birds and skewered joints, the same wonderful directions for folding napkins into beasts and birds, "the mighty pretty trade" that, when it reached England, enraptured Pepys. Thanks to this volume, my works of La Varenne are almost complete, if my editions, bibliographically, leave something to be desired.

When Marin wrote his book, a little less than a hundred years afterwards, the art had made strides forward in the direction of refinement and simplicity. Louis XIV. ate well, but the Regent and Louis XV. ate better. It was probably due to the Grand Monarque's abnormal stomach, which, I have seen it stated, was discovered after death to be twice the average size, that a suspicion of barbarity lingered in his day. But with the return of the royal organ to normal limits quality triumphed over quantity. I have not forgotten that Dr. Johnson, when he visited France, declared the French kitchen gross. But then Dr. Johnson was not an authority in these matters. If the word of any Englishman carries weight, I would rather quote a letter Richard West wrote to Walpole in the very year that Marin's book was published, as a proof that the distinction between English and French ideals was much the same then as now. "I don't pretend," he says, "to compare our supper in London with your *partie de cabaret* at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a *goûté* forsooth, composed of des fraises, de la crème, du vin, des gâteaux, etc. We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. Imprimis, we had buttock of beef and Yorkshire ham; we had chicken too, and a gallon bowl of salad, and a gooseberry tart as big as anything." Might not that have been written yesterday? But more eloquent testimony is to be had from the

French themselves. Moderation ruled over those enchanting little feasts of theirs that, in memory, cannot altogether die: Madame Geoffrin's suppers for the elect, of chicken, spinach, and omelette; Madame du Châtelet's with Voltaire at Cirey, "not abundant, but rare, elegant, and delicate," — and yet, it was Madame du Châtelet who rejoiced that God had given her a capacity for the pleasures of the table; a hundred others to us as irresistible. Or go to court, where the king's mistresses and courtiers were vying with one another in the invention of dishes graced with their own names, where even the more serious Queen played godmother to the dainty trifles we still know as *Petites Bouchées à la Reine*, where the famous *tables volantes* recalled the prodigies of Cervio — there too barbaric excess had gone out of fashion. I have space but for one example, though I could quote many as convincing, — Madame du Barry's dinner to the King: *Coulis de faisans; croustades du foie des lottes; salmis des bécassines; pain de volaille à la suprême; poularde au cresson; écrevisses au vin de Sauterne; bisquets de pêches au Noyau; crème de cerneaux*; — the dinner that won for the cook the first *cordons bleus*. What an elegant simplicity compared to the haphazard profusion approved by Popes and Cardinals!

This simplicity rules in Marin's book. Throughout the three fat little volumes, the method is beyond criticism. And he was more learned than La Varenne, for whom I could wish, however, that his veneration had been greater. To make a point of dating the modern kitchen but thirty years back, when La Varenne had been long in the grave, seems a deliberate insult. In the history of his art, prepared with the assistance of two accomplished Jesuits, and beginning with the first man who discovered the use of fire, he defines this modern kitchen as "chemical, that is, scientific." But for all his sci-

ence, he did not disdain the graces of style, he did not forget he was an artist. Let the cook, he says, blend the ingredients in a sauce, as the painter blends the colors on his palette, to produce the perfect harmony: as pretty a simile as I can remember in any book in my collection, given as were the chefs of all nations to picturesque phrasing. But a wider gulf than learning separates *Les Dons de Comus* from *Le Cuisinier Français*. La Varenne's book was addressed to his fellow artists; Marin's was designed not only for the officers in great households, but for the little bourgeois, who, though limited in means, was wise enough to care for good eating. The idea did not originate with him. As far back as 1691, Massialot had written his *Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois* (my edition unfortunately is 1714), the earliest book I know, it is but fair to add, in which the contents are arranged alphabetically: a plan copied by John Nott and John Middleton in England for their *Cooks' and Confectioners' Dictionary*, and by Briand, in France, for his *Dictionnaire des Aliments* (1750), a pretentious and learned work in three volumes. Next, *Le Ménage des Champs et de la Ville, ou Nouveau Cuisinier Français* (1713), considered all tastes, from those "des plus grands Seigneurs jusqu'à celles des bons Bourgeois," and was rewarded by being not only passed by the censor of the press, but recommended by him, in his official *Approbation*; a rare distinction. Neither of these books judged by its intrinsic merit could, however, compete with *Les Dons de Comus*. Marin was the genius who, giving expression to the ideas of his time, made his treatise immediately the standard work on cookery. He was promptly flattered by wholesale imitation. In the Preface to the 1758 edition (which I have) he complains that in the twenty years since the first (which I have not), this compliment had been paid him with only too much sincerity. And, in truth, his

followers did their best to capture his patron, the bourgeois, to borrow his weapons against artless extravagance, even to appropriate his similes. Menon's *Science du Maître d'Hôtel Cuisinier* (1749) owes everything to Marin, to the very glibness with which the art not of painting, but of music, is held up as a guide to the cook in the composition of his ragoûts, and this debt Marin is quick to admit. But, perhaps because he felt it too deeply, he says nothing of the more flagrant plagiarism in *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, which was addressed solely and entirely to the bourgeois of mediocre fortune, and so scored heavily; while, remembering Massialot, the author, with a stroke of genius denied to Marin, incorporated the idea in his title, an advertisement in itself. *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* appeared only six years after *Les Dons de Comus*, but in the competition that followed Marin was eclipsed. Even Mrs. Glasse's *Art of Cookery*, credited with the greatest sale of any book in the English language, was left far behind. M. Vicaire gives forty editions, and yet he does not know three out of my five. Studied under the last Bourbons, it was popular during the first Republic — An VI de la République is the date in one of my copies; familiarly quoted by the Romanticists of 1830, the demand for it had not ceased in 1866, when the last edition I know of was issued. It was one of the first cookery books that appealed primarily to the people, and the people responded by buying it during a hundred years and more.

Even after praise of simplicity was in every mouth, there were relapses. Thus, Menon, who wrote also a *Maître d'Hôtel Confiseur* (1788, my edition, the second), denounces the old elaborate edifices of pastry and sugar, overloaded with ornament and grotesque in design, only to evolve, out of the same materials, gardens with trees and urns, or classical balustrades with figures of

Diana, Apollo, and Æneas, or temples of Circe, with Ulysses, pigs and all. "Quel agréable coup d'œil!" he exclaims in ecstasy, "quel gout! Quelle aimable symétrie!" But it was just such masterpieces, just such exceptions to the new rule, that encouraged French physicians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to write on food from the hygienic point of view, as Bruyérin already had in Latin, and Castor Durante in Italian. La Varenne and Marin, Menon and Massialot, did not bother about sovereign powders and patent pills in the way of English writers on cookery. It was left to doctors to dogmatize on their own art, and lay down the rules for "rhubarb and sobriety." Louis Lemerry, physician to Louis XIV., published in 1702 a *Traité des Aliments*, dedicated to M. Boudin, physician to the Dauphin, a treatise translated into English, and, in the translation, passing through several editions. In 1753, Bruzen de la Martinières translated the old verses on the medical properties of meat and drink by John of Milan, a doctor, changing the title of the earlier translations, *L'Art de se passer de Médecin*, into the more literally true *L'Art de Conserver sa Santé* (1753). In 1789, Jourdain Le Cointe published *La Cuisine de Santé*, a large book in three volumes, revised by a fellow physician of Montpellier, and, could Le Cointe have had his way, France would have been as barren of sauces as England in Voltaire's epigram. All these books I have, and I am not sure that I ought not to count with them M. de Blegny's *Bon Usage du Thé, du Caffé et du Chocolat* (1687), since its end was the preservation of health and the cure of disease. De Blegny was *Conseiller Médecin* *artiste ordinaire du Roi et de Monsieur*, and his book, charmingly illustrated in the fashion of the old *Herbals*, is dedicated to *Messieurs les Docteurs en Médecine des Facultés Provinciales et Etrangères practiquant à la*

Cour et à Paris. If the French have got over the fancy that coffee and chocolate are medicines, throughout the provinces in France tea is still the drink that cures, not cheers.

It is as well the books of the nineteenth century do not enter into my present scheme. There would be too much to say of the new development in the literature of cookery that began toward the end of the eighteenth, with Grimod de la Reynière, the Ruskin of the kitchen. A new era opened with his *Almanach des Gourmands*; a new school of writers was inaugurated, which, before it was exhausted, had counted Brillat Savarin, the Marquis de Cussy, and Dumas Père among its masters.

In the books of other countries my poverty is more marked. I have but two or three German works, none of special note. I have nothing American earlier than 1805, but then comes an irresistible little volume bristling with patriotism, proclaiming independence in its very cakes. I have nothing Hungarian, Russian, Portuguese, or Dutch. A manuscript Romany cookery book, compiled by Mr. Leland, the Romany Rye, makes up as a curiosity for many omissions. The only other country with a definite cookery literature that contributes to my shelves is Spain, and that, merely to the extent of a dozen volumes. These are spoils brought home by my husband from a tour of the old bookshops of Madrid and Toledo. Few of my treasures do I prize more than the *Arte de Cocina*, though it is in the fifteenth edition, with the date on the title-page provokingly effaced. The first edition was published in 1617, and its author was Francisco Martinez Montañó, *Cocinero Mayor del Rey* — this particular Rey being none other than Philip IV. Here, then, you may learn what the Spaniard ate in the days when Velasquez painted. As yet, the facts I have gleaned are few, my Spanish being based chiefly on that comprehensive first

phrase in *Meisterschaft*, which, though my passport through Spain, can hardly carry me through Spanish literature. I can make out enough, however, to discover that Montño, in the fashion of the Italian writers of the Renaissance, supplies menus for great occasions, but that he had not forestalled the French in writing with method. His book is a hodge-podge, Portuguese, English, German, and Moorish dishes thrown together any how, the whole collection ending unexpectedly with a soup. But his pious *Laus Deo* on the last page covers many sins, and his index shows a desire for the system he did not know how to achieve. No less interesting is the *Nuevo Arte de Cocina*, by Juan Altimiras. Thanks, I suppose, to the law of compensation, while my Montño is in the fifteenth edition, my copy of Altimiras is dated 1760, though M. Vicaire knows none earlier than 1791. It has the attraction, first, of vellum covers with leather strings still in condition to be tied, and, next, of an edifying dedication to San Diego de Alcala, — Santo Mio is the author's familiar manner of address, and he makes the offering from the affectionate heart of one who hopes to enjoy the saint's company some day in heaven. After this, it is not surprising that the work should have been approved by high of-

ficials in the king's kitchen, and that a point is made of Lenten dishes and monastic menus.

My remaining Spanish books, in comparison, seem commonplace. There is a little *Arte de Reposteria*, by Juan de la Mata, Madrid, 1791, a small quarto in vellum covers that gives a whole chapter to the *Aguas Heladas de Frutas*, still one of the joys of Spain, and a recipe for *Gazpachos*, still one of its wonders. There is the *Disertacion en Recomendacion y Defensa del famoso Vino Malegueno Pero zinien*, Malaga, 1792, with a wood-engraved frontispiece that looks like the beginning of the now familiar cigar-box labels. But the other big and little volumes are of too late a date for my present purposes. Many are translations of the French books of 1830, and they reproduce even the lithographs and other illustrations published in the original works.

Of course, it will be understood that I write solely of the books in my own collection, which I am not foolish enough to represent as exhaustive. Indeed, if I were, M. Vicaire's Bibliography would betray me at once. But for the collector the evil hour is when, folding his hands, he must admit his task completed. As long as there are gaps on my shelves, life will still hold the possibility of emotion.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

JIMVILLE.

A BRET HARTE TOWN.

WHEN Mr. Harte found himself with a fresh palette and his particular local color fading from the West, he did what he considered the only safe thing, and carried his young impression away to be worked out untroubled by any newer fact. He should have gone to Jimville. There he would have found cast up on

the ore-ribbed hills the bleached timbers of more tales, and better ones.

You could not think of Jimville as anything more than a survival, like the herb-eating, bony-cased old tortoise that pokes cheerfully about those borders some thousands of years beyond his proper epoch. Not that Jimville is old,

but it has an atmosphere favorable to the type of a half century back, if not "forty-niners," of that breed. It is said of Jimville that getting away from it is such a piece of work that it encourages permanence in the population; the fact is that most have been drawn there by some real likeness or liking. Not however that I would deny the difficulty of getting into or out of that cove of reminder, I who have made the journey so many times at great pains of a poor body. Any way you go at it, Jimville is about three days from anywhere in particular. North or south, after the railroad there is a stage journey of such interminable monotony as induces forgetfulness of all previous states of existence.

The road to Jimville is the happy hunting-ground of old stagecoaches bought up from superseded routes the West over, rocking, lumbering, wide vehicles far gone in the order of romance, coaches that Vasquez has held up, from whose high seats express messengers have shot or been shot as their luck held. This is to comfort you when the driver stops to rummage for wire to mend a failing bolt. There is enough of this sort of thing to quite prepare you to believe what the driver insists, namely, that all that country and Jimville are held together by wire.

First on the way to Jimville you cross a lonely open land, with a hint in the sky of things going on under the horizon, a palpitant, white, hot land where the wheels gird at the sand and the midday heaven shuts it in breathlessly like a tent. So in still weather; and when the wind blows there is occupation enough for the passengers, shifting seats to hold down the windward side of the wagging coach. This is a mere trifle. The Jimville stage is built for five passengers, but when you have seven, with four trunks, several parcels, three sacks of grain, the mail and express, you begin to understand that proverb about the road which has been re-

ported to you. In time you learn to engage the high seat beside the driver, where you get good air and the best company. Beyond the desert rise the lava flats, scorice strewn; sharp cutting walls of narrow cañons; league-wide, frozen puddles of black rock, intolerable and forbidding. Beyond the lava the mouths that spewed it out, ragged-lipped, ruined craters shouldering to the cloud line, mostly of red earth, as red as a red heifer. These have some comforting of shrubs and grass. You get the very spirit of the meaning of that country when you see Little Pete feeding his sheep in the red, choked maw of an old vent, — a kind of silly pastoral gentleness that glozes over an elemental violence. Beyond the craters rise worn, auriferous hills of a quiet sort, tumbled together; a valley full of mists; whitish green scrub; and bright small panting lizards; then Jimville.

The town looks to have spilled out of Squaw Gulch, and that, in fact, is the sequence of its growth. It began around the Bully Boy and Theresa group of mines midway up Squaw Gulch, spreading down to the smelter at the mouth of the ravine. The freight wagons dumped their loads as near to the mill as the slope allowed, and Jimville grew in between. Above the Gulch begins a pine wood with sparsely grown thickets of lilac, azalea, and odorous blossoming shrubs.

Squaw Gulch is a very sharp, steep, ragged-walled ravine, and that part of Jimville which is built in it has only one street, — in summer paved with bone-white cobbles, in the wet months a frothy yellow flood. All between the ore dumps and solitary small cabins, pieced out with tin cans and packing-cases, run footpaths drawing down to the Silver Dollar saloon. When Jimville was having the time of its life the Silver Dollar had those same coins let into the bar top for a border, but the proprietor pried them out when the glory departed. There are three hun-

dred inhabitants in Jimville and four bars, though you are not to argue anything from that.

Hear now how Jimville came by its name. Jim Calkins discovered the Bully Boy, Jim Baker located the Theresa. When Jim Jenkins opened an eating-house in his tent he chalked up on the flap, "Best meals in Jimville, \$1.00," and the name stuck.

There was more human interest in the origin of Squaw Gulch, though it tickled no humor. It was Dimmick's squaw from Aurora way. If Dimmick had been anything except New Englander he would have called her *Mahala*, but that would not have bettered his behavior. Dimmick made a strike, went East, and the squaw who had been to him as his wife took to drink. That was the bald way of stating it in the Aurora country. The milk of human kindness, like some wine, must not be uncorked too much in speech lest it lose savor. This is what they did. The woman would have returned to her own people, being far gone with child, but the drink worked her bane. By the river of this ravine her pains overtook her. There Jim Calkins, prospecting, found her dying with a three days' babe nozzling at her breast. Jim heartened her for the end, buried her, and walked back to Poso eighteen miles, the child poking in the folds of his denim shirt with small mewling noises, and won support for it from the rough-handed folks of that place. Then he came back to Squaw Gulch, so named from that day, and discovered the Bully Boy. Jim humbly regarded this piece of luck as interposed for his reward, and I for one believed him. If it had been in mediæval times you would have had a legend or a ballad. Bret Harte would have given you a tale. You see in me a mere recorder, for I know what is best for you; you shall blow out this bubble from your own breath.

You could never get into any proper relation to Jimville unless you could

slough off and swallow your acquired prejudices as a lizard does his skin. Once wanting some womanly attentions, the stage driver assured me I might have them at the Nine-Mile House from the lady barkeeper. The phrase tickled all my after-dinner-coffee sense of humor into an anticipation of Poker Flat. The stage driver proved himself really right, though you are not to suppose from this that Jimville had no conventions and no caste. They work out these things in the personal equation largely. Almost every latitude of behavior is allowed a good fellow, one no liar, a free spender, and a backer of his friends' quarrels. You are respected in as much ground as you can shoot over, in as many pretensions as you can make good.

That probably explains Mr. Fanshawe, the gentlemanly faro dealer of those parts, built for the rôle of Oakhurst, going white-shirted and frock-coated in a community of overalls; and persuading you that whatever shifts and tricks of the game were laid to his deal he could not practice them on a person of your penetration. But he does. By his own account and the evidence of his manners he had been bred for a clergyman, and he certainly has gifts for the part. You find him always in possession of your point of view, and with an evident though not obtrusive desire to stand well with you. For an account of his killings, for his way with women and the way of women with him, I refer you to Brown of Calaveras and some others of that stripe. His improprieties had a certain sanction of long standing not accorded to the gay ladies who wore Mr. Fanshawe's favors. There were perhaps too many of them. On the whole, the point of the moral distinctions of Jimville appears to be a point of honor, with an absence of humorous appreciation that strangers mistake for dullness. At Jimville they see behavior as history and judge it by facts, untroubled by invention and the dramatic sense. You glimpse a crude sense of equity in their

dealings with Wilkins who had shot a man at Lone Tree, fairly, in an open quarrel. Rumor of it reached Jimville before Wilkins rested there in flight. I saw Wilkins, all Jimville saw him; in fact, he came into the Silver Dollar when we were holding a church fair and bought a pink silk pincushion. I have often wondered what became of it. Some of us shook hands with him, not because we did not know, but because we had not been officially notified, and there were those present who knew how it was themselves. When the sheriff arrived Wilkins had moved on, and Jimville organized a posse and brought him back, because the sheriff was a Jimville man and we had to stand by him.

I said we had the church fair at the Silver Dollar. We had most things there, dances, town meetings, and the kinetoscope exhibition of the Passion Play. The Silver Dollar had been built when the borders of Jimville spread from Minton to the red hill the Defiance twisted through. "Side-Winder" Smith scrubbed the floor for us and moved the bar to the back room. The fair was designed for the support of the circuit rider who preached to the few that would hear, and buried us all in turn. He was the symbol of Jimville's respectability, although he was of a sect that held dancing among the cardinal sins. The management took no chances on offending the minister; at 11.30 they tendered him the receipts of the evening in the chairman's hat, as a delicate intimation that the fair was closed. The company filed out of the front door and around to the back. Then the dance began formally with no feelings hurt. These were the sort of courtesies, common enough in Jimville, that brought tears of delicate inner laughter.

There were others besides Mr. Fanshawe who had walked out of Mr. Harte's demesne to Jimville and wore names that smacked of the soil, "Alkali Bill," "Pike" Wilson, "Three Finger," and "Mono Jim;" fierce, shy, pro-

fane, sun-dried derelicts of the windy hills; who each owned, or had owned, a mine and was wishful to own one again. They laid up on the worn benches of the Silver Dollar or the Same Old Luck like beached vessels, and their talk ran on endlessly of "strike" and "contact" and "mother lode," and worked around to fights and hold-ups, villainy, haunts, and the hoodoo of the Minietta, told austere without imagination.

Do not suppose I am going to repeat it all; you who want these things written up from the point of view of people who do not do them every day would get no savor in their speech.

Says Three Finger, relating the history of the Mariposa, "I took it off'n Tom Beatty, cheap, after his brother Bill was shot."

Says Jim Jenkins, "What was the matter of him?"

"Who? Bill? Abe Johnson shot him; he was fooling around Johnson's wife, an' Tom sold me the mine dirt cheap."

"Why did n't he work it himself?"

"Him? Oh, he was laying for Abe and calculated to have to leave the country pretty quick."

"Huh!" says Jim Jenkins, and the tale flows smoothly on.

Yearly the spring fret floats the loose population of Jimville out into the desolate waste hot lands, guiding by the peaks and a few rarely touched water holes, always, always with the golden hope. They develop prospects and grow rich, develop others and grow poor but never embittered. Say the hills, It is all one, there is gold enough, time enough, and men enough to come after you. And at Jimville they understand the language of the hills.

Jimville does not know a great deal about the crust of the earth, it prefers a "hunch." That is an intimation from the gods that if you go over a brown back of the hills, by a dripping spring, up Coso way, you will find what is worth while. I have never heard that the failure of any particular hunch dis-

proved the principle. Somehow the rawness of the land favors the sense of personal relation to the supernatural. There is not much intervention of crops, cities, clothes, and manners between you and the organizing forces to cut off communication. All this begets in Jimville a state that passes explanation unless you will accept an explanation that passes belief. Along with killing and drunkenness, coveting of women, charity, simplicity, there is a certain indifference, blankness, emptiness if you will, of all vaporings, no bubbling of the pot, — it wants the German to coin a word for that, — no bread-envy, no brother-fervor. Western writers have not sensed it yet (perhaps Lummis a little); they smack the savor of lawless-

ness too much upon their tongues, but you have these to witness it is not mean-spiritedness. It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to shear off what is not worth while. Beyond that it endures without sniveling, renounces without self-pity, fears no death, rates itself not too great in the scheme of things; so do beasts, so did St. Jerome in the desert, so also in the elder day did gods. Life, its performance, cessation, is no new thing to gape and wonder at.

Here you have the repose of the perfectly accepted instinct which includes passion and death in its perquisites. I suppose that the end of all our hammering and yawping will be something like the point of view of Jimville. The only difference will be in the decorations.

Mary Austin.

EVENINGS AT SIMEON'S STORE.

AFTER several days of strong easterly wind with rain and sleet, it had fallen nearly calm, and a dense, dripping fog settled over Killick Cove as night came on early with dungeon-like blackness. Across the rain-soaked pastures sounded loudly the hollow rote of the sea, broken periodically by the foghorn's sepulchral note and the mournful clang of the bell buoy on the Hue and Cry.

Clad in oilskins and rubber boots, certain faithful pilgrims to the store, who had wallowed up through the mud and darkness from the Lower Neck, reported it as "breakin' a clean torch" on every ledge outside, and bewailed the probable loss of lobster traps and trawls.

Surely a more fitting night on which to consider witchcraft, forerunners, and like subjects could not have been chosen, and Cap'n Job Gaskett's black eyes snapped excitedly as he once more declared his firm belief that witches still practiced their art in the vicinity, though possibly in a less open manner

than in the old days when Sarah Kentall and Hetty Moyer "hove" their dreaded bridles at will, or in the much more recent times when Aunt Polly Belknap exacted tribute from mariners about to sail.

As the most recent occurrence upholding him in his well-known belief, Cap'n Job related the following singular experience of his wife: —

"My woman," said he, "she sot out one time las' fall to drive way up back here a-visitin' of her cousin to Lyndon Corners. 'T was some consid'ble time sence she'd been over the ro'd, you un'stan', an' bimeby she come to a place where she kind o' got off'n her course altogether; she lost her reck'nin' you might say, an' could n't see ary 'marks,' nor git ary soundin's, nary one o' the two.

"Wal, fin'ly she see a woman out waterin' plants down by the gate in front of a little, small ole red house there was, so she let the mare come to,

passed the time o' day 'long o' the woman, an' asked her 'bout which was the right ways to take. Wal, this here woman she made off 's ef she was ter'ble perlite an' 'commodatin' like, an' went to work right away an' pricked off a new course for my woman to run, plain 's could be, but she kep' up a stiddy clatter o' talk same 's ef she had n't seen nary soul for a fortni't, an' fin'ly nothin' would n't do but my woman should turn to an' have a dish o' tea 'long o' her, seein' how it was hard on to noon-time a'ready. Wal, when my woman come to leave, she follered her chock down to the gate ag'in, a-makin' off to be ter'ble anxious for fear 't would storm 'fore ever my woman got to the Corners.

"Oh, she done her little act up in complete shape, I tell ye, but what I 'm comin' at 's, when my woman took holt o' them reins to start, that 'ere mare could n't make out to raise a huff off'n the groun', no ways she could fix it. My woman 'lows she done her dingdes' a-tryin' to git a move on to that hoss ag'in, but 't wa'n't a part'cle o' use, an' fin'ly it come acrosst her all of a sudden jes' what was to pay.

"She jes' took an' unhitched a blame' great shawl-pin she had on to her by good luck, an' 'fore ever this here set-fired ole witch knowed what she was up to, my woman reached out'n that wagon an' fetched a kind o' rakin' jab like with that pin, chock down the length o' the creetur's bare arm, so 's to start the blood a-squirtin' in good shape, I tell ye, an' jes' the very minute she done so, the mare started off down the ro'd same 's a bullet out'n a gun, an' left that air ole witch a-hoppin' roun' there, screechin' fit to stund ye.

"She 'd went to work an' teched that 'ere mare, ye see; she 'd jes' up an' hove a spell acrosst the whole d—n bus'niss, an' nothin' only blood would n't break it."

After some few remarks in commendation of Mrs. Gaskett's sagacity on this occasion, Simeon inquired from his

high perch behind the desk whether Cap'n Job had heard anything from his oil-can recently, and as it proved there were several present unfamiliar with the facts in this strange case, Cap'n Gaskett obligingly furnished them again as follows:—

"When I painted my house an' outbuildin's eight year ago come spring-time, there was a four-gallon oil-can lef' kickin' 'bout the yard, an' fin'ly I took an' I hove her into the barn to be red on her. Wal, she laid there up in one corner all quiet 'nough for a spell; month or more I guess 't was she laid there into that krawm-heap, till one time I was out there grindin' up my axe, an' all to once I heerd a set-fired funny thumpin' soun' — ker-chunk! ker-plunk! Sup'n that ways she 'peared to soun', but six on 'em to a lick, allus.

"There wa'n't nary soul into that barn but me, I knowed that all right, but to make a dead sure thing, I up an' ransacked that buildin' high an' low, but it did n't 'mount to nothin' 't all, for I foun' them thumps come direc' out'n that ole oil-can, an' nowheres else. 'S I say, at the fus' send-off, there was allus jes' six on 'em to a time, an' I knowed they was a forerunner, fas' 'nough, but 't was some few days 'fore ever I ketched on to jes' what 't was they meant, till one af'noon I was a-settin' out there kind o' studyin' of it over, an' I see all to once that them six thumps was a sign that Sister Jane was goin' to stop roun' here 'long on us jes' six more months, an' no longer. She 'd jes' barely commenced to be sickly 'bout that time, you rec'lec'.

"Wal sir, that ole can kep' right on thumpin' out six clips to a time for jes' one month, an' then she let up on one thump, an' slacked down to five. I use' to git so aggravated 'long o' the dod-blasted ole thing, I 'd up an' kick her all round the barn floor chock out into the henyard, but 't wa'n't no manner o' use, an' never made a mite o' diff'rence, not a mite.

"Soon 's ever I 'd come to git through kickin' of her, she 'd jes' up an' give out them same ole thumps same 's she 'd been doin' of, so fin'lly I never paid no more 'tention to her, an' she kep' right on thumpin' whenever she got good an' ready, but I took pertik'ler notice ev'ry month she let up on one thump, an' Sister Jane she kep' right on failin' stiddy all the time. Wal sir, them thumps fin'lly come down to one, an' that one kep' on dwindlin' away fainter an' fainter, till bimeby Jane she died. The ole can sets up there into the barn yit, but nary yip has come out'n her sence."

A pause followed this narrative of Cap'n Job's, during which his listeners chewed their quids reflectively, while the clucking of Cap'n Roundturn's false teeth became painfully noticeable.

"Them kind o' things is sing'lar, an' there 's no rubbin' of it out, neither," continued Job in a few minutes. "I cal'late there won't never be no definition to 'em. Now there was one o' them drummer fellers put up to my house over night one time, an' I was tellin' him 'bout that air scrape o' my woman's when the ole witch teched the mare, same 's I was jes' now speakin' of. Wal sir, this here drummer he was an extry smart 'pearin' sort o' chap, an' I 'lowed he was posted on mos' ev'rything chock to the handle. Why, he had a head on to him same 's a wooden god; bigger 'n what Dan'l Webster's ever dared to be, so 's 't I cal'lated you could n't stick him on nothin' in reason, but be dinged ef he did n't own up that three or four o' them yarns I give him that night was reg'lar ole clinchers, an' no mistake!

"Said they jes' knocked him silly, they did, so 's 't he would n't pretend to give no why an' wherefore to 'em, but he 'lowed how he see in his paper one time where a lot o' them rich college fellers up to the west'ard there had turned to an' j'ined a sort o' club like, or some sich thing, to hol' reg'lar meetin's an' overhaul jes' sich works as I

was tellin' 'bout, so 's to see ef they could n't git the true bearin's on 'em some ways or 'nother.

"I tol' him, 's I, they can't never tell nothin' 'bout 'em, for the reason it wa'n't never cal'lated we *should* git holt on 't. It 'll be jes' time an' money hove clean away, 's I, an' that 's all it 'll 'mount to."

"That 's true 's preachin'!" assented Cap'n Roundturn. "What ever them pore half fools kin make out'n it won't 'mount to a row o' pins, but Godfrey mighty! Them fellers' time don't come very high, by no manner o' means, an' somebody may git a dollar out'n 'em, some ways! I sh'd say bes' give 'em plenty o' slack line, an' tell 'em to go it, full tilt."

"Wal, yas," said Cap'n Gaskett, "I s'pose they might 's well mull the thing over amongst 'em. 'T won't do no great hurt, ef it don't do no good, as the feller said when he went to work an' leggo his anchor without no cable bent on to it! But ef them fellers lacks matteril for to try their headpieces on to, I 'll bate a hat I kin deal out 'nough on 't so 's to keep 'em guessin' for the nex' twelvemonth, an' resk it.

"Now you take the time they fetched Cap'n Thaddy Kentall ashore from his vess'l here to this Cove. You rec'lect it, Cap'n Roundturn? 'T was the time I retopped the ole Fair Wind up there to your shore, much 's thirty-five year sence, I guess. That air ole crooked apple tree that stan's cluss to the eastern end o' the Kentall place was all chock-a-block with blossoms when they fetched Cap'n Thaddy up there that spring, but soon 's ever he was to bed in good shape, be jiggered ef them blossoms did n't commence a-fallin' off'n her!

"They pretended to say 'long the fus' send-off how Cap'n Thaddy had ketched a fever, but it turned out sup'n ailed his liver; that 's what it was the matter on him, — his liver kep' shrinkin' away stiddy, an' them set-fired blossoms kep' on droppin' an' droppin' jes'

so stiddy. Bimeby, when they 'd ev'ry dod-blasted one fell off'n that tree, be dingd ef the leaves did n't commence a-dreepin' off'n her too!

"That's a fac'! I'm givin' of it to ye straight's a gun bar'l. I was right to home here through the hull on 't, repairin' up my vess'l, an' was knowin' to all the pertik'lers jes' like a book. The way 't was, Cap'n Thaddy's liver fin'ly come to git completely eat up, or else she dried up, or run out, I can't rightly say fer certain now jes' what it was ailed her, but any ways, I know Cap'n Thaddy lost his liver clip an' clean, an' time *she* was all gone, that air apple tree was stripped chock down to bare poles; yes sir, jes' naked's ever she was in winter time!

"Wal, ole Doctor Windseye he started in to grow a bran'-noo liver into Cap'n Thaddy, but it 'peared's though he could n't make out to git no great headway on 'long the fus' on 't, an' I know 't was kind o' hinted roun' on the sly that ole Doc had went to work an' bit off more'n what he could chaw.

"Any ways, Cap'n Thaddy he jes' laid there to bed for weeks so blame sick he did n't give a tinker's d—n ef school kep' or not, but bimeby, though, ole Doc he fin'ly made out to git a noo liver sprouted in good shape, an' jes' soon's ever he done so, set-fire ef them apple-tree leaves did n't commence to bud out ag'in, an' time the Cap'n's noo liver had got a real good holt on to him, that air tree was all bloomed out ag'in solid full o' blossoms, same's she was when they fetched him ashore. Yas sir, she was, an' now let them club fellers up there to the west'ard jes' shove that air into their pipes an' smoke it a spell!

"Way 't was in them days, folks round here kind o' 'lowed how ole Doc done a big job for Cap'n Thaddy, but gracious evers! You take it this day o' the world, an' them hospittle fellers grows noo livers right 'long; 't aint the fus' bit o' put-out to 'em now'days, they tell me."

Although this striking story was perfectly well known throughout the village, Cap'n Job's hearers listened attentively to the end, partly because he was recognized as high authority upon the subject in hand, and partly because repetition of stories was a privilege shared by all frequenters of the store. At this point in the proceedings Sheriff Windseye said to a man reclining upon a pile of meal bags:—

"Le' 's see, John Ed, wa'n't it you that run acrost ole Skipper Nate Perkins out here in the Bay, one time?"

"Yas sir!" promptly answered this individual. "I see him, an' passed the time o' day 'long on him, sure's ever you're settin' where you be. 'T was more'n a dozen years after he was los', but he let on jes' who he was, though I should hev knowed his v'ice all right ef he had n't hev tol' me."

"He 'd took the shape of a hagdon, had n't he, John Ed?" interrupted Cap'n Gaskett. "The mos' o' them ole fellers doos, I've allus took notice."

"Yas," replied John Ed, as he straightened up, and tapped the ashes from his cob pipe. "Yas sir, that's jes' the very shape he showed hisself to me in—jes' one o' these common hag-dons, or mack'rel gulls, I b'lieve some folks calls 'em.

"The way 't was that time was like this. When I sot out that mornin', 't was thick o' fog, an' pooty nigh stark calm, too. I had to row my hooker more'n two mile outside 'fore ever I struck ary breeze at all. Then I took jes' an air o' win' out here to the south'ard, an' made out to fan 'long for a spell, but 't was dretful mod'rit, an' part the time there wa'n't scursely steer-age-way on to her. My gear was all sot out on Betty Moody's Ten Acre Lot that time, but 't was so master thick I could n't see nary marks, an' I mus' have fooled away 'nother hour 'fore ever I sighted my gear.

"Wal, I commenced under-runnin'

the fus' trawl, an' pooty quick I see this here hagdon a-roostin' right a-top o' my weather trawl buoy. 'T was gittin' on 'long toe-wards noontime then, an' there fin'lly come quite a scale, so 's 't the sun pooty nigh come out, an' I see this here feller settin' there cock-in' of his blame head at me, plain 's could be, a-top o' that kag.

"Wal, thinks I to myself, dinged ef you don't make out to be some tame, you! Wonder how nigh I kin git to ye, 'fore ever ye 'll up an' skip! Wal, I kep' on under-runnin' that trawl sort o' easy like, an' gainin' up on to him all the time, till I 'll bate I wa'n't two bo't's lengths off'n him, when he up an' says jes' nat'ral 's life, 'Good-mornin', John Ed,' 's he. Wal, now, it gimme a master start, that did, there 's no rubbin' that out, though 's a gin'ral thing sich works don't jar me not for a cent, but this here come on to me so dod-blowed suddin, ye see!

"I knowed right away jes' who 't was, though, soon 's ever he yipped, an' 's I, 'This here 's Skipper Nate Perkins, ain't it?'

"That 's *jes'* who 't is!' 's he. 'How 's all the folks there to the Cove?' 's he.

"Wal sir, by that time I was all tanto ag'in, an' cool 's a cowcumber, so I turned to an' give him a kind o' gin'ral av'rage how things was workin' ashore here, an' sot out to try an' pump him a grain 'bout hisself, but he would n't gimme no more chance.

"Give 'em all my bes' respec's to hum there,' 's he, an' off he went 'bout eas'suth'eas', I jedged, jes' though the devil kicked him on end.

"Course, I 'd allus hearn the ole folks tell 'bout hagdons bein' them that 's dead, an' 'specially them that 's been los' to sea, but I never give the thing no great thought till I come to see it proved this way."

"Oh, wal, there now!" put in Cap'n Job. "For the matter o' that, it don't need no provin', not at this day o' the

world, it don't. It 's gospel truth, an' I 've knowed it ever sence I was the bigness of a b'layin' pin. Skipper Nate Perkins, the one you was talkin' 'long on, was los' into the ole Harvester, in the fall o' '71. I know ole Enoch Windseye over to the Neck here, he was shipped to go cook 'long o' him, an' come down to the w'arft where the ves-s'l was layin' the night afore they was to sail, cal'latin' to stow his dunnage aboard, but he see a rat run ashore on a line from the vess'l, an' he jes' shifted his mind on the spot, an' 'lowed he would n't go no how, so Skipper Nate he shipped one o' them Kunkett Blakeleys to go cook in the room on him, an' in jes' two weeks' time to a day they was ev'ry soul on 'em drowned. You kin bate high rats ain't cal'latin' to skin out'n a vess'l that way for nothin', an' never was!

"But talkin' 'bout losin' vess'ls puts me in mind o' the time father was los' in the ole Good Intent, there. I wa'n't but 'bout ten year ole then, an' there was six on us young uns to home 'long o' mother. 'T was a ter'ble ole breeze o' win', that one was, an' you take it down to the Bay Shelore, where father was to, an' nineteen sail on our 'Merican fishermen was los'. It blowed here right out endways, an' for the matter o' that, it swep' the whole coast clip an' clean, but what I 'm comin' at 's this.

"Up to our house there, 'long toe-wards midnight, they commenced poundin' an' bangin' of her fit to stave her sides an' ruf in chock to the cellar! Of all the hell-fired rackets ever I hearn yit, that was the wusst one! It skeered us young uns mos' to conniptions, but mother she bunched us all together downstairs into the settin'-room, an' tol' me an' brother Sam jes' what the matter was. You could n't learn her nothin' 'bout them kind o' things, 'cause she 'd been there afore, mother had, an' she knowed blame well father's vess'l was a goner, soon 's ever them hellish works commenced.

"Wal sir, they kep' up that air bangin' an' whangin' o' that ole house pooty nigh all night long, without no let-up. Why, them clips they give it sounded for all the world jes' like somebody was standin' off an' givin' of it to her with thund'r in' great mallets an' top-mauls, so 's 't you 'd cal'lated for sure they 'd stove off half the shingles, an' shook the plasterin' down 'fore they slacked up! But come nex' mornin', an' there wa'n't so much 's a scratch to be seen on to that air house from cellar to garret!"

"Be dod-blowed ef that ain't 'bout the sing'lares' thing ever I heerd tell on!" exclaimed Simeon, removing his spectacles, and gazing earnestly at Job over the desk. "An' you preten' to say the ole Good Intent was los' that same night?"

"Yas siree, I do!" replied Cap'n Job decidedly. "She made out to turn turtle on 'em 'bout two o'clock in the mornin', nigh 's ever we could make out. There wa'n't but half a dozen sail o' the whole fleet that clawed out'n the Bay in that breeze o' win', an' four o' them was 'pinks.' Course you know how 't is down there into that set-fired guzzle-trap; ef you git ketched, you got to crack on sail an' sock it to a vess'l scan'lous to git sea-room, but this time the fleet was doin' well fishin', an' they hung on too long. I been there times 'nough sence so 's to know jes' how it worked. Ef a craf' won't lug sail, your name 's mud, that 's the whole story.

"Ole Skipper Lish Perkins he was to the Bay this time in the ole Paytriot, an' come out'n it jes' by the skin o' his teeth, too, an' I tell ye when the Paytriot would n't wear a cluss-reefed mains'l an' the bunnet out'n her jib, it wa'n't no sense for any the res' part o' the fleet to try it on, not a d—n mite, but this time Skip' Lish 'lowed she would n't so much 's look at it under them sails; allst the creetur 'd do was to lay ri' down chock to her hatches an' waller! They blowed away mos'

ev'rythin' they had aboard in the shape o' muslin, but fin'ly some ways or 'nother they come out'n it. Skip' Lish he allus stuck to it he was in comp'ny that night long o' father into the Good Intent, an' 'lowed how he see her hove down by a master great holler sea, a reg'lar ole he one, 'twas, so 's 't she never got on her legs ag'in. This was somewhere 's nigh two in the mornin', an' they never see no sign on her sence, nor her crowd, neither!"

"But that there bastin' they give the house that night, Job, that 's what jes' gits me!" said Simeon. "Puts me in mind o' the works the ole folks allus an' forever use' to be gossipin' 'bout when we was youngsters.

"Sich works ain't nigh so common roun' here o' late years as they was them times. Now you take it 'fore Hetty Moye an' Aunt Polly lit out, an' them two jes' fairly kep' things a-hummin' here to this Cove with their set-fired pranks an' works! Blame ef 't wa'n't downright horrid the works them two ole critters was into in them days!"

"Oh, them was jes' rank pizen, them two was," observed Cap'n Job, tilting back in his chair against the counter. "You jes' take an' let a pore feller once git on the wrong side o' Aunt Polly, an' 't was all day with him, be jiggered ef it wa'n't, now! She 'd d—n quick figger out some ways to git her come-uppance 'long on him, an' don't you think for a minute she would n't!"

"Lord sakes! I guess she would *some* quick!" cried Simeon. "An' you come to take Hetty Moye there, you take an' let her jes' git that dod-blasted ole bridle o' hern roun' a feller's neck good an' taut, an' it 's a chance ef he did n't wish mos' damnly he had n't never been borned 'fore ever she got through 'long on him!"

"They allus 'lowed how she driv Cap'n Zachy Condon chock down to Kunkett ole harbor an' back ag'in the same night on one o' them hell-fired ex-

hibitions o' hern, an' the pore ole creature was so tuckered an' beat out he never sot foot out o' bed for three weeks. I tell ye, it doos jes' knock tar-water the doin's an' goin's on there was here to this Cove in them days! Blame ef 'tain't some sing'lar! Why, I don't cal'late there was ary skipper to this place but what dassent turn to an' git his vess'l under way without he 'd been up an' fixed things all straight 'long o' Aunt Polly fus'. Lord Harry! What slathers o' terbacker I 've seed backed up to her place there in my time!"

"That 's a fac', Simeon!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye. "An' snuff, too! Any God's quantity o' tea an' snuff she use' to git, right 'long stiddy. Why, 't was allus counted a reg'lar temptation o' Prov'dence to make a start for the Cape Shore in the spring o' the year without you 'd been up an' bought your luck there to Aunt Polly's in good shape. I take notice I allus done so myself, an' I guess them that hain't 's plaguy scatt'rin' here to the Cove, ef they 've got any age at all on to 'em. It 's some sing'lar, though, how them ole witch-women has died out roun' this part o' the country."

"Died out be jiggered!" cried Cap'n Job Gaskett indignantly. "Them style o' folks ain't died out by a jugful; not yit awhile, they ain't! Don't you go runnin' 'way 'long o' no sich idee's that air, Cap'n, 'cause ef ye do, 'tween you an' me an' the win'lass-bitt, you 'll git everlastin'ly lef'. I 'm tellin' ye there 's folks right here to this Cove to-day that 's jes' as well fittin' to heave the bridle, an' tech cream, an' blas' crops, an' upset loads o' hay, an' raise gin'ral ructions as ary one o' them ole style folks was, an' nothin' only the sod won't take it out'n 'em, neither, but the thing on 't is, they 're more slyer an' cunninger 'bout gittin' in their work, now'days, that 's allst there is to it."

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that, Cap'n Job," replied the Sheriff doubtfully.

"Folks roun' here 's gittin' mos' too posted at this day o' the worl' for to take a great sight o' stock into sich works."

"'T ain't a question o' bein' posted at all," Cap'n Job persisted, warming up in defense of his favorite theory. "Forty year ago folks roun' here was better posted 'n they be now, an' a d—n sight smarter in ev'ry way, shape, an' manner. Look a' the Wes' Injy bus'niss there was carried on to this Cove; look a' the master fleet o' fishermen there was fitted out here ev'ry springtime; thirty odd sail o' vess'ls owned right here to this one place; look a' the fish there was made here, an' the coop'rin' shops there was here, an' now look a' what is there here?"

"Nothin'. Jes' plain nothin'. Ev'ry dod-blasted thing jes' deado! Vess'ls all gone, w'arfts all gone, an' all our smart men gone too, up back o' the meetin'-house here, but I take pertik'ler notice that when they was livin', an' doin' more bus'niss in a week 'n what you fellers see in a year's time, they did n't begredge a dollar for the sake o' keepin' on the right side o' Polly Belknap! You kin claim folks roun' here is a ter'ble sight better posted now'days, but ef there 's ary man 'live here to this Cove to-day could learn them ole sirs how to git a livin', I 'll thank ye to jes' up an' p'int him out to me. That 's ev'ry cussed thing I 'll ask on ye; jes' up an' p'int him right out." And Cap'n Job looked about him at the assemblage defiantly.

"Yas sir," Cap'n Roundturn replied at length. "There was cert'nly a tremendous smart set o' men doin' bus'niss here to this Cove them days, an' 't wa'n't no habit o' our'n to take much chances, neither. I 'll presume to say there ain't no case on record where a vess'l ever lef' this Cove on her fus' trip in the spring o' the year without she 'd made a short hitch to the nor'rard fus' for luck. Mebbe there wa'n't nothin' into sich a pro-cess, an' then ag'in mebbe

there was a set-fired heap into it, an' I allus felt consid'ble easier for doin' of it, to the las' o' my goin' on the water."

"So did I, Cap'n!" cried Job Gaskett; "I allus done so, reg'lar, an' so I would now ef I wa'n't lookin' for trouble, but I cal'late Cap'n Windseye here 'lows how 't wa'n't nothin' but witchery into it."

"No sich a thing!" the Sheriff shouted, at once resenting this slur upon his seamanship. "I allus made a hitch to the nor'rard quick 's ever my anchor was broke out! I ain't claimin' there 's witch-works into no sich custom as that air. We all on us done it, an' I kin show you them that doos so to-day, but my p'int is that folks roun' here ain't so skeered o' witch-doin's as they was form'ly."

"Wal," retorted Cap'n Job, "ef they hain't, it's their own lookout. Them that knows nothin' fears nothin', an' I ain't s'posed to allus keep an' eye to wind'ard for 'em. But bein' 's we're on this tack this evenin', I kin tell ye another kind o' sing'lar thing father see one time when he was into the ole Mirandy, boun' home here with a trip o' fish from Canso, 'long o' ole Skip' Adam Whitten.

"They'd took a fresh eas'ly breeze, an' hooped her right 'long in good shape, till father he cal'lated he was well to the west'ard o' Cape 'Lizbeth, but it had been thick o' fog all the time comin' 'long, so 's 't they had n't sighted nothin' 't all. 'Long in the evenin' she shet in thicker 'n ever; one o' them reg'lar ole black, dreepin' fogs same 's to-night, so 's 't ye could n't even see the win'lass from jes' beaft the fore-mas', an' father he commenced bimeby to git kind o' fidgety like at not makin' nothin', so fin'ly he goes chock for'rard so 's 't listen an' see ef he could n't git holt o' the rote on Boon Island. This was 'bout nine in the evenin', 'cordin' to his tell, an' the win' had kind o' petered out on 'em, but there was a devil of an ole sea heavin' in,

so 's 't ev'rything 'long shore was breakin' a clean torch. Wal, father he was stannin' there for'rard listenin' away for allst he was wuth, an' hopin' every minute to git holt o' sup'n, when all of a suddin there come a bust o' music right alof', pooty nigh overhead, an' bang up ole music she was too, jes' like one o' these here ban's, only there was a singin' o' women's v'ices mixed up into it some ways, so 's 't all han's aboard 'lowed they never heerd the beat of it.

"Wal sir, while they was all han's on 'em stannin' roun' on deck there takin' of it in, wha' 'd that air ole fog-bank do but scale in a big hole right direc' over the vess'l, an' the stars come out jes' bright 's ever you see 'em the pooties' night ever growed, but all roun' ev'rywheres else, without 't was right in this hole, the fog was thick as ma'sh mud, so 's 't you could slice it up in chunks with a knife.

"Course, it give 'em all han's a consid'ble start, an' they all 'lowed 't was a sign, but father he could n't 'pear to git over it all the way home, no how. He kep' cal'latin' to find somebody dead for cert'n, soon 's ever he got ashore, but nothin' ever come out'n it without 't was at jes' twenty minutes pas' nine o'clock that same evenin' me an' brother Sam was borned!"

"Sho!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye. "I don't doubt but that the ole man was glad to find it wa'n't no wuss. Wal, I mus' be gittin' 'long up the ro'd. Go-in' up my way, Eph?"

"Hold on a minute 'fore you fill away, Cap'n," said Job. "There 's jes' one thing I sh'd like to ask ye 'bout 'fore this settin' 's closed. P'raps you 'll preten' to say it don't make no diff'rence with the pork ef you stick a hog on the flood tide or on the ebb?"

"Wal," said the Sheriff after a moment's reflection, "I ain't prepared to give no 'pinion on that 'ere jes' yit. I've allus heerd tell how it done so, o'

course, but I ain't never made no per-tik'ler test on myself."

"Oh, you hain't!" cried Job. "Wal, now, I jes' hev! I've took an' tested of it right chock to the handle, an' you'll find pork that's killed on the ebb 'll shrink away one quarter part ev'ry dog-gone time! Now there was ole Skip' Ben Kentall up on the mill-dam ro'd there, he was called a master han' to stick pigs, an' done 'bout the whole o' sich jobs up round there after he come to quit goin'. Them folks up there use' to 'low Skip' Ben knowed jes' the bearin's o' the creetur's jug'lar, so 's't he could allus fetch it the very fust swipe o' the knife, an' you take him, an' he was allus jes' so keerful to make dead sure the tide had n't pinched off a grain 'fore ever he commenced. He knowed blame well jes' how the thing worked, an' so doos mos' the whole o' them ole farmers up back here, now-days."

"You turn to an' frog it up on the Kunkett ro'd there an' ask ole Jeff Blakeley how 't is 'bout it. You take an' go up to his place there, an' tell him to his face you got your doubts

'bout it, an' see how quick he'll go into the air! I cal'late he'd up an' take a stick o' cord-wood to a feller ef he sh'd go up there an' hang it out there wa'n't nothin' into it. But there! what 's the good talkin'? It 's the truth all right, an' soon 's ever you come to look at it, there ain't a thing onray-tionable 'bout it, not a thing. You can't deny but that the ebb tide 's ter'ble drawrin', kin you? How many sick folks kin you make out to reckon up here to this Cove that 's died without 's on the ebb? Guess you'll find them that hain't 's consid'ble few an' fur between, now. The ebb tide makes out to jes' dreem the life right out'n 'em slick 's a whistle!

"Then ag'in, you take an' go down to the shore here anywheres to fill a bucket o' salt water to wash anybody with that 's rheumatically, an' you've allus got to fill it on the ebb, so 's't it 'll be good an' drawrin', you know, or ef you don't, you 'll be apt to wisht mos' damnly ye had, for water that 's filled on the flood 'll drive them gripes an' rheumatics chock to the vitils, sure 's ever the sun rises an' sets!"

George S. Wasson.

AT KILCOLMAN CASTLE.¹

(NEAR BUTTEVANT, COUNTY CORK.)

A POET's house it was — ay, long ago.
(Evicted by the avenging fire, he fled!)
A poet's house, indeed, it stands to-day:
Those wingèd poets, troubadours of air,
The wren and robin, claim it as their home.
The faëry mountains hang above it still: —
Old Father Mole in Tipperara stands,
Like a dull storm-cloud with Olympian guests,

¹ The home of Edmund Spenser, who there wrote *The Faerie Queene*, and was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh (*vide* Colin Clout's *Come Home Again*). A line of telegraph wire, a few yards below and in front of the ruined

castle, was heard fitfully murmuring Æolian music as we walked on toward Doneraile, and less than two miles westward a train upon the Great Southern and Western Railway was passing.

As in the days of her the Faëry Queene.
Ay, every highway leads to Faëryland,
Which passes by; and Mulla yonder flows,
With its green alders, where together sat
The Shepherd of the Ocean and his host,—
The Pooka's tower far off a lonely square,
Gray Kilnemullah with sad ruins near.
And, hark!—what sound is heard so weird and faint?
A sound of some new Faëryland is this—
A bugle blown by elfin trumpeter,
Who flies with rumors strange from lands remote.
And, look!—where yonder, with his harnessed Fire,
Some faëry lord his wondrous chariot drives
Far over the hills from far to far away!

John James Piatt.

THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES.

THE garden looked dreary and desolate in spite of the afternoon sunshine. The lilac and lavender bushes were past their prime; their wealth of sweetness had been squandered by riotous offshoots. The wind played among the branches, and cast changing sun-flecked shadows on the grass-grown paths, narrowed by the encroachment of the box borders that had once lined the way with the stiff precision of troops before a royal progress.

The flowers had the air of being overburdened with the monotony of their existence. They could never have had that aspect if they had been only wild flowers and never experienced human care and companionship. That made the difference.

The gate hung on rusty hinges; it answered with a long drawn-out creaking, as it was pushed open by a man who had been a stranger to the place for nearly twenty years.

Yes, the garden was certainly smaller than it had been pictured by his memory. There had been a time when it had appeared as a domain of extensive proportions, and the wood beyond of marvelous depth and density.

He was conscious of a sense of disappointment. The property would scarcely realize as high a price in the market as he had hoped; and it was incumbent upon him to part with it, if he would be released from the narrow circumstances that hemmed him in.

He had arranged to meet the lawyer there that afternoon. One of the latter's clients had already made a bid for the estate. The timber, at all events, would add to the value.

The house faced southward upon the garden. It was here the man had been brought up by an old great-aunt. He guessed later that she had grudged him any of the endearments that death had denied her bestowing upon her own children. Her affections had all been buried before he was born. Besides, he took after the wrong branch of the family.

She must have possessed a strong personality. It was difficult to bring to mind that it was no longer an existent force. Every one from the parson to the servants had stood a little in awe of her. He remembered the unmoved manner in which she had received the news of the death of a near relative.

It had overwhelmed him with a sudden chill, that so she would have received tidings of his own. It had taken all the sunshine in the garden to make him warm again.

In the mood that was growing upon him, it would not have much surprised him to find her sitting bolt upright in her carved high-backed chair, as she had sat in the time of his earliest recollections, — the thin, yellow hands, on which the rings stood out, folded in her lap. On one occasion she had washed his small hands between hers. The hard lustre of the stones acquired a painful association with the ordeal. The blinds would be partially drawn in the musk-scented parlor, to save the carpet from further fading, for there had been a tradition of thrift in the family from the time of its settlement, — a tradition that had not been maintained by its latest representative.

Like the atmosphere of a dream, the years grew dim and misty between now and the time when summer days were longer and sunnier, and it had been counted to him for righteousness if he had amused himself quietly and not given trouble.

A stream that he had once dignified with the name of river formed a boundary between the garden and the wood. Although it had shrunk into shallow insignificance, — with much beside, — a faint halo of the romance with which he had endued this early scene of his adventures still clung to the spot.

As he came to the stream, he saw the reflection of a face in the water, — not his own, but that of one much younger.

It was so he met the boy. The child had been placing stepping-stones to bridge the stream, and now came across, balancing himself on the slippery surfaces to test his work. It was odd he had remained unobserved until this moment, but that was due to the fact of the water-rushes on the brink being as tall as he.

The boy's eyes met those of the man

with a frank, unclouded gaze. He did not appear astonished. That is the way when one is young enough to be continually viewing fresh wonders; one takes everything for granted. He saw at a glance that this other was not alien to him; his instinct remained almost as true as those of the wild nature around.

For his own part, he had an unmistakable air of possession about him. He appeared to belong to the place as much as the hollyhocks and honeysuckle; and yet, how could that be?

"Probably a child of the caretaker," the man told himself.

He had authorized the agent to do what was best about keeping the house in order. He had not noticed what signs it had to show of habitation. Now he saw from the distance that it had not the unoccupied appearance he had expected of it; nor the windows, the dark vacant stare of those that no life behind illumines.

"Do you live here?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes." The boy turned proudly toward the modest gray pile in the manner of introducing it, forgetting himself in his subject. "It's a very old house. There's a picture over the bureau in the parlor of the man who built it, and planted the trees in the wood. Hannah says" —

"Hannah!"

It was a foolish repetition of the name. Of course there were other Hannahs in the world. The old servant of that name, who had told the man stories in his boyhood, had been dead more years than the child could number.

"Yes, — don't you know Hannah? She'll come and call me in presently, and then you'll see her. Hannah says they — the trees — have grown up with the family" (he assumed a queer importance, evidently in unconscious mimicry of the one who had repeated the tradition to him), "and that with them the house will stand or fall. Do you think the roots really reach so far?"

There was an underlying uneasiness in the tone, which it was impossible altogether to disguise.

As the other expressed his inability to volunteer an opinion on this point, the boy went on, seeing that his confidences were treated with due respect:

"I dug up one myself once — I wished I had n't afterwards — to make myself a Christmas tree like I'd read about. I just had to hang some old things I had on it. It was only a tiny fir, small enough to go in a flower-pot; but that night the house shook, and the windows rattled as if all the trees in the forest were trying to get in. I heard them tapping their boughs ever so angrily against the pane. As soon as it was light, I went out and planted the Christmas tree again. I had n't meant to keep it out of the ground long: they might have known that."

"Have you no playfellows here?"

The boy gave a comprehensive glance around. "There are the trees; they are good fellows. I would n't part with one of them. It's fine to hear them all clap their hands when we are all jolly together. There are nests in them, too, and squirrels. We see a lot of one another."

This statement was not difficult to believe: the Holland overalls bore evident traces of fellowship with mossy trunks.

The boy did most of the talking. He had more to tell of the founder of the family whose portrait hung in the parlor, and of how, when he — the child — grew up, he rather thought of writing books, as that same ancestor had done, and making the name great and famous again. He had not decided what kind of books he should write yet. Was it very hard to find words to rhyme, if one tried poetry? He was at no pains to hide such fancies and ambitions of which his kind are generally too sensitive or too ashamed to speak to their elders, and that are as a rule forgotten as soon as outgrown.

VOL. XC. — NO. 541.

"Shall we go in the wood now?" said the boy. "It's easy enough to cross over the stepping-stones."

"Yes, let us go." The man was beginning to see everything through the boy's eyes. The garden was again much as he had remembered it, inclosed in a world of beautiful mystery. Nothing was really altered. What alteration he had imagined had been merely a transitory one in himself. The child had put a warm, eager hand into his; together they went into the wood, as happy as a pair of truant schoolboys; they might have been friends of long standing.

"So this is your enchanted forest?" said the man.

"Not really enchanted," replied the boy seriously. "I once read of one, but of course it was only in a fairy tale. That one vanished as soon as one spoke the right word. It would be a very wrong word that could make this vanish." He had a way of speaking of the wood as if it were some sacred grove.

His companion suddenly felt guilty, not quite knowing why.

"Of course some one might cut them down." The boy lowered his voice; it seemed shameful to mention the perpetration of such a deed aloud. "It would be terrible to hear them groan when the axe struck them. The young ones might n't mind so much; but it would be bad for the grandfather trees who've been here from the beginning. Hannah says one would still hear them wailing on stormy nights."

"Even if they had been felled and carted away?"

"Yes, even then; though, to be sure, there would be no one to hear the wailing if it's true that the house must fall, too, at the same time. But we need n't trouble about that; none of it is likely to happen. You see, if it did, where should I be?"

He laughed merrily. This last argument appeared to him to be quite conclusive. Such an important consideration placed the awful contingency quite

out of the question, and transformed it into nothing more than a joke.

The child's laughter died away as they both stood still to listen. Each thought he had heard his own name called.

"It's Hannah," said the boy; and off he raced toward the house, barely saving himself from running into the arms of another person who had turned in at the gate.

"Who was the boy who ran round by the espaliers a minute ago? One would scarcely have judged him to be a child of the caretaker." The man's heart sank with a dull thud: something had told him the answer before it came.

"Child!" The lawyer looked puzzled. "I did not see one. No children have any business in this garden; neither is there any caretaker here. The house has been shut up altogether since the old servant you called Hannah died, eleven years ago."

They had reached the veranda. The westering sun had faded off the windows. It was easy to see that the house was empty. The shutters were up within, and the panes dark and weather-stained. Birds had built their nests undisturbed about the chimney stacks. The hearthstones had long been cold.

"My client is willing to purchase the property on the terms originally proposed," the lawyer was saying. "He contemplates investing in it as a building site. Of course the timber would have to be felled" —

A breeze passed through the treetops like a shudder. The younger man interposed: "I am sorry you should have had the trouble of coming here, but I have decided to keep the old place after all — stick and stone. It is not right it should go out of the family. I must pull my affairs together as well as I can without that."

The little phantom of his dead boyhood was to suffer no eviction.

C. A. Mercer.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

FOUR RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

THREE of the volumes thus far published in the new series of *English Men of Letters* one opens with the utmost confidence; and the inherited tradition of excellence is so high that it is a little hard to withhold that confidence in the case of the fourth.¹ Its authorship is not what might have been expected, to be sure. There is cause for wonder in the admission of a facile leader-writer, such as Mr. Herbert W. Paul has hitherto seemed to be, to the esoteric fellowship of Mr. Birrell, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Stephen; and there is cause for amaze-

ment in the fact that he has been assigned one of the most delicate tasks which have fallen to the lot of recent biographers. It is conceivable that a writer of Mr. Paul's limitations might at such a moment, feeling the stress of an unusual obligation, call in his reserves of strength and shoot fairly beyond his ordinary mark. Apparently nothing of the sort has been felt or done in this instance. Mr. Paul has undertaken to dispose of Matthew Arnold with the same jaunty confidence which may no doubt have proved a useful as-

¹ *Matthew Arnold*. By HERBERT W. PAUL. *William Hazlitt*. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. *John Ruskin*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. *George*

Eliot. By LESLIE STEPHEN. *English Men of Letters*. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

set to the *London Daily News*. Surely, without making a superstition of such a personality as Arnold's, there are restraints and reticences to be practiced. The truth is to be told as one sees it, but without cocksureness; certainly without suspicion of familiarity or condescension. "But Matthew Arnold is more than strong enough to live in spite of his faults." This is the conclusion which the present biographer offers us in his introductory chapter; and this suggests very well the tone of the book as a whole.

One is perhaps unduly prejudiced against the substance of the biography by its defects of style in the smaller sense. Mr. Paul is in the habit of bringing together perfectly irrelevant facts, which he does not take the trouble to link together even rhetorically. We may cite, as a presumably favorable instance, a narrative passage, a sort of writing in which, one would think, facts and sentences must link themselves:—

"Throughout his life, indeed, he worked hard for a moderate salary, never complaining, always promoting the happiness of others, and throwing into his daily duties every power of his mind. In one of his early letters to his sister, Mrs. Forster, Mr. Arnold naively observes that he is much more worldly than the rest of his family. He was fond of society, and a delightful member of it. Worldly in any other sense he was not. Few men have had less ambition, or a stronger sense of duty. On the 10th of June, in this same year, he married the lady who for the rest of his life was the chief source of his happiness. Her name was Frances Lucy Wightman, and her father was an excellent judge of a good old school, much respected in court, little known outside. Mr. Arnold, though neither a lawyer nor interested in law, accompanied Mr. Justice Wightman on circuit for many assizes as marshal. Characteristically avoiding the criminal side, he liked to watch his father-in-law try causes. 'He does it so

admirably,' he tells his wife. 'It' is said to be a lost art." Here a paragraph division brings relief to the eye without being otherwise of appreciable use.

After all, the difficulty must be understood in the end as a difficulty of style in the larger sense. It is clear that the main business of a brief biography should be to effect by a gradual process of increment in narrative and interpretation a palpable projection of the subject's personality. It is equally clear that this end can be gained only by the exertion of discriminating sympathy and of constructive power. Mr. Paul has been able to bring neither of these qualifications to his task. For his lack of intellectual and temperamental kinship with Arnold he is not responsible, though it is so marked as to disqualify him for effective biography; and this he might have felt. Nor can it be asserted that he is quite accountable for his lack of method. He expresses himself fragmentarily because he thinks in bits; his talent is altogether for aphorism and summary. It is not astonishing, therefore, that we should find him somewhat at a loss for legitimate material to eke out his two hundred pages withal. Leaving out of account the quality of his Introduction, it must be noted that he there says all that he has to say about Matthew Arnold. Having made his snappy generalizations, he finds them incapable of development. He is thenceforth reduced to three expedients: the statement of such facts about Arnold's life as may serve to illustrate his aphorisms, the frequent repetition of those aphorisms, and, most useful measure of all, the minute criticism of certain phrases and dicta which do not meet his approbation. Not a little of this criticism is clever and even of value, but far too often some carefully considered theory or statement of Arnold's is met by flat contradiction based upon the personal opinion of the biographer. It appears to be a main point with Mr. Paul to record the number of verses or sen-

tences in Matthew Arnold of which Mr. Paul does not approve. Excessive attention to minutiae is a failing to which all critics are liable. With a plentiful lack of mere assertiveness and exceptional poise of mind and temper, the error is at least not offensive. Unfortunately Mr. Paul possesses the assertiveness and lacks the poise. His book will do no harm unless by having removed the opportunity for an important work in an important series.

Mr. Birrell's achievement is of a very different sort. He is not a trained biographer like Sir Leslie Stephen, but he is a man of keen and flexible intelligence, and a writer of much experience and extraordinary charm. The book may be pretty exactly classed with Black's Goldsmith in the earlier series. As in that case, the theme is admirably suited to the biographer's taste. Its treatment does not call for powers in which he is deficient, nor exact their painful utmost. He has the critical advantage over the other writers in this group of dealing with a product the quality of which has been already approximately determined by time. On the other hand, he thinks, the lapse of a century since Hazlitt's death must have made a modern interpretation of his character of dubious value:—

"How little is it we can ever know about the character of a dead man we never saw! His books, if he wrote books, will tell us something; his letters, if he wrote any, and they are preserved, may perchance fling a shadow on the sheet for a moment or two; a portrait if painted in a lucky hour may lend the show of substance to our dim surmisings; the things he did must carefully be taken into account; but, as a man is much more than the mere sum of his actions, even these cannot be relied upon with great confidence."

We are tempted to quote against Mr. Birrell's theory and in favor of his practice a passage from his favorite Bagehot: "Some extreme skeptics, we know,

doubt whether it is possible to deduce anything as to an author's character from his works. Yet surely people do not keep a tame steam engine to write their books: and if those books were really written by a man, he must have been a man who could write them."

It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Birrell has been singularly successful in deducing the kind of man Hazlitt was from the facts of his life and work; most readers will find their conception of an interesting personality sensibly clarified by this appreciation.

It is a personality neither quite lovable nor quite venerable. Hazlitt made enemies as long as he lived, and will continue to make them as long as he is read; for there was little tolerance in his heart, and no flag of truce among his accoutrements. But if he gave no quarter, he received none. "Gifford's abuse stopped the sale of the Characters," says Mr. Birrell with his accustomed energy; "but, happily, there is no need to grow tearful over Hazlitt's wrongs. He had enough bile in his hold to swamp a dozen Giffords." That swamping was effected in due time. The fact which is most to the credit of this rather lonely man's character is the avowed friendship of Lamb: a guarantee that there can have been nothing radically vicious in its recipient. At just this point it is possible that Mr. Birrell is too conservative. From the conventional point of view of his time and still more distinctly from our own not less conventional point of view, Hazlitt failed of being a moral person. Doubtless it is advisable to judge a man by the canons of his own age. But it should be remembered that Hazlitt at his worst never made, like Byron, a postulate of libertinism or, like Sterne, a cult of prurience. In truth, Hazlitt, in many respects so perfectly a modern, was in a moral sense a survival and not a decadent: a survival, however, not of classical unmorality, but rather of the romantic idealism which the Middle

Ages did not always connect with what we regard as purity of life. One can find nothing pleasant in the circumstances which led to the writing of the *Liber Amoris*; nor can one altogether fail to perceive a certain warped and misdirected nobility in the eager seriousness with which Hazlitt there attempts to rear a structure of ideal passion upon a pitifully inadequate foundation.

If Hazlitt was now and then capable of mediæval idealism, he was habitually receptive to modern sentimentalism. "For novels and plays there never was such a reader," says Mr. Birrell, "nor was he over-critical, — the most stilted of heroines, the palest of sentimental shadows, could always be relied upon to trundle her hoop into Hazlitt's heart." He adored Richardson and reveled in Rousseau. From a personality so constituted it is impossible to expect absolute regularity of life or thought. Nor can one look for impartial judgment, since nobody is capable of greater bias or virulence than your sentimentalist. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* is the finest gallery of portraits in English; yet one is reminded by not a few sketches of that early experience of his as a painter. "Hazlitt began with the poets — the two finest in England if not in Europe, Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose equine physiognomy Hazlitt greatly admired. Unluckily, neither picture was a success. According to Southey, Hazlitt made Coleridge look like a horse-stealer on his trial, evidently guilty, but clever enough to have a chance of getting off; whilst Mr. Wordsworth, according to another critic, represented a man upon the gallows-tree deeply affected by a fate he felt to be deserved."

Mr. Birrell gives an interesting account of the gradual development of the literary personality of his author. "In the beginning of things Hazlitt was slow of speech and sluggish of fancy, the bent of his mind being speculative and reflective." His first book was published when he was twenty-seven years old,

and was a metaphysical discourse *In Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind*. He can have little fancied that the passage of a century would leave him valued not as critic or metaphysician, but as the author of *Table-Talk* and, in Mr. Birrell's phrase, "the most eloquent of English essayists."

If the limitation of remoteness in point of time is really important, Mr. Harrison has not suffered under it. His peculiar qualifications for the present undertaking and the spirit in which it is carried out are plainly indicated in the opening chapter. He has accepted the task, he says, with real hesitation. "Though an ardent admirer of the moral, social, and artistic ideals of John Ruskin myself, I am sworn in as a disciple of a very different school, and of a master whom he often denounced. As a humble lover of his magnificent power of language, I have studied it too closely not to feel all its vices, extravagances, and temptations. I am neither Socialist nor Platonist; and so I can feel deep sympathy for his onslaught on our modern life, whilst I am far from accepting his trenchant remedies. I had abundant means for judging his beautiful nature and his really saintly virtues, for my personal acquaintance with him extended over forty years. I remember him in 1860 at Denmark Hill, in the lifetime of both his parents, and in the heyday of his fame and his power. I saw him and heard him lecture from time to time, received letters from him, and engaged in some controversies with him, both public and private. I was his colleague as a teacher at the Working Men's College and as a member of the Metaphysical Society. And towards the close of his life I visited him at Brantwood, and watched, with love and pain, the latest flickering of his indomitable spirit. If admiration, affection, common ideals, aims, and sympathies, can qualify one who has been bred in other moulds of belief and hope to judge fairly

the life-work of a brilliant and noble genius, then I may presume to tell all I knew and all I have felt of the 'Oxford graduate' of 1842, who was laid to rest in Coniston Churchyard in 1900." The warmth and frankness of this introduction are a happy promise of the sympathy and discrimination with which the work is done. Mr. Harrison writes with complete recognition of the defects of judgment which made Ruskin a life-long leader of forlorn hopes. But while he deplores the fallacies and lapses which marred so much of the work of the great prose rhapsodist, there is not a trace of sharpness in his strictures. On the contrary those Utopian dreams, those vagaries of mental habit, those wild and wandering words of which Ruskin was too capable are treated with forbearing candor. "The ninety-six letters of Fors contain the tale of a long career of failures, blunders, and cruel disappointment. They contain, too, the record of that damning perversity of mind and of character which ruined Ruskin's life and neutralized his powers, the folly of presuming to recast the thought of humanity *de novo*, and alone; to remould civilization by mere passion without due training or knowledge; attempting alone to hurl human society back into a wholly imaginary and fictitious past. Yet, let us remember, —

'It was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.'

But there are some failures more beautiful and more useful to mankind than a thousand triumphs. It is impossible to weigh the value, or to judge the legitimacy, of a hopeless but heroic sacrifice. . . . Magnanimity owes no account of its acts to Prudence. No; nor to Common Sense."

Ruskin, like Hazlitt, was a lover of painting and to some extent a proficient in the art; a voluminous writer upon miscellaneous themes; and a none too discreet belligerent upon many fields. There the likeness ends, and the difference begins which marks Ruskin for

sympathy and love where Hazlitt gets none. Ruskin's instinct was to build up rather than to tear down; and it was from a certain soreness of heart that his bitterest invectives welled up, and not, as Bagehot remarked of Hazlitt's work, from "a certain soreness of mind." As for the character of his total written product, Mr. Harrison says what most needs to be said, in his preliminary summary: "The author of more than eighty distinct works upon so miscellaneous a field, of masses of poetry, lectures, letters as well as substantial treatises, was of necessity rather a stimulus than an authority — an influence rather than a master. . . . He is a moralist, an evangelist — not a philosopher or a man of science."

Sir Leslie Stephen does not approach his task in quite Mr. Harrison's mood, partly on account of a difference in temperament and subject, but largely on account of a difference in method. Sir Leslie is perhaps the most accomplished of living biographers. It has become his habit to write, never without sympathy, but without obvious enthusiasm; with a cool detachment of tone and a polished irony of phrase which in the long run may well be more effective than a sentimental and rhetorical manner. It is an indication of his mastery of the chosen method that his coolness suggests dispassionateness rather than indifference, and his irony discrimination rather than superciliousness. The career of George Eliot calls for less cautious treatment than that of Ruskin. Her life, though not in all respects normal or happy, had nothing of the piteous about it. From the time of her union with George Lewes the merit of her work was fully rewarded by public approbation; and the constant and affectionate encouragement of Lewes himself was a gift of the gods such as few women of genius have been blessed with. She had her fits of diffidence and depression, as what writer of serious purpose has not? But there was nothing

morbid in her nature, her experience was of a sort to nourish her wholesome powers, and her success in literature was prompt and stable. She was, to be sure, even later than Hazlitt in finding her true work. As with him, the natural bent appeared to be toward speculative studies, and it was diligently followed till she had fared well toward middle age. At thirty-six she had not even attempted to write anything original. "She was at home in the upper sphere of philosophy and the historical criticism of religion, but she was content to be an expositor of the views of independent thinkers. She had spent years of toil upon translating Strauss, Feuerbach, and Spinoza; and was fully competent to be in intellectual communion with her friends Charles Bray and Herbert Spencer." This was to have done much, but apparently in a direction little likely to lead to creative work of any sort. And indeed, undisputed as was the influence which her metaphysical studies exerted upon her later literary method, the best of her work sprang from a very different soil. The seed of her hardy and slow-growing genius was probably none the worse for the stony deposit with which her speculative studies had laboriously overlaid it. Perhaps nothing less than the lapse of years and the interposition of sober occupation could have enabled her in middle life to found a great reputation upon a basis of youthful memories.

It will be remembered that critics have had much to say about the quality of George Eliot's work as art. Mr. Dowden asserts, for example, that her novels are not only far from mere "didactic treatises," but "are primarily works of art," while Mr. Brownell contends that she had no art at all, but was essentially a moralist. Sir Leslie characteristically declines to make himself uncomfortable over the somewhat academic question. "George Eliot speaks, we have seen, of the 'ethics of art,' and to some people this appears to im-

ply a contradiction in terms. *Æsthetic* and ethical excellence, it seems, have nothing to do with each other. George Eliot repudiated that doctrine indignantly, and I confess that I could never quite understand its meaning. The 'ethical' value of artistic work, she held, is simply its power of arousing sympathy for noble qualities. The 'artist,' if we must talk about that personage, must, of course, give true portraits of human nature and of the general relations of man to the universe. But the artist must also have a sense of beauty; and, among other things, of the beauty of character. . . . If anybody holds that morality is a matter of fancy, and that the ideal of the sensualist is as good as that of the saint, he may logically conclude that the morality of the novelist is really a matter of indifference. I hold myself that there is some real difference between virtue and vice, and that the novelist will show consciousness of the fact in proportion to the power of his mind and the range of his sympathies." The biographer, however, is careful to note the danger of "direct didactic intention." "It does not matter so much why a writer should be profoundly interested in his work, nor to what use he may intend to apply it, as that, somehow or other, his interest should be aroused, and the world which he creates be a really living world for his imagination. This suggests the difficulty about George Eliot's later writings. The spontaneity of the earlier novels is beyond all doubt. She is really absorbed and fascinated by the memories tinged by old affections. We feel them to be characteristic of a thoughtful mind, and so far to imply the mode of treatment which we call philosophical. Her theories, though they may have guided the execution, have not suggested the themes. A much more conscious intention was unfortunately to mark her later books, and the difficulties resulted of which I shall have to speak."

It is impossible to give here even a

brief summary of Mr. Stephen's very interesting discussion of the novels. Among his conclusions these may be barely stated: that Mrs. Poyser is the novelist's masterpiece of characterization; that George Eliot is unnecessarily hard upon Hetty Sorrel, sharing "the kind of resentment with which the true woman contemplates a man unduly attracted by female beauty;" that she "did not herself understand what a hairdresser's block she was describing in Mr. Stephen Guest," and indeed was incapable of creating real men; and that Romola was not a Florentine maiden of the fifteenth century, but "a cousin of Maggie Tulliver, though of loftier character, and provided with a thorough classical culture."

George Eliot's verse, particularly *The Spanish Gypsy*, is analyzed at some length, and to this end: "Passages often sound exactly like poetry; and yet, even her admirers admit that they seldom, if ever, have the genuine ring. . . . Perhaps it was simply that George Eliot had not one essential gift — the exquisite sense for the value of words which may transmute even common thought into poetry. Even her prose, indeed, though often admirable, sometimes becomes heavy, and gives the impression that instead of finding the right word she is accumulating more or less complicated approximations." Mr. Stephen avoids the word "style" as he avoids the word "artist;" but he seems here to come very near Mr. Brownell's judgment that George Eliot "had no style." The biography concludes with the suggestion that the abiding charm of George Eliot's novels may best be understood "by regarding them as implicit autobiography;" that, in short, to read her novels is to come under the intimate spell of companionship with a remarkable person. The remark would seem to be generally applicable to the best work in any field of literature. Sir Leslie Stephen's biographies, indeed, scrupulous as he is to avoid the autobio-

graphical note, are likely to prove of permanent value not only because they are the product of an informed and subtle intelligence, but because they seem to place us upon terms of almost familiar intercourse with a personality of marked distinction.

H. W. Boynton.

IN his genial progress from battlefield to battlefield of old Shakespearean Wars, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury comes in his second volume¹ to the scene of that dread conflict once so bitterly waged against the woundless shade of Shakespeare by Voltaire. The first thought that comes to one finishing the delighted perusal of the book is, How Professor Lounsbury must have enjoyed writing it! It is composed with an engaging, leisurely gusto, with an amplitude of learning, and a freedom of humane remark, which take one back to old times of scholarship, when the typewriter was not, and folios were in fashion. The volume is, indeed, a vindication of the reality and value of criticism. Professor Lounsbury has realized those wordy "battles long ago" with a vivid, imaginative grasp, made firm by minute and various research. With Homeric fullness and zest he tells of the duels fought by minor warriors from either camp, but the chief interest always centres about the adroit attack by the champion, the literary dictator of Europe, Voltaire.

The course of the unpleasantness between Shakespeare and M. Arouet was dramatic. During his early exile in England, the Frenchman, with the sensibility of the fine genius which he undoubtedly possessed, came much under the spell of Shakespeare's plays. Returning to France he proceeded, as we all remember, to introduce this uncouth but interesting writer of the country made glori-

¹ *Shakespeare and Voltaire*. [Shakespearean Wars, vol. ii.] By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

ous by Locke to his own compatriots. This he accomplished by exposition, and, unfortunately, by somewhat disingenuous paraphrase and unacknowledged borrowing. Here concludes the first act; from that time on the action moved steadily to its inevitable end, the disaster that sooner or later overtakes literary disingenuousness. Before long certain Englishmen arose to resent these covert conveyances from their great poet, whereat Voltaire, fearful lest something of this come to the ears of his own faithful Frenchmen, amiably lectured to them about the "drunken savage," Shakespeare. Anon came La Place's so-called translation of Shakespeare, showing even Frenchmen that the plays of the "drunken savage" were not wholly devoid of merit, and bringing many bothersome questions to the author of *Zaire*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*. Then, in strict dramatic propriety, as the net tightened around Voltaire his activity became more feverish. The "unities" had been aspersed, the supreme position of Racine, Voltaire et Cie. had been questioned. He sparred with Walpole and other English correspondents, he wrote commentaries on Corneille, he made an appeal to all the nations of Europe. Then, when nothing availed, he settled into pessimism; the taste of France was decaying. Le Tourneur's more adequate and successful translation of Shakespeare evoked from Voltaire a final burst of wrath, an adventurous sally, and an empty, academic victory on the famous day of St. Louis. Yet from that day, the cause, so far as Voltaire was concerned, was lost, though after his death certain of his adherents kept the field for half a century until the decisive battle of Hernani.

The long struggle thus briefly outlined is recounted by Professor Lounsbury in nearly five hundred pages of subtle exposition and pointed comment, pages of considerable import for the light they throw upon the talents of three men, Professor Lounsbury, Voltaire, and Shake-

speare. It may not prove unprofitable to consider them in this order.

Of the learning of the book enough has been said; in the main its taste and judgment are quite as noteworthy. Perhaps the only exception is seen in the constitutional inability of the professional English scholar duly to appreciate the perennial beauty and dignity which lie at the root of the classic ideal of the Latin races, even in the tragedies of Voltaire. Indeed his opinion of all so-called "classic drama" might not unjustly be expressed in six lines from the prologue written by George Colman, Esq., for a late eighteenth-century revival of *Philoctetes*:—

"Then nonsense in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhyme.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste.
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling."

Which is the truth, yet not all of it. Nevertheless this is but a petty caveat to enter against a book so essentially sound as Professor Lounsbury's. In fact, its chief virtues are sanity and humor. Be it said in all seriousness, Professor Lounsbury ranks as one of the most considerable of our humorists. The present volume is informed throughout by a subtly humorous point of view, and it exhibits a proficiency at the keen but covert thrust worthy of Voltaire himself. The periphrases for "lying," for example, are as numerous as they are delightful. At times he is downright witty, as when he mentions Hannah More, "who had not yet assumed her brevet title of Mrs.," or says of well-meaning Aaron Hill that his "language did not really conceal thought, as he himself and perhaps some of his contemporary readers fancied; it merely concealed what he thought he thought."

Voltaire, of course, appears in Professor Lounsbury's book only in a single phase of his myriad-minded, often bene-

ficient activities. Yet there is much in the intensive study of that one phase to exhibit the essential nature of the man. One is disconcerted to find the person who had boasted that when he had crossed the Styx,

"S'ils ont de préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres,"

so bound by racial and personal prejudice; and one is dismayed to discover this rugged old fighter for "enlightenment" and "justice" so inconspicuous, in literary dealings, for common honesty. Yet one who reads the record attentively will discern how little of this seeming mendacity arose from intentional deceit, how much was referable to the spontaneous activity of the "literary temperament." Indeed, Shakespeare and Voltaire might with advantage be assigned as collateral reading for the many earnest students of Mr. Barrie's Tommy.

But after all it is the mighty genius of Shakespeare — winning his way by the resistless compulsion of his art through prejudice and hostility to men's regard — which dominates the imagination of the reader. The final impression is pretty much that contained in the fine paragraph which Professor Lounsbury quotes from Maurice Morgann's *Essay on Falstaff*. Morgann, it will be remembered, was the accomplished and modest gentleman who had the singular felicity and distinction of hearing from Dr. Johnson's lips the words: "Sir, I have been thinking over our dispute last night. You were in the right." Fully as right as that forgotten contention has proved to be the prophecy which must have seemed but sound and fury to so many of his contemporaries:

"When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Appalachian Mountains,

the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciola shall resound with the accents of this barbarian. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of Lear be alleviated, or the charms and wit of Rosalind be abated by time."

F. G.

IN the spring of 1725 a young gentleman of Lausanne, belonging to a Huguenot family who a generation earlier had found there a refuge from persecution, set forth on his travels. From England, where he remained more than five years, he wrote letters, then and long afterward found interesting by many readers in Switzerland, Voltaire among them. The youthful visitor had clear and very observant eyes, an open mind, and a simple, straightforward manner in recording his impressions which at once wins confidence, and his letters, now translated and edited by the wife of one of his descendants, have a quite living interest, as well as a somewhat exceptional value, as a picture of early eighteenth-century England.¹ Naturally, too, they throw side lights upon contemporary manners and customs on the other side of the Channel. "The English are very clean," says M. de Saussure, adding that not a day passes without their washing themselves, and that "in winter as well as in summer." He also declares that the amount of water they use in cleansing their houses "is inconceivable," and after giving details of this daily scrubbing, he records that "even the hammers and locks on the doors are rubbed and shine brightly," and more than once he refers admiringly to the Englishman's table, where the linen is always white, the silver brilliant, and, most surprising of all, knives and forks are changed "every time a plate is removed." And yet with all this lavish use of water "absolutely none is

Early Georgian England.

¹ *A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II. The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family.*

Translated and edited by MADAME VAN MUYDEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: John Murray. 1902.

drunk," not even by paupers. On ordinary occasions he finds that the English gentleman dresses far more plainly than the Frenchman, but his cloth and linen are always of the finest. That the lower classes should be so comfortably clad (and also shod) at once attracts his notice, as does the well-being of the peasant. He warns his friends that in mixing with a London crowd keeping holiday, it is best to eschew finery, else the stranger will be saluted with the cry of "French dog," their worst term of opprobrium. Reconstructors of early Georgian London are much inclined to lay stress on the ill-lighted streets, but this actual observer finds most of them "wonderfully well-lighted" all the night through. They are badly paved, but on either side is a smooth, raised path where one can walk pleasantly and safely however great the press of carriages and horses, — safely that is, if the "By your leave, Sir," of the chairmen is heeded, for these strong and skillful bearers go so fast that they cannot turn aside.

The visitor explores the town from end to end, noting the excellence of the houses, the opulence of the shops with their "magnificent" swinging signs, and also the pugnacity of the "lower populace" always ready to settle quarrels with their fists in fair fight. He even adventures to Bartholomew's Fair, not very different from the pandemonium of a century earlier, to the cockpit and the ring. Once he is at Tyburn, what time Jonathan Wild met his not unmerited doom, and remarks with approval that torture is not used, either at trials or executions. But these are the investigations of a traveler; his habitual way is that of the class called "civil, sober gentlemen." He does not find English comedy "at all refined or witty," but greatly admires their tragedies in "unrhymed verse," though they are too "bloody." He takes so lively an interest in all memorable pageants, that friendly readers are glad that he had a partial

view of what he pronounces "the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is in any one's lot in life to witness." If he did not see the actual Coronation, nor hear the "fine and suitable sermon," or the greatest singers and musicians uniting in "admirable symphonies conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel," the processions and banquet tax all his powers of description.

There are deep shadows as well as brilliant lights in this veracious picture of the London where the Hanoverian Georges reigned and Walpole ruled, but nothing mars the writer's delight in the English country and its life, a life in which socially the country town still had a share. He rejoices in the Thames, "wide, beautiful, and peaceful," a waterway for the Londoners with its fifteen thousand boats. He can write understandingly, and entertainingly as well, of matters political, legal, and religious. The pride of the English he finds often is only reserve; they are more taciturn than the French by nature, but their friendship when proffered is sincere and can be counted upon. They are very brave, yet few of them are partisans of dueling. The liberty which their government affords "they value more than all the joys of life, and would sacrifice everything to retain it." Their freedom in writing on religious matters rather appalls the young Huguenot, who says that in any other country such books and their authors would speedily be consigned to the executioner. England is undoubtedly, he declares, the most happily governed nation in the world, and would be the most enviable were it not divided by different sects and parties, though he owns that in the opinion of many these differences preserve the liberties and privileges of the people.

The variety of points touched upon by M. de Saussure is as remarkable as his general accuracy in dealing with them. At once amiable and shrewd he proves an agreeable acquaintance, and it causes

a twinge of regret that his departure from a country which otherwise treated him so hospitably should have been hastened by a never-forgotten disappointment. The family of the charming English girl whom he loved wisely and well would not consent to her marriage with an alien. One of the first English traits the visitor had noted was that foreign-

ers in general were looked on with contempt, — he magnanimously adds that the wealth, plenty, liberty, and comforts which the English enjoy go far to justify their good opinion of themselves. Certainly César de Saussure was not classed by his many friends with the general, but Lausanne was far, very far, from London in 1730. *S. M. F.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A RECENT writer to the Contributors' Club has confessed his affection for certain English words and dislike of certain others, and asked for sympathy in his preference. I fancy we all sympathize in the main, although we might not all hit upon the same antipathies. But I should like to go a step farther, and beg to know whether any one will agree with me in liking some ways of spelling better than others. The whole value of a word does not lie in its sound, nor yet in its meaning, nor in its association even. Though this last tempts me to pause and reflect how much association does have to do with the literary value of words. "Purple," now; I doubt whether any other color occurs so often in literature as purple, yet it is not only for the rich beauty of its syllables, but also for its hint of royalty. And then the heraldic colors — why do the poets choose them? Is sable more dark than black, or more yellow than gold? Nay, but at the sound of these words "the past shall arise," and all the panoply of the Middle Ages, monks and Crusaders and kings, march before us at the call of a magical word like "gules." "And threw warm *red* on Madeline's fair breast," — what were that line then?

But apart from beauty of sound or charm of suggestion, it also matters a good

deal, to me at least, how a word looks. I wish I knew how many persons feel a difference between "gray" and "grey," for instance. To me they are two different colors, but I can get no authority for my fancy. The dictionary does not help out in the least, for after describing "gray" in its unimaginative way as "any mixture of white and black," it dismisses "grey" with saying coldly, "See GRAY (the correct orthography)."

After that rebuff I suppose it is very obstinate of me to continue to see any distinction between them, or anything in either beyond a mixture of white and black. But if they mean exactly the same thing, why don't the poets stand by one of them alone? Or if, since poets are a winged race who are not to be bound by rules of any kind, they have simply set down, hit or miss, whichever one they thought of first, am I then the only person whom they have befogged into thinking there is a choice between them? Does the dictionary mean to imply that Swinburne did not know what he was about when he wrote "Bird of the bitter, bright, *grey*, golden morn," or that Morris was merely suffering from the great man's inability to spell, when he sent "an old *grey* man" to inhabit his Dream? To my mind, that dawn of Swinburne's could not be half so cold, nor so early, nor so long ago, if grey had been spelled

with an "a." It would have become at once an ordinary cloudy morning, good for hunting perhaps, but certainly without any suggestion of gold in it. Gray and gold do not mix; they are for contrasts, like youth and crabbed age. But *grey*—that may have brown in it, and green, and why not gold?

Gray is a quiet color for daylight things, but there is a touch of difference, of romance, even, about things that are grey. Gray is a color for fur, and Quaker gowns, and breasts of doves, and a gray day, and a gentlewoman's hair; and horses must be gray:

"Woe worth the day

That cost thy life, my gallant gray,"

laments one of Sir Walter's cavaliers, and I know that is right. But I cannot say why. Can no one tell me?

Now grey is for eyes, the eyes of a witch, with green lights in them, and much wickedness. But the author of *Wishmakers' Town* has not discovered this. In that charming little volume a group of girls are found chattering fondly of the future and the coming lover, when one among them, a siren of a maiden, cries mockingly, —

"Though the king himself implore me,
I shall live unwedded still,
And your husbands shall adore me."

And a student near by, nudging his fellow, says, —

"Heard'st thou what the Gray Eyes said?"

Which goes to show that she could never really have said it at all. Gray eyes would be as tender and yielding and true as blue ones; a coquette must have eyes of grey.

Mrs. Alice Meynell has written one of her subtle little essays about a Woman in Grey, whom she makes the type of the modern woman who can go her own way and take no odds of man. But had she gowned her in gray, do you not see what added simplicity, tenderness, and femininity it would endow her with at

once? Such a woman would have to be protected.

Dr. Van Dyke, again, invented the pretty title of *My Lady Greygown* for the charming wife who glides across the pages of *Fisherman's Luck*. But if that gown had been of gray, would she not have to be a gentle, Quaker-like lady who sat at home reading a quiet book while he beat the streams? "*My Lady Greygown*," however, I am sure is a *grande dame*.

Are these all accidents? I shall never believe it, no matter what the dictionary says. Why, the dictionary does not even recognize "*faëry*" without calling Spenser in to take the responsibility. Yet who does not feel that "*faëryland forlorn*" is a thousand times more distant and enchanting than any "*fairyland*" could be? How that little change conventionalizes it at once! *Fairyland* we may see upon the stage, but the land of *faëry* — ah, no!

Verily the letter "e" is a sorcerer's letter. We hear a great deal about the "*lost e*" in the Romance languages, but I cannot help thinking that perhaps it has only strayed across the Channel to cast a haunting gleam of romance upon some English words. Will any one, perchance, agree with me?

At a recent dinner party composed of

residents of Frederick, Md.,
Barbara Frietchie at Home. the conversation turned upon

Barbara Frietchie, and surprise was expressed that so much difficulty seemed to exist in establishing the facts about a personage many of whose relatives are still living, and concerning an incident to which eye-witnesses are still accessible. The explanation suggested was that the historical method was seldom pursued, that people were content to talk *about* the subject without investigating the sources from which their information should have been drawn, and the company present was taken in illustration. A poll showed that several had written on the subject, and all had

been expected to discuss it fluently whenever introduced to strangers as coming from Frederick, and yet but two had conversed with eye-witnesses, and but one had seen Barbara Frietchie's flag. This last gentleman was challenged to act as escort on the morrow when a visit should be made to the home of Mrs. John H. Abbott, the grand-niece of Dame Barbara, into whose hands the precious flag has descended, and who was at her aunt's home during the passage of the Confederate troops "on that pleasant morn of the early fall." We had scarce need to tell our errand, though a party composed exclusively of residents of Frederick may have been remarked as a little peculiar, and were at once shown a small silk flag within a gilt frame hanging on the parlor wall. Nor were we allowed to remain long in doubt on which side of the controversy that has arisen Mrs. Abbott was to be found. A gentleman of the party remarking somewhat flippantly, "So this is the flag Barbara Frietchie did n't wave!" she replied with quiet firmness, "This is the flag she *did* wave, but not at just the time nor in just the way the poet said." Here, then, is summed up in one sentence the gist of the whole matter. Barbara Frietchie's place in the local annals of Frederick cannot be called into question. Her great age, having been born in Lancaster, Pa., December 3, 1766, and being thus nearly ninety-six "when Lee marched over the mountain-wall," is a matter of record. To her intense loyalty, when loyalty was not the easiest matter even in Frederick, her relatives abundantly testify. Her unpretentious flag was usually flying from its mast at the window of her humble home on West Patrick Street. It was removed when the Confederate troops entered the city September 10, 1862, and carefully folded away in her Bible, but it was again displayed by Dame Barbara as she stood by the window watching the passage of Burnside's troops on the morning of the 12th. This is the occasion

usually referred to as her historic waving of the flag, though it was not in the face of the enemy, and called forth not shots but shouts as the passing troops noted her extreme age and this expressive token of her loyalty. Major-General Reno himself was attracted by the scene, and stopped to speak a word to the old lady, inquire her age, and beg the flag of her. She, however, resolutely refused to part with this one, but finally consented to give the gallant general another owned by her. And this flag, thus presented, was a few days later laid on the bier of the brave Reno, who fell the day after at South Mountain.

It is the poet's treatment of Stonewall Jackson that has given greatest offense, and has caused the friends of that gallant gentleman to denounce the whole story as a myth, and either to deny Barbara's existence *in toto*, or to question her loyalty. There is no ground for either. Barbara Frietchie perhaps never saw Stonewall Jackson; at least she did not see him ride past her house on that "cool September morn." Not because she was bedridden on that day as has been asserted. Mrs. Abbott, who went down to invite her aunt to come and spend the day with her, failing to induce her to leave the house, remained and watched with her the "dust-brown ranks" as they passed. Jackson, on reaching Market Street, rode with his staff two squares to the north to pay his respects to the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Ross, on Second Street, and then rejoined his troops by riding through Mill Alley, and reaching Patrick Street about half a square to the west of Barbara Frietchie's house. Of this a member of that staff, himself a gallant son of Maryland, has again and again testified. The poet Whittier received his materials from Mrs. Southworth of Georgetown, D. C., and used but little license in working them up, as the letter written to him, and quoted in full in his *Life*, well shows. That Mr. Cornelius Ramsburg, also of Georgetown,

but visiting in Frederick at the time, exercised his imagination somewhat in giving the matter to Mrs. Southworth and to the press is probable, though whether the little touches necessary to make the story tell well were given at first hand or were the work of an imaginative reporter is now in doubt. Whittier, though besieged repeatedly, was always conservative in giving out anything that might cast suspicion on the facts as set forth in the poem. And this is much the attitude of the average Fredericktonian today. As the late Dr. Daniel Zacharias, Barbara's pastor during the last fourth of her life, remarked when questioned as to the accuracy of the poem, "Well, Mrs. Frietchie was just the kind of woman to do that kind of thing." And so she was, and so is history record her.

One word more. It has been said that Whittier's "clustered spires of Frederick" contains nothing distinctively local, and could as well have been applied to almost any other town of its size. Quite the contrary. Frederick is decidedly unique in having its churches with spires all located at that time on Church Street extending east and west, and from any point on the "hills of Maryland" on either side the observer will almost involuntarily exclaim, "See the 'clustered spires'!" as he looks upon the little city lying in the valley below.

Whittier wrote the poem soon after the receipt of Mrs. Southworth's letter in June, 1863, and forwarded it to the Atlantic Monthly. The enthusiastic editor sent him in acknowledgment a check for fifty dollars, saying, "Barbara is worth its weight in gold."

Barbara's grave is much visited by strangers, and there is a well-worn path to it across the now almost abandoned burying-ground. But strange as it may seem, no decorations are ever placed upon it, nor does

"Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave."

In another direction in the beautiful Mt.

Olivet Cemetery on the hill just at the city limits one will see, as he enters, the flag with its "silver stars" and its "crimson bars" floating near the statue of Francis Scott Key, under which his remains repose, and thus is the poet's prayer still answered:—

"And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!"

THE very best of the newer Caroline anthologies is A Book of Seventeenth Century Lyrics, Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania: the compiler of it knows and loves his ground. But as an American, and in the most innocent way, he has fallen foul, in one instance, of no less a person than John Milton. Mr. Schelling quotes, as he was bound to do, songs from Comus and Arcades, fairy-land numbers:—

"Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string;
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm, star-proof,
Follow me!"

The comment on these glorious descriptive lines about the elm is instructive. "38. vi. *Star-proof elm*. Cf. Faëry Queene, I, 1, 7. This is one of several of Milton's trivial inaccuracies in the observation of Nature, as the foliage of the elm is notably light." The paragraph must seem a cryptic curiosity to any one who has ever noticed in its natural home the dense impervious green of Milton's tree by day, its black majestic mass at night, triumphantly "star-proof." Ah, but *Ulmus Americana* is "notably light," though it was never in the mind or eye of the non-clairvoyant bard. An ensnared editor has made the right remark upon the wrong occasion, has deduced the "trivial inaccuracy" of a master pen, out of his own totally irrelevant landscape. In short (to make a cruel pun), the premises are defective!

The American elm, as we all know, is

most graceful, feathery, fountain-like. Even the more ancient trees, immense in girth, and hale in old age, never lose this exquisite character. Far from being "star-proof," they hang every star in the firmament as a festal lantern in between their spraying midsummer boughs. Meanwhile, on Boston Common itself, stand aligned on the east and west malls some survivors of the sturdy English elms, set there, as imported saplings, while Milton was still young, by his co-Puritans, the first colonists: a noble dogged company, lopped and neglected, which look quite as they might look in the Weald of Kent. Each of these lame giants, holding his ancestral traditions, might claim, with our friend in Pinafore, that, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains an Englishman. He puts on leaf in April, ere his native-born colleagues are ready; he divests himself in the autumn with decency, with gravity, with abhorrence of that gayly golden display dear to those others, and he does so weeks after they have gone to rest. Despite the Subway's abominable shaking of his vitals, he keeps all the old distinctive and unpopular habits; this conservative is, of course, "star-proof." Did Mr. Schelling never raise his eyes, when he went to see his publishers at the Athenæum Press in Boston, to the living witness that Milton sang truly of what he saw? Familiarity with our own charming woodland sophists has led him, a scholar, to undervalue an immortal report of elms as they are in the British isles.

Indeed, one might follow further, with some profit, such vegetable differences between the transatlantic and the cisatlantic apprehension. On such a topic, it is more civil, perhaps, to criticise ourselves. Mr. Gosse has just announced, with "a certain condescension in foreigners," that the landscape of Kentucky, as it lies in Mr. Madison Cawein's beautiful books, "would have scandalized

neither Spenser nor Keats!" Let us not depreciate our mercies. But to return to the argument: the word "may," for instance, meaning the blossomed hawthorn bush, in American editions of English poets, is invariably set up, to its lasting damage, with the capital letter; for the bewitching month of that name is not, like the white hedgerow which everywhere in England gives it the crowning grace, a stranger to our printers. What untraveled reader, under our dazzling sunset sky, can make out what Coleridge was thinking of when he named

"That green light that lingers in the west"?

The dying day, with us, is orange, is purple, is carmine, opal, and gold; it is everything that is brilliant and exciting, but it certainly is not green. "Green light" is the one phrase, however, proper to the tender, even, gradual, melancholy English even-fall, especially in summertime. Meredith, again, uses the same lovely coloring in those lines which seem to some so full of extravagance and affectation:—

"And Love remembers how the sky was green,
And how the grasses glimmered palest blue."

Yes, English grass has its racial "ways." In the low-lying districts particularly, say in Oxford or in Cambridge, every vista from a bridge (and what vistas they are!) will spread for you, a little beyond, its sward of misted unmistakable blue. Coleridge, again, writes of

"Cloud land, gorgeous land."

It is not our nimbus and cirrus, but the whole firmament of tumbling violet-gray, an endless pageant of shadow, which fills the year in Devon, and which his boyhood knew. Great poets, it may be added, glory in keeping this matter of fact record of the natural world. They are not impressionists, not rhetoricians: they sometimes love a commonplace, because they love truth. Would it not be well, as an international move, to trust them?